THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

lustrated Weekly
D'1728 by Benj. Franklin

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JUNE 24, 1922

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Frances Noyes Hart—Ben Ames Williams—Eleanor Franklin Egan
Ellis Parker Butler—Lawrence Perry—H. H. Kohlsaat—Roland Pertwee

a big new summer idea!

FREEZE THESE FRUITS RIGHT IN THE CAN

No preparation ~
No freezer required ~
No turning

1 Place one can DEL MONTE Fruit [label removed] on its side in a bucket—in equal parts chopped ice and salt packed in layers.
2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can; immerse in hot water for an instant only; then open, cutting around side closely under top.
3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit – ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

Note—Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer—less salt or less freezing.

Luscious fruits—frozen in their own sirup! What could be more delicious—what more fitting for a cooling, dainty summer dessert or salad?

Yet how simple to prepare—by this new DEL MONTE idea of freezing fruits right in the can! Simply place a can of DEL MONTE Fruit—Peaches, Grated Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Blackberries, Loganberries, Raspberries or Strawberries—unopened—in a bucket of ice and salt. Leave for three hours and then turn out one of the finest frozen fruit delicacies you have ever tasted. Whatever the variety, it's refreshingly delicious—sliced as a dessert, cut in cubes in sherbet glasses, or sliced on lettuce with mayonnaise, as a novel frozen salad.

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That's why an ever-increasing number of housewives are finding it so important to insist on DEL MONTE Products—not only for special uses like this—but for thrifty, every-day service all year round.

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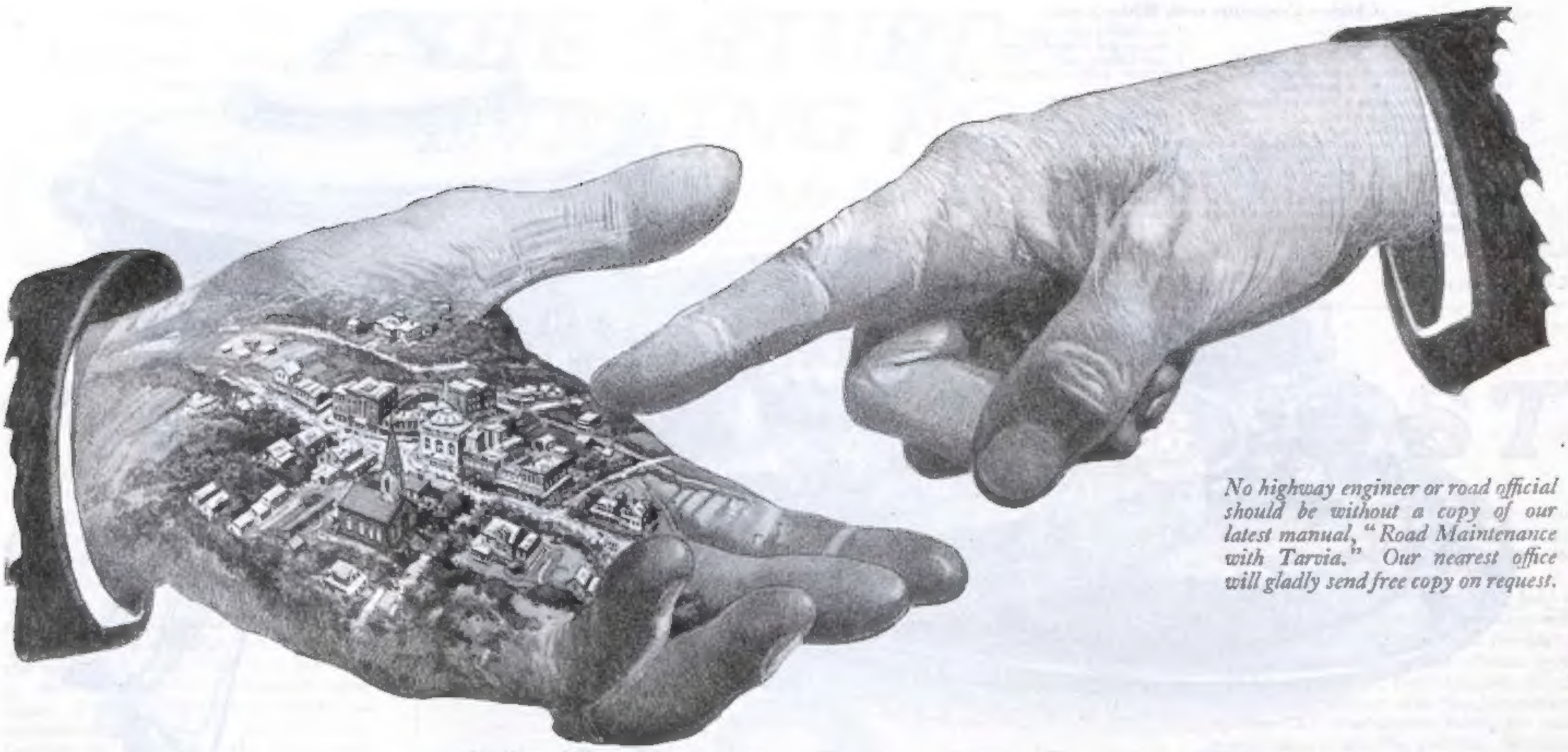
Write for a copy of our new folder containing many special ways to serve these frozen dainties. It will be sent you free—together with a copy of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor," which itself contains over 500 suggestions for the thrifty, year-round service of DEL MONTE Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties. Address Department E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.



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Chicken Croquettes with White Sauce

2 cupfuls cooked chicken
½ teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful celery salt (if desired)
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
½ teaspoonful scraped onion
1 cupful white sauce

Mix ingredients in the order given. Cool the mixture. Roll in beaten eggs, then in crumbs and fry in hot Crisco.

The white sauce is made as follows:

2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
4 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt Crisco, add flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Then add milk gradually. Stir over the fire until smooth and thick. In frying the croquettes use sufficient Crisco to fill the kettle about two-thirds full. (We suggest that you order 3 pounds.) Put the Crisco in a cold kettle and heat it gradually until a crumb of bread dropped into it becomes a golden brown in 40 seconds. Notice that Crisco does not sputter or boil over when the croquettes are dropped into it. That is because it contains no moisture.

Fried Foods!

A. New Digestibility
B. New Fineness of Flavor
C. New Economy

An A B C Method for securing All Three

IN TALKING over cooking matters with women, we find that the thoughtful housekeeper thinks further than the flavor of the food she serves. With woman's mother instinct she deeply concerns herself with its digestibility as well.

A crisp outside crust, surrounding a tender inside, is her ideal in fried foods. For there she has flavor combined with digestibility.

Thousands of good home cooks are daily attaining this cooking ideal—and very simply too.

They deep-fry in wholesome Crisco.

As an example of their method, we suggest that you treat your family to something very particular in chicken croquettes—following the recipe given above on this page.

Now let us give you the reason for the resulting brown, savory crust and the tender inside—with its fresh flavor of real chicken:

Crisco (of pure, vegetable origin) withstands 455 degrees without smoking. Naturally, such extreme cooking heat quickly seals the outside of the food with a crisp brown crust. Then the fat simply can't soak through to the inside.

Notice, too, that Crisco leaves behind no tell-tale frying odors.

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And, of course, you can effect a very welcome saving by following this simple rule in making light cake and flaky pastry: Wherever a recipe calls for a certain quantity of expensive butter, simply use ⅕ less of economical Crisco.

When you order Crisco ask your grocer if he knows of any other shortening which stays sweet and wholesome indefinitely without ice-box help.

YES, you can use thrifty Crisco again and again. After deep-frying simply strain through a cheese-cloth to remove any particles of food. Then Crisco is ready to bake light, tender cakes—delicious and digestible pastry.

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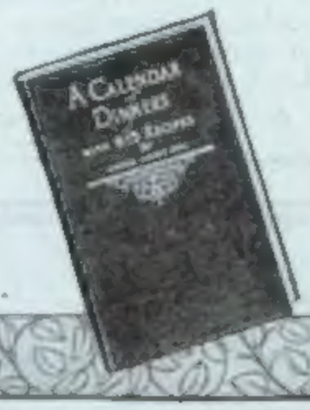

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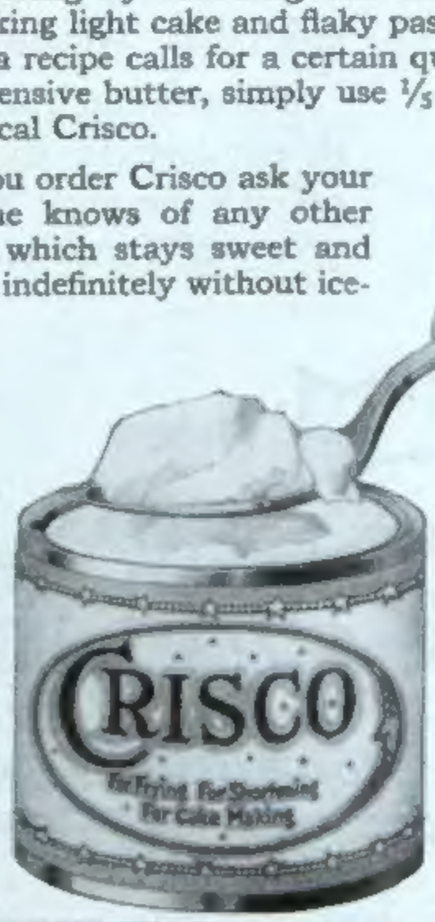
For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.

Small, medium and large sized cans
Crisco is also made and sold in Canada



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THE CHANGING EAST

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ON APRIL TENTH, exactly five months after the opening of the Washington conference, five hundred Japanese troops sailed from Tsing-tau in the province of Shan-tung for Japan. In full kit and with tiny emblems of the Rising Sun fluttering from the barrels of their rifles, they marched to the transport that conveyed them home. It was the first step in the actual evacuation of a strip of land that had focused the interest of the world ever since the signing of that recipe for ruin otherwise known as the Versailles Treaty.

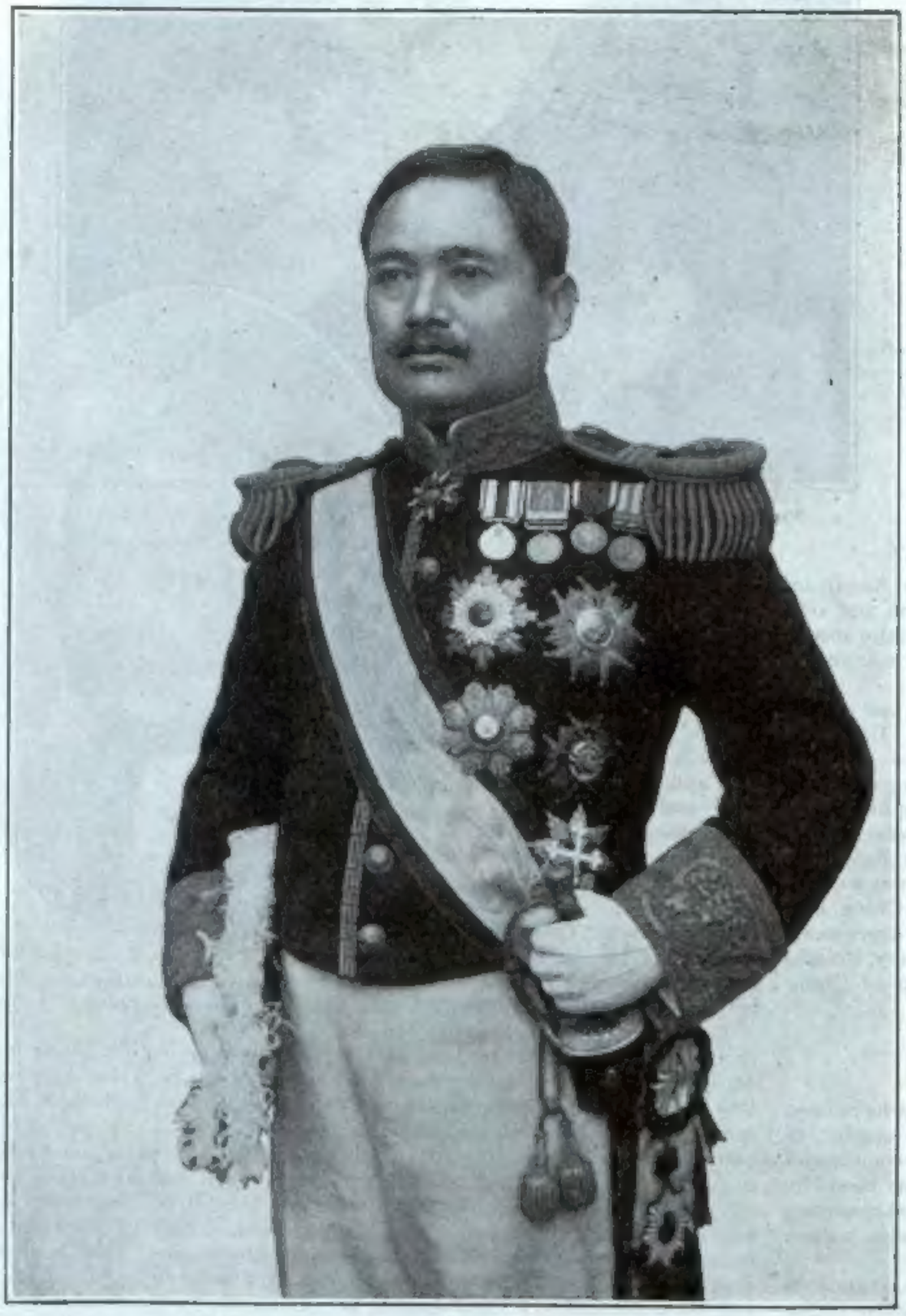
Other inconsiderable areas of earth have held the eye and stirred the imagination of peoples. That valor-enshrined patch of brick and soil known as Verdun, for instance, was long the barometer of Allied fortunes. Ypres and Amiens once held the hopes and fears of civilization. The armistice ended anxiety in these quarters. With peace the troubles of Shan-tung really began.

Though limitation of armament, with its all-important by-products of peace and solvency in the Pacific, was the outstanding problem of the Washington conference, Shan-tung inspired a larger sentimental interest, for on its fate not only depended to a large degree the future American attitude towards Japan but peace between Japan and China as well.

Thus the sailing of those five hundred Japanese troops from Tsing-tau represented the first fruits of the historic gathering born of the vision and statesmanship of President Harding. Like the conference, the retirement from Shan-tung was only a beginning. Tremendous difficulties lie in the way of a translation of the Washington ideals of conciliation and concession into practicalities.

Disorganized China

SHAN-TUNG itself faces fresh complications. It develops from the fact that a string is tied to Japanese acquiescence to the Washington agreement. Japan's claim for compensation for her improvements in the leased territory will make the actual cost of the railway—approximately fifteen million dollars—which was practically all that China thought that she would have to pay, a detail. This impending Japanese bill for improvements will aggregate nearly fifty million dollars.



Viscount Uchida, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs

Disorganized and bankrupt China is in no position to meet this obligation unless she borrows from Japan. This would only tighten the already strong Japanese economic grip on Shan-tung. Business retirement is not always coincident with military withdrawal. If China shrinks from adding to her already heavy indebtedness to Japan, and is unable to police adequately the railway zone, then the Japanese will feel justified in detaining the rest of her troops to protect the mortgage she holds. At the very moment that China should be devoting her best energies to the patriotic task of raising the funds to buy out Japan in her Holy Province—Confucius was born in Shan-tung—she is facing civil war.

The approach to the Washington conference was cluttered up, so to speak, with the barbed-wire entanglements of antagonism and suspicion, and the highway that leads from it is already strewn with problems, many of them difficult of solution. The same spirit of broad-visioned concession that marked discussions and treaties must animate the carrying out of their significant dictates. For tolerant internationalism is essential to the regeneration of the international economic and political structure.

The average American who threw his hat in the air when the conference adjourned, and assumed that everything in the Pacific was over but the shouting, has another guess coming. These next twelve months in the Orient will be, in many respects, as delicate as those preceding the conference were ticklish.

What are the consequences, so far, of the Washington meeting? That they will be more constructive than the results of the Versailles deliberation almost goes without saying. At Paris the element of nationalistic politics was the paramount motive. At Washington toleration was conspicuous in shaping policies. Whereas disillusion and discontent have been the heritage of the Paris treaty, the documents formulated at the American capital have stirred the universal consciousness to the realization that in intelligent cooperation lies the salvation of the human race.

I went to the Far East to find out the actual situation. From a Europe rent with an unrest miscalled peace, I shifted the scene of observation to an Asia on the eve of significant evolution. I expected to find the Eastern world agog with speculation over the work of a conference that had saved a considerable portion of it, especially Japan, from bankruptcy or worse. Except for the thinking class in Japan, and a much smaller Western-educated coterie in Peking and Canton, there was very little genuine interest. Instead of rising to the opportunity created by the immense moral support that she received at Washington, China, for example, through the jealousies and intrigues of her two principal war lords, had been converted into an armed camp. Reaction in Japan is fighting army reduction to the last ditch. Even the people of Shan-tung are more disturbed about graft disclosures and bandit depredations than any kind of realization of what the American people have done for them. So it goes.

Diplomacy of Good Will

THESE are merely a few of the immediate consequences of the Washington conference. Likewise there are many compensations, even at this early date. In this and in succeeding articles an attempt will be made to interpret the results in Japan and China.

I journeyed to the Orient with an open mind. The moment you mention Japan the words "pro" and "anti" rise up. There seems to be an unwritten law that everything written about the Island Empire must fall under one of these two heads. But there is a middle ground between the adulation of junketeers for whom the Japanese stage every phase of their life, in order to create a favorable impression, and the blind prejudice of those whose opinions are formed before they leave their American port. It is this middle ground, based on the facts as I have found them, that I shall take.

Just as Germany after the war had to be analyzed not in the heat and passion engendered by the conflict but in her relationship to a larger economic structure that is permanent, so must Japan be viewed as a cog in an international business structure that must know neither caste, color nor creed. Plain honesty is the one requirement. A distracted and disorganized world, weary of the ravages of war and the no less disturbing bickers of peace, calls for cooperation. Perhaps these twelve months of grace and the gospel of a new diplomacy of good will will go down in history as the Year of Reorganization and Recuperation. Political peace will mean economic peace.

Before I enter upon the real narrative two preliminaries must be disposed of. One is to explain the difficulty of getting at anything like a real estimate of the Eastern situation. The other is the political and economic approach to the Washington conference.

Innumerable obstacles beset the path of investigation in Japan and China. In Japan you have, first of all, the language barrier. Many intelligent Japanese think they can speak and understand English, but they labor under a delusion. Even when they do speak English the habits of evasion and indirection frustrate frank expression. Few Orientals are frank. This psychological handicap is heightened by the Japanese desire to put something over. It is like the strong sense of curiosity—it is really espionage—born in every son of Nippon. Even the fairest-minded alien instinctively puts himself on guard the moment he arrives in Japan, and keeps it up until he leaves. When you talk to aliens who have lived there or who have been there, you are caught between the Japanophobes and the Japanophiles. In self-defense you fall back on your impressions and stand by them.

In China the task is no easier. Nearly every foreigner has a pet tuchun—military governor—or a favorite minister. Out of long contact with it I used to think that German, French, Hungarian, Polish and Czecho-Slovakian propaganda held the world's endurance record for persistency and prevarication, but it is amateurish alongside the flood of inspired utterance in the land of the Celestials. When an alien has lived for ten years in China he either becomes a propagandist or an adviser. If you are in doubt about the status of a man in Peking you are safe in labeling him an adviser and letting it go at that. Poor old China has had to pay the overhead freight for all this expert advice, which extends from finance to sanitation. Incidentally, if ever a country needed disinfectants in its public life, that country is China. This, however, is another and later story.

I could not have gone to the Far East at a more opportune time. Like Europe, the vast domain that teems with one-half of the human race, and where population is doubled every fifty years, is plastic as never before. The influences at work today will shape the coming centuries.

Moreover the future of China, India, Russia—for the Slavs overrun the north of Asia—to say nothing of Japan, is of immense significance to the United States. Aside from the American financial and commercial stake in the Orient and our stewardship of the Philippines, we have a definite moral obligation to China, growing out of John Hay's enunciation of the open-door policy for her.

That so-called open door long constituted one of the myths, and I might add, the jokes, of the East. Up to the Washington conference it served mainly to provoke platitudinous professions that only camouflaged selfish aggression. It was like that traditional helping hand held out to China, that invariably hid the itching palm. Most European powers openly preached the Golden Rule, and privately practiced the double-cross. You do not wonder that a hearty dislike for foreigners grew up in China, and that Japan, prize imitator that she is, laid her aggressions to the uplifting precedent established by Germany, Russia, England and France, who pinched off chunks of China almost at will.

Bayonet and Sample Case

JUST as delay, compromise and petty politics have been the postwar curse of Europe, so was the conflict of national assimilations, which always masked commercial penetration, the bane of the East. China has been the battleground of most of this commercialism that masqueraded as statesmanship. Everybody but America participated in the great game of grab.

It followed that in China business leaned too much on politics and too little on permanently constructive initiative and enterprise. It helped to aggravate the squeeze, or graft system. In the same way big business in Japan has always been tied up to the government, as was the case in the Germany that was. It was really feudal in spirit and organization. But there was a fundamental difference between Japan and Germany: Japanese efficiency in commerce and industry is a vastly overestimated quantity. With the Germans efficiency was the real thing.

Now you can see why Far Eastern politics and business became entangled in just the same way that they are involved in Europe. You cannot discuss one without treading on the toes of the other. By the same token it is impossible to deal with China without involving Japan. What immediately strikes the observer in these parts is the extraordinary mistake that Japan made in reading the psychology of the Chinese. Japan's whole economic well-being depends upon friendly relations with her nearest and biggest neighbor, who is also her biggest customer.

Viscount Takahashi, Japanese Premier

Mr. Liang Shih-Yi, Premier of China

Yet for years she has apparently done everything in her power to antagonize her. The usurpation by Japan of authority in Shantung was merely one evidence of it. This antagonism jeopardized peace in the Pacific and, together with the mad and suicidal race for armament, would have eventually precipitated a serious crisis, and possibly worse.

This leads me to an observation bearing on Japan that may as well be disposed of here as in any other place. In brief, it is this: The real Japanese problem, whether in China, Siberia or California, is fundamentally an economic and not a race problem. Touch the pocketbook and you start trouble. Japan's misfortune is that there are two kinds of Japanese. One is the type you meet in Japan, who can hold their own socially and commercially anywhere. The other is a lower caste, which seems to constitute the bulk of the penetrators in foreign countries. They are the small tradesmen and farmers who not only segregate but set up in their little worlds abroad all the institutions of the homeland. These include the vice quarter, without which no Japanese community is complete. This is true of Shan-tung, Siberia or any other place where the Japanese take economic root. Overshadowing this is the fact that they cut into the business of the white man, and the inevitable friction, born of trade rivalry, develops.

The Japanese business penetrator in Asia has usually accompanied the soldier. This has been especially the case in Shan-tung and Siberia. When the sample case follows the bayonet the commercial envoy is not inclined toward tolerant amiability. He gets his hooks into concessions and ties up leases with military authority behind him. Hence Japan can afford to withdraw in various quarters and not materially disturb her economic domination there.

When you study the Japanese at home you also discover that just as there are two distinct grades in trade exploitation so there are two distinct states of mind. The Japanese on his own heath is, in the main, a more attractive person than the average Japanese you find abroad. The moment they leave their native shores the Nipponese seem to acquire a pride and cockiness that have helped to aggravate the tension brought about by the commercial condition that I have just described.

This, however, is incidental. Let us now take the highroad to Washington. The first real milepost was set up when Japan surprised the world and conquered China in 1894. There is no doubt that Japan was deprived of the fruits of her victory largely through the influence of Russia. A vital part of those fruits was the tip of the Liao-tung Peninsula. Russia paid a heavy price for her interference, because the germ of the Russo-Japanese War was this bit of Manchuria dominated by Port Arthur, which Russia later leased, and then lost to Japan in the struggle of 1904 and 1905, in which a great white race bowed for the first time to the prowess of the yellow man.

With her triumph over Russia the expansion of Japan as a world entity began. There is no need of rehearsing her much-described rise. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was really a coalition against Russia, speeded up her progress and enabled her to sit in the front row of the powers that be.

Asiatic Politics

ASIA entered upon a new era, with Japan as the dominant agency. She bore precisely the same relation towards Asiatic development that Germany did towards Europe. The itch for expansion was keen. Being feudal in spirit and conception, she naturally employed more or less feudal methods. Germany became the model, militarism grew into a fetish, and the mailed fist began to rival the chrysanthemum as the national emblem.

There are many well-informed people who believe that if Japan in her great hour of victory over Russia had made an alliance with China, promulgated a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, and made herself the keeper, so to speak, of the integrity of the continent, instead of becoming bitten with imperialistic ambitions for a Pan-Japan, she would have been spared much of the international reaction against her. Behind all the Japanese urge for power and territory was a definite reason. It grew out of what has become a vital world problem today—namely, the pressure of large and growing populations upon an inadequate food supply. In the case of Japan she needed more than food. Her native and available iron and steel remain totally inadequate for her industrial needs. This is one reason for her penetration in China, where she controls three-fourths of the iron mines today. Just as the European war was fundamentally precipitated by the Teutonic desire for world economic domination, so was the situation in the Far East, which made the Washington conference necessary, due solely to Japan's need of elbow-room in the race for a commercial supremacy that was not without its aggressive and therefore irritating features. Then came the Great War. Germany was expelled from Asia, and Japan, her acolyte, took her place in Shan-tung. The trouble that Russia sowed for herself in Manchuria was duplicated by the whirlwind that Japan sowed for herself when she sought to perpetuate herself in China. Had she withdrawn gracefully she would have avoided much of the suspicion felt toward her in America and elsewhere. Even her treaty colleague, England, underwent a change of heart.

It is no secret now that the Twenty-One Demands foisted on China were partially inspired by a firm Japanese belief that Germany would win. Only such a delusion would have fostered such a monstrous impropriety. Japan, as most people know, made hay while the red sun of war shone. Even before America got into the war she capitalized civilization's hour of tragedy with a business expansion that was followed by an orgy of speculation and inflation, for which she will soon pay dear. The world economic collapse which has touched every purse began with the puncturing of the silk boom in Japan in 1920. This also is a later story. The big fact to be emphasized here is that with the signing of the Versailles Treaty Japan stood at the crossroads of her destiny. Whatever her aspirations were at that time, a new Asiatic deal impended.

With Russia in collapse, with the German dream of world domination ended—both of these vanished empires had been potent factors in the Far East—new lines of national antagonism, and with them new conflicts of

(Continued on Page 89)

LESS THAN THE DUST

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BABBIE THORN ran distracted fingers through her dark cropped curls, protest stormy in her eyes.

"But I'm telling you she's hopeless!" she announced vehemently. "Out and out hopeless, and it's barefaced flattery to let it go at that. You needn't grin about it either. If anyone asks me what I call saddling that mouse-faced infant on us in the middle of the season I'll tell 'em I call it a rotten outrage. Her ——"

"Well, to the best of my recollection, no one has asked you yet, dear child," commented the flannel-clad gentleman lounging beside her. "Good shot, Pete. Oh, in a mile! You met the train, did you? Well, you shall have jam for tea. Now get your breath and pull yourself together and tell us just exactly what is the matter with this child horror. You have an attentive audience—or am I exaggerating, Robert?"

"You are exaggerating," replied the man leaning against the tree, grimly. "I don't give a whoop in Hades what you two are talking about, but I'll give you fifty dollars apiece to stop talking. You make more noise than any four other people in the world."

The black-headed young man with the tired and charming face grinned at him sympathetically.

"Silence is golden, what? Well, the poor but proud Thorns prefer the free silver of speech. Big party last night, Robert the Devil?"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, shut up! Tell the others I've gone on to the pool, will you? See you later."

"Sweet soul!" commented Rod Thorn affectionately. "All the endearing qualities of a hyena with a sore nose. It certainly would be ten thousand pities if he cracked his skull on the bottom of the pool, but I wouldn't grudge a single copper cent for the handsomest funeral wreath in the city. I'd even go so far as long purple streamers with heavy fringed ends and something tasty like 'Your loss is our gain' embroidered down the middle in rich gold Gothic letters."

"Well, I do think you might let him alone," remarked Babbie plaintively. "He's got more hooch than anyone on the shore, and no one can say that he doesn't use it."

"No one indeed," assented her brother heartily.

"He gave everyone four cocktails apiece before dinner last night, and champagne and wh——"

"Did you take four cocktails, my dear?" The tone was pleasant, but the dark eyes narrowed a trifle.

"I took as many as I wanted," replied Babbie with dignity. "And it's none of your business that it didn't happen to be four. Four is a very good number ——"

"If I ever catch you taking four cocktails," he assured her, "your diet for a long, long time will consist entirely of certified milk and the very best bread that money can buy."

"Oh, stuff! Six nights a week you don't know what anyone in this place is doing—you and your everlasting paper. Anyway, it isn't just a hang-over that he's got; he and Polly had the best row you ever heard out of an animal house just before lunch."

"Charming, charming couple, the young Grahames. Life of the place, aren't they? Is it indiscreet to ask what caused the—er—discussion?"

"Discussion? Oh, boy, if this was a discussion, the Battle of the Marne was a debate!" Babbie wrinkled her absurd scrap of a nose in luxurious reminiscence. "Believe me, you could have heard what Robert thought of Paula right out in the middle of Texas, and you wouldn't have had to strain your ears any, at that. That boy surely was shouting pretty!"

"What about?"

"Oh, because Polly'd sold The King. You know—that police dog he was so mad about? Well, of course she had two perfectly good reasons: Bob had absolutely refused to buy her those long green earrings she sent home, so she needed the money; and then Ramon had given her the most fascinating animal, about four inches square, called Black Butterfly; she says it's a dog, and she was worried that The King might sit down on it by mistake and ——"

"By heavens, you women!" cut in Rodman Thorn, a far-off note of passionate resentment shaking his low voice. "So she sold the poor devil's dog, did she? The only thing on God's earth that gave him a moment's happiness! I swear you pass belief, the lot of you—and every last one of you can stand up in front of an altar and take an oath with a straight face to love, honor and obey us till death do us part! Thank God for the mistakes of others! I know one fine young fellow who's going to profit by them."

"You fancy yourself a good deal as Roddie the Ironclad, don't you, darling?" inquired his sister indulgently. "Well, believe me, the day's going to come when you'll fall so hard that you'll break every bone in your body, and your head too. It'll probably be for some little fuzzy-haired queen out of the third row at the Winter Garden; and serve you bally well right, at that. Speaking of queens, that prize from Paris is due to turn up here any minute. She was coming over just as fast as she could skip from one set of horrors into another. Oh, lady, that blue suit—I can see it yet!"

"But what did you find so particularly agitating about her, dear child?"

"Well, the fact that she was alive and moving around was enough to agitate anyone with two eyes. She wears skirts down to her ankles, and her hair around her head in braids, and no more powder on her face than a—than a clam." Babbie's vivid and sophisticated small countenance was brushed with stern disgust.

"Ugh! I know the kind—nasty, low-minded, holy little beasts!"

"In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling, When the Lights are Dim and Low ——"

"The Stuff You're Getting Away With Gives Me a Pain That'd Turn Neuralgia Into a Treat"

"Now, now," murmured Rod warningly. "The mere fact that you consider Godiva an evil-minded prude for not bobbing her hair is no reason for branding this child of the Old World ——"

"Oh, shut up!" The overwrought critic searched feverishly through her meshed silk bag. "Give us a light, darling, and don't talk so much; you haven't seen her. Just because she's been out of America for a century or so is no excuse for her turning into a Manchu peasant or a Patagonian serf, is it? She ——"

"God forgive you," said Rod compassionately. "Mr. Wells never would. The study of the social system has obviously never claimed your attention, little one. Also I've been given to understand that the young person is a purely European product. Possibly the French conception of the *jeune fille* and the British of the flapper would ——"

"Oh, hire a hall!" advised Babbie whole-heartedly. "It's absolutely sickening the way you're getting to talk, Rod. You may be a dramatic critic, but that's no reason for using so many asinine words that everyone thinks you're an agent for some new dictionary. It's darned embarrassing for me, I can tell you. Joan's the only one that ever sticks up for you, and she does it because she wants to make Pete mad; I wish to the Lord you'd cut it out. As for your *jeune fille*, no one called Sarah Anne Carstairs had better try pulling any of that Continental stuff around here, even if she has a dead American father and a live French mother. Oh, Joan! Jo-an, come on in and watch the tennis; Pete's got two sets straight from the Western Wizard."

"Good stuff," commented the lady named Joan, hauling up her pony sharply, and swinging to the ground. "Take him home, Barker, and tell mother I'll want the car at seven. Hi, fellow citizens! You're looking rather fetching in that orange affair, Babbie, my girl. Don't stop playing, boys. Afternoon, Baldur the Beautiful."

Rodman Thorn grinned at her, unperturbed. "Back at you, huntress of men, and delight of my soul. Want a cushion?"

"Want two. And a cigarette; no, on second thoughts, a box of the little darlings. Anything to drink around here, honorable hostess?"

"Etienne's bringing out some ginger ale pretty soon, and the Wizard brought a flask, bless his blue eyes. Joan, have you seen her?"

"Seen who?" Miss Joan Claridge curled her diminutive self up compactly on the scarlet cushions, struck a match on the sole of one tan boot with professional dexterity, and bestowed an approving glance from her sea-blue eyes on the man beside her. "You're disgustingly good-looking in flannels, aren't you, Rod? Still no hope for an honest, hard-working girl?"

"Not a hope," confirmed the impervious Rod. "The line of aspirants still forms to the right, however. Do those unscrupulous little curls grow around your ears of their own free will, Joan, or do you get them there by brute force?"

"Will power," explained the owner of the honey-colored curls.

Her minute daintiness turned the workmanlike polo costume into pure travesty—in a moment, surely, it would fade and dissolve into pale taffetas and foaming laces—the brown crash was as absurdly incongruous as the barytone voice which seemed to emerge from the depths of her shining boots with all the startling effect of ventriloquism.

Miss Claridge could ride as hard, swear as loud and drink as competently as any man of her acquaintance, but no stain of hardness or recklessness or weariness had brushed the fairylike loveliness of her small countenance as yet. Her indifference to public or private opinion was as genuine as the rose-petal color in her cheeks; the only thing in the world that she feared was the possibility of being considered even remotely respectable by any member of the widely assorted circle of friends, enemies and acquaintances that made up her world. No breath of such a suspicion had clouded her serenity for some time, however.

"Lud, Babbie! Are these instruments of torture doped?"

"I think maybe they are," replied the proud owner of the cigarettes hopefully. "Ramon looked awfully mysterious when he gave them to me, and murmured something about poppied dreams."

"More apt to be pop-eyed, if you ask me; Car-r-ramba, what a taste! Since when has the Argentine Apollo become Ramon to you, my good child? I thought that our Polly had him roped, tied and branded."

"Well, she has, rather," admitted Babbie frankly. "I've only known him for about ten days, but it does seem sort of swanky to go on calling anyone Señor Mendoza when he calls you his little rose of darkness—eh, what?"

"God bless the Latin race!" invoked Joan with fervor. "It'll go right ahead in its sunshiny, benevolent, wholehearted way, whether Polly gnashes her teeth and lays back her ears or not. It's a great consolation to me, though I couldn't give it any silver cup as a judge of tobacco. No use struggling—I'm being driven to the strong man's refuge! I saw a perfectly maddening pipe when I was in town yesterday, lying on a little sofa of white velvet all by itself in the jeweler's window. It was black as Polly's heart, with a green jade sash around its precious tummy, and it was exactly the right size for me. Are you listening, Rod?"

"Breathlessly," Rod assured her. "But my interest is purely abstract. I am in no condition, financial or emotional, to shower trifles of ebony and jade on any creature that breathes. I have a nice brown meerschaum that's entirely at your disposal, however—pretty a thing as you'll find between here and San Francisco. It's yours for a smile, my lass."

"A good hearty scowl's going to be all you'll get out of me for some time," retorted the frustrated Joan. "If you'd ever seen the little angel you wouldn't insult me with your chatter about meerschaums. It had a visiting card lying beside it, with '*Chéri*, just arrived to-day from Paris' printed on it in gold letters."

"Oh, Joan!" Tragedy, temporarily forgotten, once more folded Babbie in its black wings. "You never told me—have you seen her?"

"Seen who?" Miss Claridge's interest was purely perfunctory.

"Mrs. Carstairs' niece. She's just arrived to-day from Paris, too; and believe me, no one's going to print *Chéri* on her visiting card."

"No, haven't seen her," returned Joan unemotionally.

"What's the matter, Babbie—is she devastating as all that? You look as though you were going into crape any minute."

"Devastating!" lamented the stricken Babbie. "Joan, she's the worst dud you ever saw; I couldn't describe her if I tried a million years. You know those hick shows that we used to pile over to see last fall—the ones that gave St. Elmo and East Lynne and Uncle Tom's Cabin in a tent, and that we got thrown out of because Peter got hysterics, and went on as though he had whooping cough all through the most sickening part of the love scene? Remember? Well, I give you my sacred word of honor that she looks as though she'd been hired to understudy the heroine, and the manager was thinking of firing her because she wasn't good enough. She was too awful to be real. I could yell when I think of her."

"You're certainly taking a great weight off my mind," said Joan languidly. "One more siren in our midst would just about break my spirit; I'm thinking of suing Polly for mental anguish as it is. But why all the agony, infant? Didn't I hear somewhere that Mrs. Carstairs had gone to Canada?"

"That's why all the agony," explained Babbie feverishly. "She went yesterday; her stepmother's being operated on tomorrow, and she had to leave in the most awful hurry without arranging anything—except me. She made me promise to look after this—this mess; she said the creature might feel strange and uncomfortable, because she'd been five years in a convent and hadn't set her foot in America since she was two. She made me promise to go down and meet her, and take her to the club and the pool and the races. Thank God we hadn't any room in the house, or I'd probably have had to take her in and put her to bed. As it is, Mrs. Carstairs' housekeeper is going to have that job. Mrs. Carstairs hardly knows a thing about her. She's really Mr. Carstairs' niece, you see, and he's been dead so long that he isn't exactly a mine of information. But I ask you, Joan, if it isn't the most disgusting thing you ever heard?"

"Well, hardly!" said the Dresden shepherdess in riding boots. "But it sounds like a good bit of a bore. Can't you get out of it?"

"She most certainly cannot," stated Rod crisply. "Nothing that Babbie could ever do could possibly repay Mrs. Carstairs for her kindness. She's paid a great deal more attention to Babs than most people do to their own daughters these days—given her dances, taken her to

Europe and California—and Babbie is certainly going to do everything in her power to see that this girl has as good a time as possible for the next week. I don't want to hear any more nonsense about it, and that's flat."

Rodman very rarely took that tone with his highly undisciplined small sister, and she stared at him blankly for a moment, wavering between indignation and surrender. After all, he was her only asset as a family, and she hesitated to turn him into a liability. As a combination mother, father, audience and companion, Rod had done rather well in the last ten years. She decided to swallow her wrath, though the look that she bestowed on her monitor was one of acutely injured innocence.

"Well, for Pete's sake, what have I done? What haven't I done, if it comes to that? Didn't I meet the dirty train and smile all over my face when I saw her, instead of giving one piercing scream and dropping dead at her feet? I know what Mrs. Carstairs has done for me as well as anyone, but you needn't think that it's going to make me run around blessing the day that this curse came into my life. I'm glad that you're feeling that way about it, though—you're going to have a darn good chance to be as noble and as holy as you want to in about three minutes. The little treasure's probably romping on her way now—just long enough to get her face washed and polish up her nose a little, and stick her hair back from her ears, and she'll be with us. She's yours from then on—and, believe me, no one's going to yank her away from you either."

Rod leaned over, bestowing a swift pat on the curly head, and an enchanting smile, which he carried in spite of the law against concealed weapons, on the expressive countenance lifted gloomily to his.

"You're turning my blood to ice water," he said cheerfully. "But I'm at your disposal, no matter how congealed. What's the program, my sunbeam?"

"We're going down to the pool for a swim after a while," replied the sunbeam drearily. "And to-night we're dining at the club. You get one side of her, and I bet whoever gets the other won't speak to me for a month. You needn't grin like that—believe me, you won't be grinning by one o'clock to-morrow morning!"

"If I ever grinned at one o'clock in the morning it's because I was in a comatose condition, and had lost all control of my facial muscles. Up to twelve A.M. all I need is curls to be Pollyanna's prize understudy, and after the witching hour I'd be out of place at anything but a first-class wake."

"It's a pity you picked dramatic criticism for your life work," murmured Joan with a small but ostentatious yawn. "Think of what a milkman you'd have made! Polly and I'd give up going to bed entirely to be milkmaids, and wake you at dawn by throwing dew in at the window. Wouldn't we, precious?"

"Wouldn't we what?" drawled the tall and tragic young person misleadingly addressed as "precious."

"Now, now, Polly! What's the use of crawling up behind people in that sinister fatal way if you don't eavesdrop? You've heard every word we've been saying for the last five minutes, you wonderful black panther! Come around in front so we can see your hunting costume for the afternoon—there's a good vampire."

"Thanks," replied Paula Grahame softly. "I'm quite comfortable where I am."

"Very, very disobliging, if you ask me! You can see if you just turn your head half an inch, Rod. Attaboy! Well, what's the news from the front? Has the leopard changed her spots?"

"You ought always to wear purple, Polly!" remarked Rodman with flattering conviction. "Especially with a lace veil that trails a little, and a parasol to lean on, and a deep-red rose. It's simply ——"

"Makes your senses reel, doesn't it, old dear? Wonderful what you can do when you set your mind to it, isn't it, Polly? Who was it that said that genius is nine-tenths hard work? Carlyle? Ruskin?"

Rodman grinned reluctantly. "Bet a dime you're the author," he said. "Come on, stop deviling Polly, and behave yourself, you little demon. Lots of room, Polly—sit yourself down and fall to. A good time is about to be had by all. A majestic form is approaching with tall glasses. Here, sit by me!"

"There doesn't seem to be anything but ground to sit on," murmured young Mrs. Grahame.

"Well, there's nothing solider than ground, my dear girl—you'll have to admit that. A chair would be nice, but it's simply out of the question, unless you can seduce the bearer of glasses. Of course there are cushions. You have more than your share, Joan—cash in, Babbie—one of mine as a special concession. Mount the throne, lady!"

Paula seated herself on the edge of the pile of cushions with majestic caution, and turned the somber magnificence of her eyes on the menial with the glasses.

"Anything in them, Etienne?"

"What madame sees—geengaire ale, ice ——"

"Thanks," said Paula hastily, and her tone was not eloquent of gratitude. "None for me, Babbie."

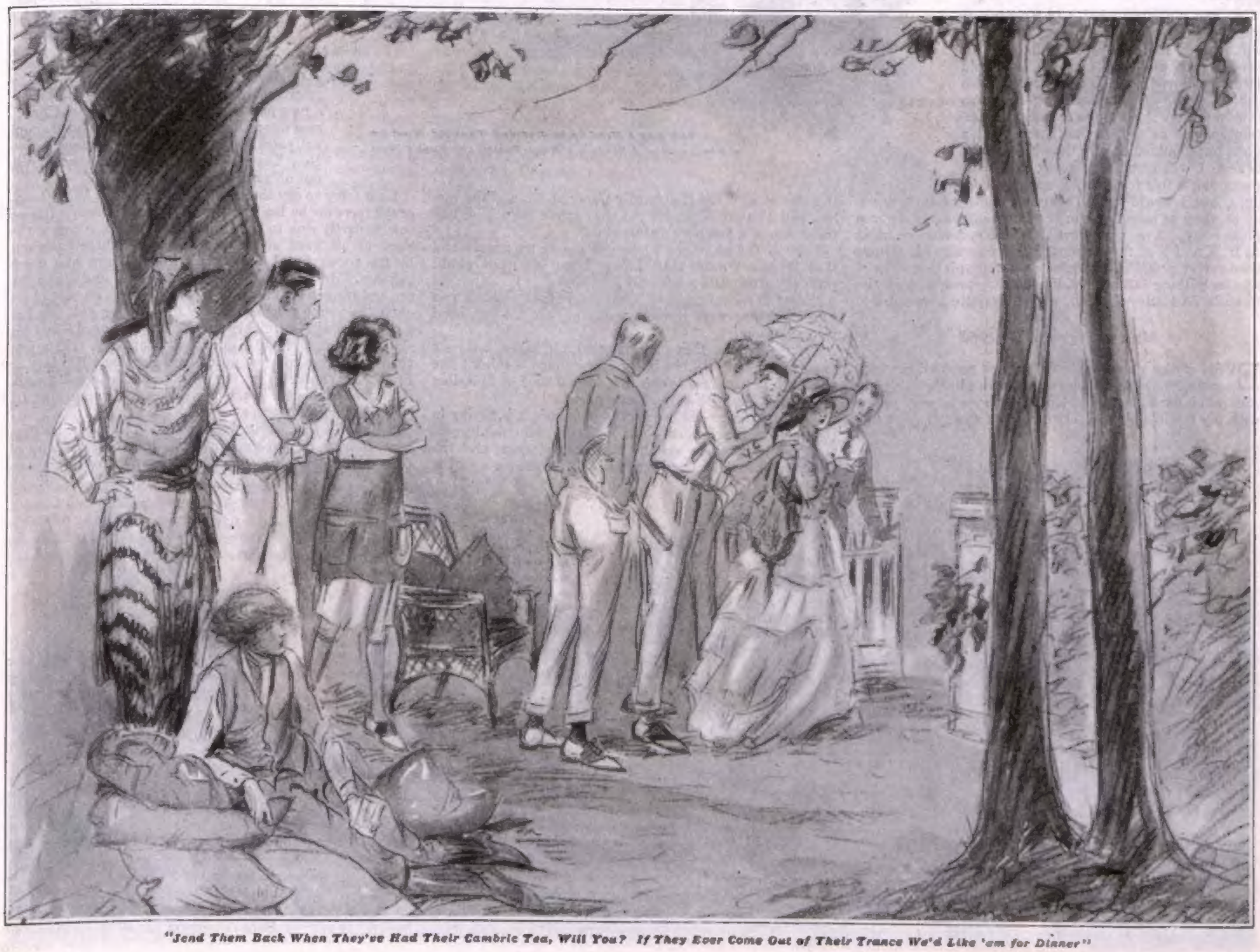
"Pull yourself together, darling," adjured Joan, deftly removing two very tall glasses from the tray. "Take a nice big glass and park it beside you for five minutes, and maybe the fairies will put something in it. Do you believe in fairies, woman of mystery?"

"I'll believe in anything that will put something but ice in this ginger ale. Who has the flask? You, Rod?"

"Nossir—not that I don't appreciate the pretty tribute. The gentleman from California who has just taken two straight sets and six straight games from the well-known Peter is now approaching, bearing gifts. Draw near, Lochinvar—draw a whole lot nearer! An admiring throng is eager and anxious to drink your everlasting life and happiness if you'll sprinkle just a drop of life and happiness in their glasses!"

"Go to it!" affably advised the brown young giant rejoicing in the name of La Rue Sinclair Tolliver and less formally referred to as Frisco Tolly. Babbie patted the ground beside her invitingly, her gypsy color a little deeper, and he sat down swiftly, with an expansively responsive smile. "No, wait a sec—it's in the polo-coat pocket. Say when, Joan."

(Continued on Page 98)



"Send Them Back When They've Had Their Cambric Tea, Will You? If They Ever Come Out of Their Trance We'd Like 'em for Dinner"

What Would the Boys We Were Think of Us Now?

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE other day, among some old papers, I ran across the photograph of a rather nice-looking little boy, and when I turned it over I found written on the back, "Ellis Parker Butler, about 1876, aged 7." That did interest me, you may well believe. There we were—the boy I was and the man I am—face to face, and if we wanted to we could say what we thought of each other.

For a man to see a photograph of himself as he was forty-six years ago is not so interesting as it would be to see a photograph of himself as he will be forty-six years from now, but it is something. Forty-six years from now I may be a wabbly old gentleman ninety-nine years old, taking nourishment out of a soup spoon; or I may be standing in line at the window of the supply department to ask for a new G string for my golden harp; or—but I hope not—I may be looking at a thermometer that registers 2697 degrees above zero and saying to the man next me:

"It looks as if it would be warmer today if we don't have some rain, and I'll bet a million to one we won't."

No one can guess what a photograph of himself taken forty-six years from now will show. If there is anything in this transmigration-of-souls business, as the old Druses believed, a twelve-dollar-per-dozen cabinet photo of me taken forty-six years from now may show me as a Rocky Mountain goat or as a Peruvian llama or as a plain but dignified ox. On the whole I don't believe I will care to be an ox unless the pasturage is fair to middling and the work light, but I would rather have my photograph show me an ox than as something in the fourth-dimensional-space plane—say, as a transparent pafallelepipedon marked A, B, X and Y at the corners. For a man who has always been rather proud of his looks, a photograph that showed him as nothing but an invisible whiff, represented by the formula 7A+3B(—Z+2X), would be quite a comedown.

The Boy I Used to be Decided That He Must be a Blacksmith. I Confess I Have Failed the Young Man

My Photograph in 1968

EVEN if the photograph showed me resolved into my constituent chemical elements, I don't believe I should care much for it. I should hate to go over a lot of proofs with my family and have my daughter say: "I don't like this one at all. The H_2O hardly shows at all, and the carbon and iron are so prominent they make papa look like the inside of a last year's stovepipe."

Even if the photograph showed me as an angel—and that is almost more than I dare hope—someone would probably study it a while and then say:

"Yes! Yes, it is a good likeness; but why didn't you wait until you were through molting? Or did you need insect powder?"

On the whole, though a photograph taken forty-six years from now would be interesting enough, I think I like the one taken forty-six years ago, even if the boy in it does not look at me with enthusiastic pride.

This seven-year-old boy in the photograph is sitting in the photographer's plush chair, sideways and cross-legged, with his right elbow on the back of the chair and the fingers of his right hand spread out like the rays of the sun. I can still feel the moist hand of the photographer as he lifted one finger after another and put it exactly where he wanted it to be, exclaiming, "There! Good! That's fine!" Then he jumped back to his camera and hid under the black cloth and took a look at me and jumped back to me to move one finger an eighth of an inch south by southwest.

"Now, ready! Don't move! Ah! The proofs will be ready Friday."

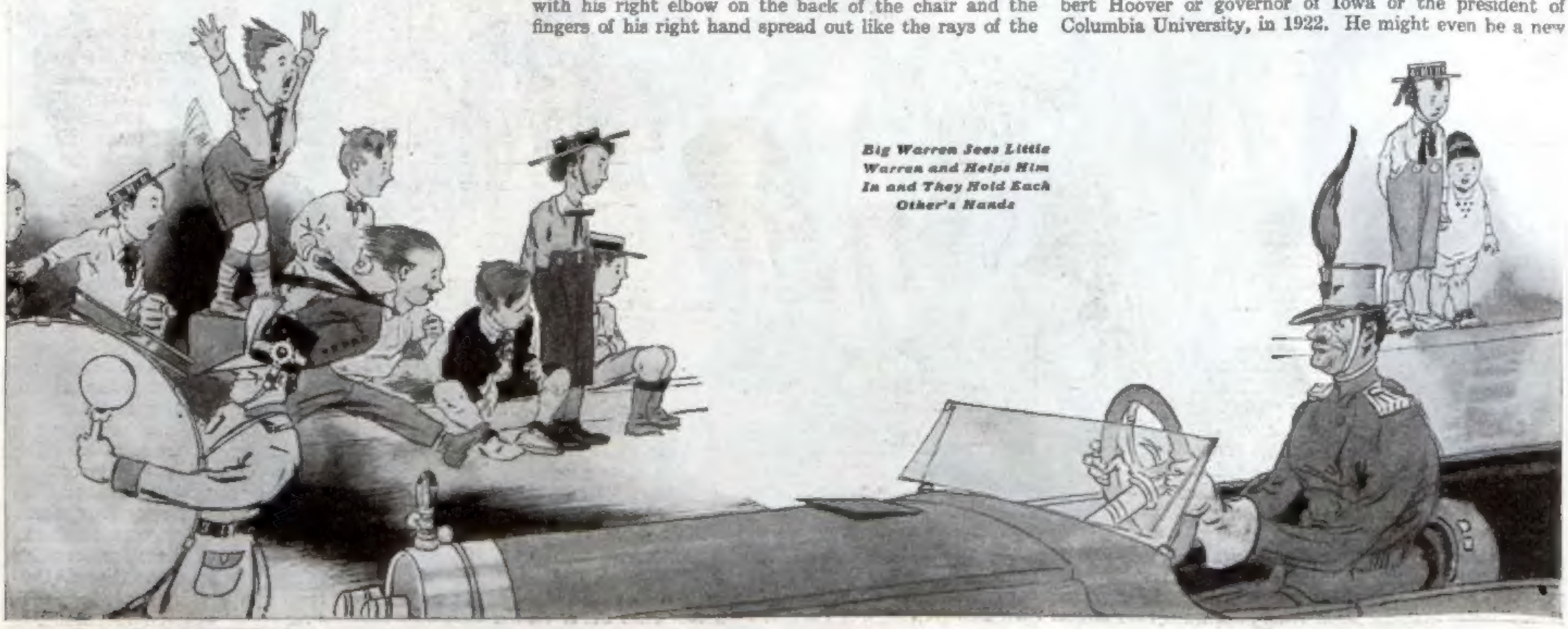
His name was J. P. Phelps, Artistic Photographer, Muscatine, Iowa, the card says. I have a memory that he was short and hairy. The interior of his gallery was hot and smelled like an oversterilized hospital. When you were posed a large iron clamp grasped the back of your head. In those days the photographer was as fussy as the undertaker, and being photographed was almost as fearsome as being undertaken. You did not decide on the spur of the moment to be photographed, and dash up and have it done and dash down again. The family began talking about it in June, and during July and August held consultations with the neighbors, trying to decide which photographer to go to. All of September and part of October was spent trying to decide whether to have a dozen *carte-de-visite* size or half a dozen of the newfangled cabinets with the jaggy edges.

Short of the Mark

BY THAT time the photographer chosen had moved to Davenport or Asia and the neighbors had to be called in again; and when a new photographer had been chosen Christmas was at hand, and the photographer could not promise to have the pictures done before New Year's Day; so the whole business was put off until spring.

I am sorry to say that when this boy in the 1876 photograph faces me he has a somewhat resentful look. I hope this is partly due to the iron clamp that is gripping the back of his head and gradually pulling three hairs out by the roots; but I don't know that I blame him much anyway. He is probably looking me over and sizing me up, and it makes him feel sick. Sitting there on that plush chair the young Ellis is a pretty fine-looking kid. He has a nice forehead—a mighty fine-looking forehead—and his skull looks as if it had a good brain capacity. He is just the sort of boy to grow up and be President Harding or Frank A. Vanderlip or the Bishop of Eastern Pennsylvania or some other great or wealthy or famous man by the time he is fifty-three.

A boy like that, seven years old in 1876, might be Herbert Hoover or governor of Iowa or the president of Columbia University, in 1922. He might even be a new



Big Warren Sees Little Warren and Helps Him In and They Hold Each Other's Hands

sort of Napoleon Bonaparte and president of the Confederation of the World, or chairman of the board of trustees of the International Consolidated Hook and Eye Company, Incorporated; or even—if things went right—a blacksmith. A boy like that has a right to look forward to being almost anything noble and great by the time he is fifty-three. He has every chance that Edison had, or Thackeray, or any other man. Even Jesse James was only a seven-year-old boy when he was seven years old.

What worries me is what that boy would think if we happened to meet. It is hard to fool a seven-year-old boy; it is easier to fool your doctor.

This young fellow in the 1876 photograph is evidently all dressed up in his Sunday clothes. No boy I ever knew in Iowa ever looked that neat and tidy on a week day unless he was going to a party or to be photographed; he could not have stood it—it would have killed him; he would have expired in misery. This boy has on a broadcloth suit with gold buttons, and his shoes are polished—except the heels—and he has his Sunday-go-to-meeting tie on and his Sunday stockings and just everything!

I remember those buttons; they were lovely buttons, beautiful and bright. There was a row down each lapel and a row on each cuff and a row at the side of each knee. No matter where the boy sat, he arose with two or three fringed tidies hooked onto the buttons, and he had to be plucked before he was allowed to go forth. I remember that broadcloth suit. The boy's mother made it; she bought the broadcloth and cut out the suit and sewed it and bound its edges with silk braid. It was a noble suit, and its only fault developed when she took it to the little German tailor to be pressed. She had no iron heavy enough to crush down the seams.

The tailor said it was a nice suit and would wear a long time. "Only, maybe," he said, "it wouldn't be so easy to hold such a big boy upside down by the heels already when you should want to brush him."

Being Photographed Was Almost as Fearsome as Being Undertaken

Sunday-Go-to-Meeting Finery

HE SAID that because the boy's mother had happened to cut the cloth with the nap running the wrong way, but I cannot remember that she ever did hold the boy upside down by the heels to brush him. Probably she took him out of the suit before she brushed it. The little German tailor may not have thought of that; he may not have been very bright. Or she may have brushed the suit before putting the boy into it; there is more than one way of doing a thing.

I remember that suit so well because it was such a big event in that boy's life. First the broadcloth had to be selected, and it is enough to drive one crazy to decide whether it shall be blue or black or brown. Then the broadcloth had to be sponged and pressed. Then it had to be cut out, lying flat on the table, with the shears eating through it, allowing for seams, the shears going "creak! creak!" as they bit their way, and with the boy's mother stopping suddenly with a catch of the breath in sudden fear that she had cut out two backs to the trousers and no front. She had!

It seems to me that the boy spent several years—long and torturing years—standing on a stool and trying on that suit. He had it pinned on him in separate pieces, and tried on in basted sections and in every stage of development. Sometimes he tried on one sleeve and sometimes both sleeves; sometimes one pants leg and sometimes two pants legs at a time. Then it would be the coat without the sleeves.

"Please, please!" the boy's mother would beg through a mouthful of pins. "Do please hold up your arm!"

Then she would gather up a fold of broadcloth and stick a pin in it and, inadvertently, into the boy somewhere, and when he yipped she would sit back and say she didn't know what she would do if he could not stand still a quarter of a minute at a time; she was just about discouraged with the suit as it was. It must be admitted that it is difficult for an amateur tailoress to cut an armhole to the right size when a boy keeps his arm clamped down tight and giggles every time he is touched, except when he is crying; but after a boy has tried on a suit a couple of thousand times he begins to think it is monotonous. He wishes he was an Indian and could wear a blanket and a couple of ready-made feathers.

I remember the boy's blue-and-gray-striped wool stockings too. His grandmother knit them, but she did not put in the sand-bur tips and other stickers—they were in the yarn when she bought it. The boy did not have to try on the stockings; all he had to do was stand and sigh while he held the hank of yarn as it was being wound into a ball. This was a lot of fun, like chopping kindling when you want to go fishing and bringing in wood when you want to play marbles, and it was a pleasant change from trying on broadcloth coats. When the boy was tired holding out his arms to have armholes cut it was a relief to hold them out while yarn was being wound off them.

I remember the necktie too. It was, I believe, the most beautiful object the boy ever possessed. In a photograph the full elegance of the tie does not appear, the color effect being lost entirely; but the tie was what, in 1876, was called a Roman stripe. The Romans certainly liked their colors numerous and bright. When an architect began to build a Roman stripe he was fair to all the Romans. If one Roman loved scarlet he put it in, and if another doted on orange yellow he put that in, and if the next liked grass green in it went. It was first come, first served, but any time a Roman discovered a newer and brighter color the weaver ran it right in and was grateful. The only times a Roman stripe weaver was sad was when no one was discovering new and more gorgeous color, and then he wove in a little good honest black to show his sadness. The black sort of set the colors off and made them more showy. The boy's tie had fringe on the ends, and he admired the tie with pure unblemished admiration. It was worth it. No matter what else the boy wore, he was all dressed up as soon as that tie was around his neck, and everybody within a mile knew it.

When I picked up this photograph of the boy I was forty-six years ago I thought I remembered the gold buttons; but I could not be sure, so I got a magnifying glass, and sure enough, they were the very same buttons, with a gold knob in the middle and little gold dots scalloped around the edges. Then I looked at the shoes, but they brought back no memories; I suppose that was because they were polished—they did not seem natural. I seemed to remember the shoe strings, wrapped twice around the ankles and tied in a hard knot; and the mud on the shoe heels—good old Muscatine clay that stays where it is put—but the fancy loops of stitching around the shoe tops meant nothing to me whatever.

Revelations of the Magnifying Glass

IT IS remarkable how faulty one's memory is. The only way I can account for it is on the theory that perhaps they were not the boy's shoes at all, but borrowed shoes. The metal tabs on the ends of the shoe strings seem to suggest this; they are all there, and I cannot remember the boy's shoe strings ever did have tabs on them one day after he got them. A large portion of the boy's life was spent wetting the ends of shoe strings in the manner most convenient and then twisting them into points that would reluctantly poke through the eyeholes. But perhaps these were brand-new shoe strings, purchased to be photographed in.

I was having a grand time with my magnifying glass. I looked at the striped stockings to see if I could discover any of the stickers, but they were not in sight—they were inside, sticking my legs of course. Then I raised my magnifying glass a fraction of an inch, and my eye came to the bottoms of the pants, where they met the stockings. Here was another thing I had not remembered: The edges of the boy's beautiful broadcloth pants were worn threadbare, and had been overstitched quite carefully; but, even so, little edges of white lining showed through and wisps of lining ravelings hung down here and there. The Sunday suit was on its last legs.

I could work up something rather pathetic about that, I believe; something about the dear little lad trying so bravely to look

(Continued on Page 82)

DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROSE

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THE proof of the pudding being in the eating thereof I went to Russia feeling confident that if anything good and desirable had been proved in applied communism under the soviet system of government I should have no difficulty in observing it, since it would be plainly manifest in the lives of the people.

Nobody pretends to believe that the social organization as it has formed itself during the great period of rapid industrial development throughout the world is in any of its aspects wholly satisfactory.

On the contrary those of us who take time, in the midst of our perpetual occupation of making the best of it for ourselves in our several ways, to pause and look at it from as many angles as may happen to be visible to our minds, find it a good deal of a hopeless muddle from whatever viewpoint it may be viewed; and we know perfectly well that any system that can prove itself to be better than the system upon which it is based is bound to win sooner or later, no matter what measures may be taken to defeat it.

There is something very attractive in the communistic principle: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need"; the great difficulty being that human nature is human nature in more ways than one. Most of us are drawn to this idea largely because we need a great deal and have very little ability.

The Homeless and Starving Gathered From the Streets at a Place of Refuge. Above—Famine Refugees Camping by the Wayside

Lenine's Definition

NEARLY everybody has given some thought to the theory of communism, and groups of people here and there have actually put it into more or less satisfactory practice, but these people have invariably been regarded by ordinary folks as belonging to the great universal brotherhood of the partially demented, and I am sure that nobody—none of the ordinary folks, at any rate—ever dreamed of the possibility that an experiment in communism would be made upon the national life of one of the strongest peoples on earth.

Strong numerically, that is. There are more Russians in Russia by many millions than there are people in the United States—including Russians.

The high-toned, communistically conservative and ordinarily respectable communists are telling us now that the Russian system is not communism. And one can readily believe this, because the renowned advocates of communism—back through the years since the beginning of the nineteenth century—have been accredited by common assent to the highbrow section of the world's catalogue of intellect, and it is so difficult to believe that any really intelligent man could ever have imagined that such a system as pretends to be in operation in Russia today could possibly be made to operate.

No theory is proved until it is demonstrated, of course, and there is this to be said: When you are working on a formula you never know when, by accident or design, some element may be introduced into it that will change its character altogether and cause your experiment with it to fail dismally or to end in one spectacular catastrophe.

The good communists, who are no more willing than the rest of us to compromise with brutality, bestiality, selfishness and crime in all its phases, say that it is the element of Bolshevism in the Russian experiment that is responsible for the horror and the hideousness of it, but they fail for some reason to tell us exactly what Bolshevism is. Bolshevism is nothing more nor less than the majority opinion of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, and, as such, is Nicolai Lenine's own interpretation of the Marxian theory that the state has developed into an organ of class domination and oppression, and must therefore be overthrown.

The state, which most of us think of loosely enough as being a social unit resting upon an accepted constitution, upheld by a code of laws and functioning under a parliamentary form of government, is defined by Mr. Lenine as "the product and the manifestation of the irreconcilability of class antagonism."

And I should like to hear a guess from anybody as to how many of the class to which Mr. Lenine makes his appeal find this definition wholly intelligible.

Incidentally he does not explain just how he expects the abolition of the state as he conceives it, and the substitution of "a dictatorship of the proletariat," to effect a class reconciliation. But at any rate that is the basic principle of Bolshevism, to which everything else in Bolshevistic doctrine is either subordinate or in the nature of mere amplification.

The history of the development of Bolshevism is long and complicated, and it is probably fortunate that I am not within consulting distance of the necessary books of reference, because if I were I am sure I should be tempted to make such use of them as would cause me to forget that I am not engaged on a job of historical research, to be leisurely and long-drawn-out.

There are consecutive and concise histories of Bolshevism to be obtained, but I have not yet possessed myself of one of them. I have never had an opportunity to do so. Such information as I have I have acquired from official reports; from minutes of the meetings of the Communist International; from popular books on the Russian situation—mostly pro-Bolshevik; through conversations with both leading Bolsheviks and prominent expounders of the fallacies of Bolshevism; and by accepting for two unforgetable months the rôle of Guinea Pig No. 150,000,000 + in the vast laboratory of the experimenters. Being a visiting guinea pig I escaped some of the worst possibilities, but I did not escape seeing what the others had to live through.

Divided Menshiviki

PRIOR to the Bolshevist *coup d'état* in Russia in October, 1917, not more than one person in a million had ever heard of Bolshevism, and to those who had it meant nothing in any way resembling the fearsome meaning it came afterward to convey to the minds of the multitudes.

I am sure the average person thought of Bolshevism as being a result of the overthrow of established institutions in Russia, instead of which it was the moving force behind that event, a force that had been slowly accumulating in the deep secrecy of subterranean intrigue and activity for many years.

The theorists who backed the views of Nicolai Lenine in the split in the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party at its second congress, which was held in London in 1903, were known as Leninites. They were the Bolsheviki, or members of the majority, and they held together, presenting a solid front, whereas the Mensheviki, or the members in the minority, were subdivided behind a number of leaders each one of whom had a little plan of his own upon which to remodel the world.

The Bolsheviks were revolutionists of the extreme variety and they had for a leader a man of extraordinary energy and amazing resource. Nicolai Lenine believes above all things in the efficacy of propaganda, and I think nobody would dispute a statement that he is the greatest propagandist the world has ever produced. When it comes to disseminating his opinions, for whatever purpose, his system is without a parallel. It is both minute and all-embracing in its detail; it can be adapted to any necessity or emergency; it can be employed for the consummation

of any desired end; it is universal in its scope, and for its material support there is no measure to be thought of that would cause either Lenine or any of his lieutenants to hesitate.

From 1903 onward the Bolsheviki worked incessantly and indefatigably. This fact is established. They were organized in parties under different names all over the world, and the business of each unit was to spread in one way or another the world-revolutionary doctrine. They worked underground always; were secret and secretive, obeying secret orders—that is, when they were working consciously as Bolsheviki. They gathered a great many henchmen who were their henchmen without knowing it. They were the sappers of the enemy of organized society, laying the mine that was destined eventually to explode. They worked variously and under various aliases, but they worked together. They were seldom red, because for the most part it served their purpose better to disguise themselves in their propagandist activities in different shades of rose, and among the products and by-products of their labors there appeared as time went on many strange phenomena.

Among these I think I am justified in mentioning the well-known parlor socialists and the little groups of serious thinkers so delightfully presented by that whimsical ringmaster of our many-ringed circus, Mr. Don Marquis. Not that I pretend to believe that all these were the result, either direct or indirect, of the Bolshevist propaganda; but who is there who could measure among them the extent of the Bolshevist influence?

Communist Citizens Waiting in Line for Government Permits to Eat

The Latest Thing in Propaganda

THE latest propagandist maneuver of the Bolsheviki consists of an effort to overcome the popular conception of Bolshevism; to substitute in the general mind a sort of sheepish idea that the fear of what Bolshevism stands for which has been universally felt is without foundation, and that to regard Bolshevism as a menace is to display a very limited intelligence. This being true, I easily can imagine the fashionable leader of a little group of serious thinkers saying—more or less after the manner of Don Marquis:

"Our little group has taken up Bolshevism seriously. We devoted an hour to it this afternoon and it was so interesting! We had with us such a charming Russian—a Bolshevik himself! It was hard to believe! He was so spiritual, so highly cultured. He has perfectly wonderful eyes, but one could see that he had suffered. He had a look of such enduring patience. He really made me feel quite childish when he talked about the Bolshevik bogeyman that we have been frightening ourselves with all this time. Isn't it extraordinary the way fear affects people! You know how panic sometimes gets hold of a crowd and stampedes it when there is nothing to be afraid of at all? Well, that's just the way the idea of Bolshevism has affected us—our kind of people, you know.

"Except that we are not really to blame for being so wrongly influenced, because, after all, we had no way of knowing the truth when we were being overwhelmed all the time with anti-Bolshevist propaganda. Propaganda can be so insidious, you know, and we ought really, for our own protection, to be on the alert for it in everything we read or hear.

"The anti-Bolshevik propaganda has been the work of a few syndicates of international capitalists—you know it costs an awful lot to do that sort of thing!—who consider nothing but their own interests and who are too sordid and merely commercial to have any concern about the soul of a people. And isn't it too dreadful that America, this country that ought really to be everybody's country—because, after all, you know, as history is written it was only discovered a little while ago; and though I am just as good an American as anyone I can quite see why America should still be looked upon by the world brotherhood as being in a sense common property; it is so much broader, so much more intelligent, so much more in keeping with the inevitable trend of history -if you know what I mean—to look at it in that way—but isn't it too dreadful that this great new country should have produced the most heartless capitalists, the most ruthless exploiters, the most unthinking oppressors in the world?

"Mr. Tellitallsky didn't finish explaining to us the principles of Bolshevism, but he convinced us that we had been shuddering all these years at nothing at all, and I felt ashamed of myself; I did, really! Of course we don't want communism here in our country; not yet; not until we are better prepared to receive it. Mr. Tellitallsky frankly admits that we are not ready for it; but that's no reason why we should turn our backs upon a people who have accepted it and are trying so bravely to make a success of it in the interest of the masses.

"If we can induce Mr. Tellitallsky to meet with us again next week we shall devote another hour to the subject. It's perfectly fascinating! There is an undertone of sadness through it all, but in another way it's awfully funny. It's like walking right up to something that has simply thrilled you with terror for ever so long, only to find that you have been terrorized by a monster of straw. It gives one such an opportunity to laugh at oneself, and that's always such a very healthy thing to do, don't you think?"

I beg everybody's pardon, and especially the pardon of Mr. Don Marquis, for such a weak imitation of one of his several inimitable styles, but I myself have actually heard more or less that kind of talk. And the parlor socialists, those earnest and devoted bridge-table and dinner-party students of world problems who began along sometime in 1917 to suffer from an acute attack of diminishing interest in socialistic theories, are beginning now to come back into their own.

The Parlor Socialists' Grievance

THEY all believe—with an ethical belief, of course, not a commercial belief. They abhor the very idea of sordid commercialism, even though they do cling tenaciously to all the advantages that have accrued to them through commercialism—they all believe that the United States should recognize Soviet Russia, and regard it as being inexcusable that a supposedly enlightened and so-called liberal government such as ours purports to be should obstruct the way of a great people struggling to be free. They declare—with an air as though they were daring you to call in the police—that there is nothing particularly sacred about the American Government; that, as a matter of fact, almost any change in it would be a change for the better; that the soviet system should at least be permitted to prove itself one way or another, and that if it proves itself to be better than the established failures to which the world is now subjected they are all for it.

And all well and good, says I. But I wish I could gather up a little company of such Americans—all of them, mind you, either unalterably bourgeois or irredeemably rich—take them to Russia and compel them for a period to live in the midst of the Russian experiment as the average Russian is compelled to live. I should take them empty-handed, thereby saving the soviet authorities the trouble of emptying their hands, thrust them forth as mere people among the people, and ask them to play the game according to the rules laid down. They would not find any of their admired leaders or revered teachers doing this; but as

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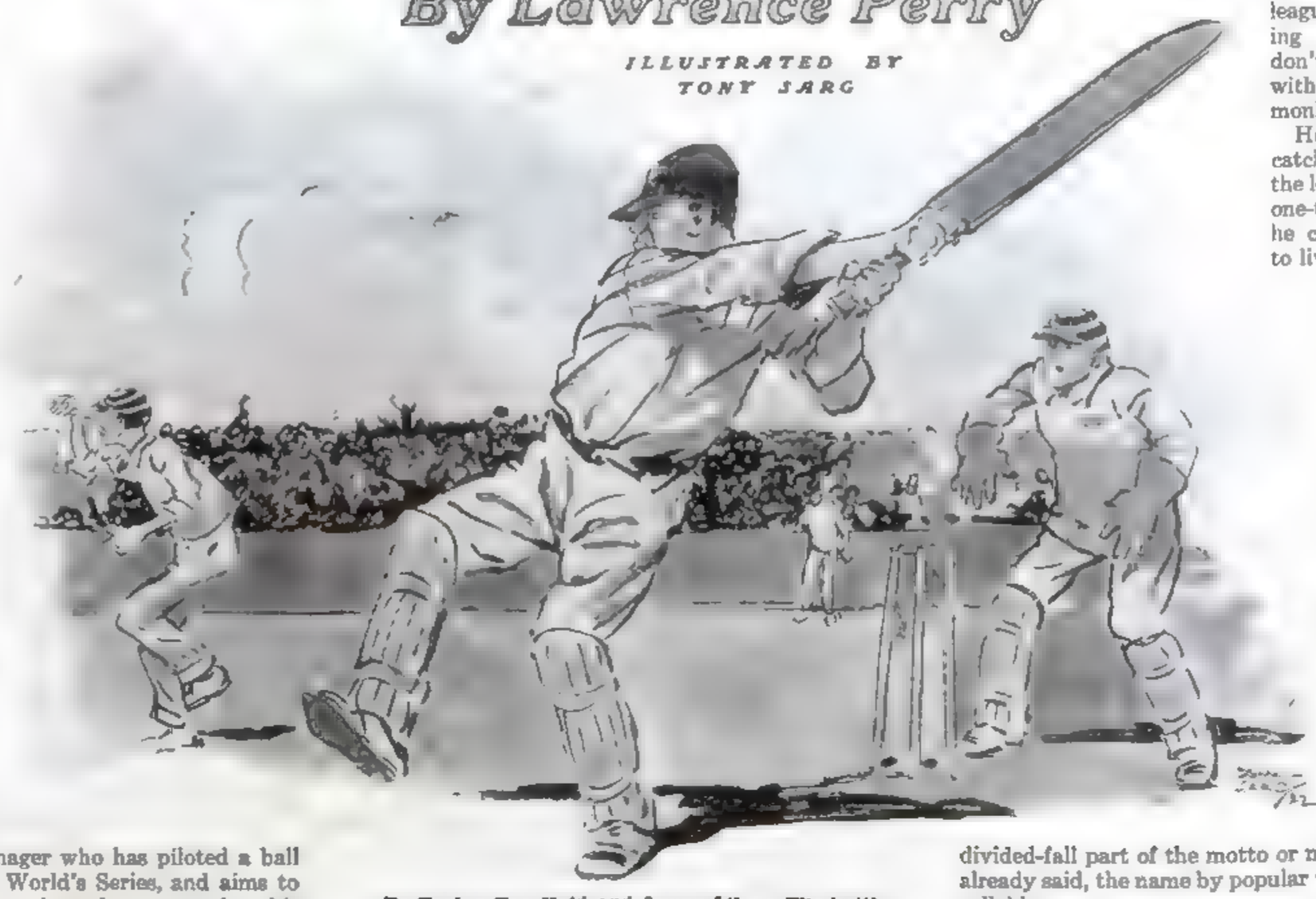
A Typical Crowd of Russian Village Children

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



He Took a Toe Hold and Swung Like a Windmill

YOU can take it from me that a champion is always a champion, no matter where he is or what company he is in. That is, the stuff that made him what he is and keeps him there is stuff that is recognized even by folks he chances to meet or be with who don't happen to be acquainted with the fine points of his specialty, or maybe don't know anything about it at all.

He stands out from the ruck, and there is something about him that lets you know he does. Tell me what that something is and I'll tell you what makes him a champion. But it's there and everyone knows it's there. You might call it personality. Personality—get the idea?

Now I'm not reaching for credit in the way of making anyone think I dug this line out of my own head. A manager who has piloted a ball club up to and through two World's Series, and aims to do it again if a certain deal goes through, can stand on his record without wasting his time trying to bat in this guy Einstein's class; I mean the fellow the papers were so full of a while ago who doped out that the stars and the earth were near relations, and not even the highbrows could come back at him, because no one knew what he was talking about.

No, I saw it demonstrated; I mean that champion idea of mine. And, like most things one gets by experience, it cost me something. It cost me the best batter the world ever saw, next to Babe Ruth, and I figure you'll agree with me when I say it was Bab Schnitzler. Remember Bab? If you don't you never had a passing acquaintance with the national pastime.

I got Bab from the Three I League in exchange for a pitcher who had put his fast ball back in the trunk where he kept his first toothbrush and a utility infielder who carried the only elastics he had left in his sock supporters. Bab—which was shortened from Baboon after he had put four of the Grays' regulars on the hospital list for insisting upon the full title—was not highly regarded in the bushes, in spite of his size and strength. But English McCune, who does most of the scouting for the Grays, figured that if Schnitzler, who threw left-handed and batted right, could be turned to the south side of the plate the fences wouldn't keep the balls he hit inside any more than they would a flock of blackbirds. I don't know just how he doped this out. McCune is a close-mouthed bird and isn't handing away his inside stuff. Maybe what struck his eye was the thing I was speaking about when I began this spiel—the personality, or something, that sets out a champ ahead of the bunch. I don't know.

Anyway, the manner in which Bab, after I had sweetened him on the bench for a season, broke into the Grays' regular line-up and made opposing pitchers wonder whether the outfield had shrunk is a familiar story. If you remember, he made twenty-two homers in his first season of regular play, the season we won our first World's Series, and then came back the next year and waved thirty-two good league balls out of the various lots.

Oh, Bab could hit! And he could field. He was a ball player, the best I ever saw or heard of. I am perfectly willing to hand him this bouquet, and wherever he is I hope he suffocates when he inhales the perfume.

When he came to the Grays I take one look at him and then a long, cold look at McCune.

"Mac," says I, "haven't you got this ball park mixed up with the Bronx Zoo?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mac, who can see everything but a joke. "No, I ticketed this bird correct."

"Bird! You mean a grizzly bear."

Maybe I was flattering the newcomer at that. He had a chest like the back of a jitney bus, and above it a big tousled head with heavy eyebrows that met in the middle. He looked about as human as a coonskin coat. But his legs tapered as an athlete's should, and amidships he was flat as a prize fighter. Taking their cue from me—and I'll hasten to say it was a bum cue—the boys were jocular about the rookie.

"Where's your glove, Baboon?" inquired Rats Finnegan.

"On the ground near where you're going," was the reply.

It was even so, and Rats had nothing on the glove when it came to lying still.

This quick come-back of Schnitzler's made me suspect he wasn't as bushy as his eyebrows. I was sure about a minute later.

The Baboon Sat There Up-Ending the Coffeepot

"Is there any other big leaguer," inquired Bab, looking calmly around, "who don't think he can live happy without putting me into the monkey class?"

Hop Bruner, our regular catcher, famed throughout the league for his ability as a one-two puncher, opined that he couldn't, and proceeded to live up to his convictions.

A few minutes later, when I bent over him, he faintly murmured for water, whereas to all physical indications he ought to have been asking for a lily to hold.

Thereupon Baldy Trott and Bill Pitt, adopting the motto of the state of Kentucky as their platform, declaimed the dangerous name in unison, and went to grass so nearly at the same time that it would have taken a quick-motion camera to tell whether they lived up to the divided-fall part of the motto or not. Well, anyhow, as I already said, the name by popular vote was reduced to one syllable.

No, Bab wasn't a slow thinker. He was one of those big guys whose ideas come quicker than he can let you know they're coming—could think faster than he could talk. He hadn't had much education, but he could read and write all right; and when it came to figuring in a pinochle game or estimating his exact value as a ball player he stood at the head.

He never said much about his past life, probably reckoning the less said the better. But you wouldn't get by his table habits without knowing that he was never raised in the home of a bank president. I remember the first night at the hotel Bab ordered a squab because the name attracted him—he was always that way, eager to learn. When it came he picked it up and swallowed it like a quinine pill, ordering the waiter to bring half a dozen more of those little birds.

But, as I say, he was eager to learn and fairly quick at it too; but only one thing at a time. On the ball field, at the hotel, wherever he was, whatever you wanted to teach him had to be slipped singly. Give him two things to think about at the same time and the big baboon stopped thinking about anything. Give him three and he was like a man who has kicked over a beehive.

All you had to do was be patient. I was. I worked over that cave man like a father, and I will say he was dutiful. He had no bad habits—that is, no vices, unless you except cards. And pinochle is never a vice when you win as consistently as Bab Schnitzler did. As for his ball playing, he was a natural left-handed hitter, and how any bush-league manager had ever let him hit from the other side I never yet have figured out. The minute the ball left the pitcher's hand he lamped it and his eye stayed on it like a spotlight on a lady dancer, no matter where or how it broke.

When he struck out, as he did, of course, as often if not more so than the rest of the team, it was not because he was fooled but because the force he put into his wallop affected his timing of the offer. His hitting helped a lot to win that pennant the first year he played regularly, and you remember the seven home runs he made in the World's Series.

Next season the Grays were never headed after July first, and we took the well-known post-season series from the Trojans in straight games. The future looked pink to me. Here I had Finnegan, as sweet a lead-off man as ever choked a bat; Pitt next, who had hit for more singles than any man in the league three years running; then Larry Boyle, an annual .300 batter—and Bab in the clean-up compartment. There never were four men who were harder for a pitcher to work on, and they gave the Grays an attack that promised to last for years.

Behind them were other murderers. In those days, if I was outside of a park, blindfolded, I would have known whether the Grays were at bat or not by the sound the old

ash made as it met the ball. And fielding? Those Grays covered the ball park like a Billy Sunday tabernacle. There was nothing to the league race in those days.

In fact I got pretty heady over the situation. I got the idea that no one man was indispensable to the club's success; that everything was due to team play, and, over and above all that, to the managerial genius of a man whose name would be recognized as my own if it were spoken aloud. I know better now. Now I know that the strength of an arch is the keystone, the solidity of a building its foundation, the greatness of a ball club a single nucleus around which all the other parts gather and form a battling whole. Bab Schnitzler was that nucleus in the Grays.

I hand myself enough credit to think I really knew this when he was with the club. But, if so, I didn't digest the knowledge sufficiently to get it circulating through my system. No, on the surface, I just took the Grays as a club, stuck out my chest and felt good. Maybe I'd be feeling the same today; maybe the Grays would be up there fighting in the first division instead of pulling a life-and-death duel with the Plaid Sox to keep out of the cellar, if it hadn't been for that English trip. In fact it's a cinch they would.

Every time I think of England I wish somebody would tow it north of Vladivostok and forget to anchor it. I gave a season's winnings at the track to the Irish Republic fund last year, hoping they'd go over there and cut Lloyd George's hair for him. That's how I feel about England. And as for that oily, fat-fingered little guy, Cephas Pratt, who got the Grays over there, let it go with the simple statement that I hope I live long enough to meet him face to face.

Now, as a class, I haven't got anything against press agents. I have used them once in a while when I didn't like the way the regular newspaper guys were treating me personally. But I've got a lot against this bird Pratt. Yes, he was a press agent. If he sees this it will be getting back at him a little bit, because that description of his particular profession never made any hit with him. Standing up against the bar at the Savoy or Claridge's or some of those high-flown places in London, sticking out his little stomach and chest like a pouter pigeon, twisting his waxed mustache and puffing out his fat cheeks, he would talk for—well, as long as someone was buying, about his not being a press agent but a journalistic—what was it?—oh, yes, a journalistic plenipotentiary; a molder of international good will and developer of common understanding among the nations of the earth. Oh, he had a line all right! Wish I could remember more of it.

He was one of those birds who would rig up a public movement, get a lot of snuffy old millionaires or millionairesses interested, and then land in a swivel chair before a roll-top desk with plenty of push buttons and a fat rake-off. Come to think, I guess Cephas was a plenipotentiary, if it means what Judge Connolly, the umpire, said it meant the time I asked him. All I'll say is that Cephas couldn't have meant what Connolly said it meant. But then the judge was prejudiced, too; he was on that English trip.

This Pratt didn't figure in the deal at first; at least not with us. The first we heard was just before we played the World's Series and the newspapers began talking about a great symposium of sports to be held in London with the idea of bringing all the nations closer together in the brotherhood of a better understanding, not only as regards sports but politics and everything else. Smooth idea, what? Each was to learn all that could be learned about the other's sports and carry them back to the native land and push them along, so that finally all the world would be playing the same kind of games and there would be international leagues and all that sort of bunk designed to bring alien peoples closer together.

If I'd known Pratt or anything about him when this stuff came through I'd have tumbled quicker than a hod-carrier who thinks a plank is three feet longer than it really is. As it was, I fell instead of tumbled. So did everyone else, the newspapers included. It was a great program. The best ball club that the U. S. A. could boast was to go over—at its own expense, mind you—and play ball. The English were to show the fine points of cricket; the French were going to tip the world off on handball and croquet; the Finns were going to throw the javelin; the Spaniards were going to throw the bull, or something, and so on.

As for the Baboon, He Grabbed One Fork and Never Let Go of It No Matter What Came and Went

The owners of the Grays fell harder than anyone. Magnates somehow are always anxious to show off the national game to the world, and have pulled off more than one world tour. So it was agreed by old Wolverton of the Grays and Galvin of the Reds that the team that won the World's Series should go over, picking up an opposing nine from the clubs of the league.

A lot of the Grays, including myself, growled over the idea at first; but by the time we had copped the series and the money was in sight there wasn't a man who wasn't keen to put in a month on the jaunt; while Wolverton, our owner, had so many volunteers for the opposing nine that you'd thought war had been declared.

The newspapers of course made a hurrah about the trip; made so much noise and printed so much that no one seemed to notice the fact that the international stuff—all this proposed big explosion of international sporting spirit—had boiled down to a visit of the Grays to London. Good as Cephas Pratt was, he couldn't get the French, Spanish and the rest beyond the point where they were willing to talk about the idea.

Beyond that, the mere fact that they would be required to finance their sporting tour was more than sufficient to spike it.

This bird Pratt of course had been behind the whole scheme the whole time. He had gone to London as ballyhoo for an invading Broadway musical-comedy troupe, and finding that the dear old English loved to fall for his particular brand of bunk he remained there, cultivating a London accent, clothes that needed shaving and a bank roll.

When the foreigners fell by the wayside Pratt simply howled more about the Americans—the Londoners had never been much impressed by the French, Spanish, Italian, Finn and Greek stuff anyway—and drew down what he called his honorariums week by week with cheerfulness that never failed.

Schnitzler balked at the idea of the trip at first when he learned just where England was and what you had to do to get there; but when he heard they fed you four meals a day on the steamship, with five o'clock tea besides, he changed his mind and was crazy to go.

"Look here, chief," he said the day before we sailed, shoving over a newspaper, "what's the idea?"

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Plunkett Lands it Square an Instant After Bab's Windmill Cops the Referee

A USE FOR CLODS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

YOUNG Carl Van Wert had never before been north of Boston, and he felt like a pioneer. He had gone to sleep the night before on the Pullman, from whose windows he had been able to look forth across a familiar countryside. This morning he saw bold and barren hills, brown fields, leafless trees close reefed for winter's gales, and everywhere the warmth and color of spruce and fir and hemlock and of pine. There was, about the towns where the train stopped, an air of impermanency. The houses were of frame construction, narrow and high; they seemed flimsy. He thought a stiff wind would have toppled many of them. As a matter of fact, a stiff wind was blowing that morning; dry leaves scurried in panic before it, for it came from the north and there was ice in its breath; but young Carl Van Wert, in the warm Pullman, had no hint of this.

He began to see, on the platforms along the way, men garbed for winter in kersey pants and felt boots and heavy, sheep-lined coats. They repelled him, for they did not look scrupulously clean, and he had been taught from babyhood to brush his teeth twice or thrice a day, bathe at least once a day and tend his nails. These matters had been insisted on so strenuously that they had assumed in his eyes more importance than they deserved. So he did not like these soiled-looking men; but they interested him, and he wondered if there were any here aboard the train, and decided to inspect the day coaches and see.

The coaches offended his nostrils, and on the platform between the last of them and the smoking car he stopped to light a cigarette; then opened the door of the smoker and was immediately grateful for the precaution. The car, to his first glance, seemed full of men: enormous men with wide shoulders and broad faces and mustaches and greasy hair. The air was foul with the smoke from their foul pipes; the floor was littered and stained so that he could find no clean place to set his foot; and the odor of many hot and steaming human bodies, each swathed in garments too long worn, struck him like a shock of horrible and nauseating fear. One or two of the men saw him and grinned good-naturedly; and then the brakeman came across the swaying platform at his back and stood beside him in the open door. Van Wert welcomed this brakeman as an ally.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"Crew going into the woods," the brakeman replied.

"Lumberjacks?"

Van Wert had seen the word in a book. The brakeman grinned faintly, but he nodded.

"Yeah."

The young man, with no further parley, fled back to his Pullman. The experience had been a shock to him; he weighed it in his thoughts and was faintly appalled. For he, too, was going into the woods. At Princeton he had decided on forestry school.

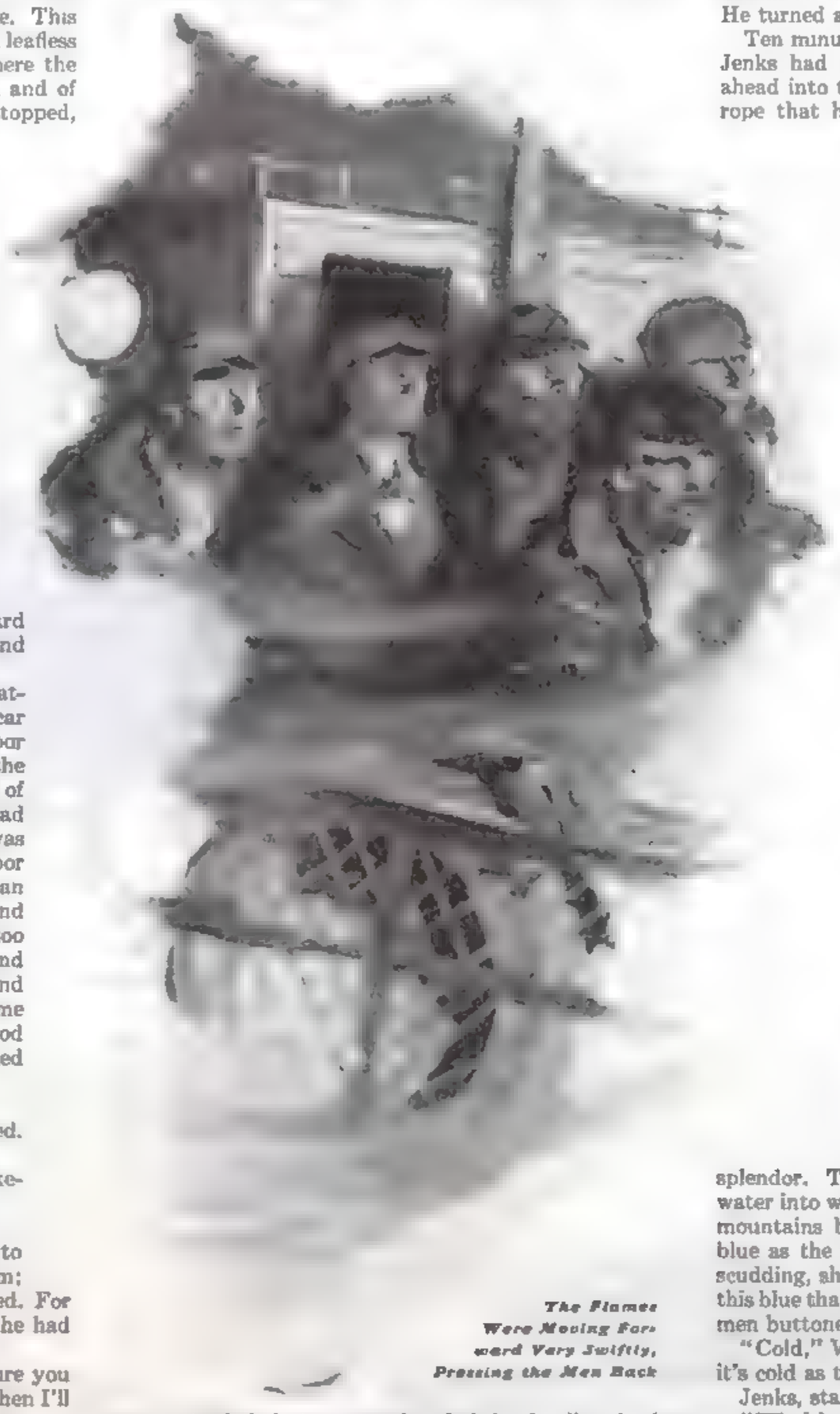
His father weighed the idea, asked acutely, "Sure you want that kind of life, son?" His son was sure. "Then I'll tell you," said old Van Wert. "I'll fix it up for you to go into the woods for two-three months—see how things are done on the ground. It'll do you good physically, and you'll learn something; and you'll know whether you want to go on."

It had been so arranged. When this train should presently stop—he looked at his watch and saw that it would be less than ten minutes now—he would be at the jumping-off place. There remained ahead of him a long automobile ride, a motor-boat trip, probably some tramping before he should reach his destination far up in the spruce forests. He had expected to enjoy himself, but the sight of his potential fellow workers in the smoking car ahead disturbed him.

"They say even a pig, given a chance, will keep himself clean," he thought disgustedly. "They're lower than swine; they're clods."

Remembrance of them made him go into the lavatory and wash his hands. Then the engine whistled, the train began to hiccup on its brakes, and he knew it was time to get off. The porter helped him on with his coat, bore away his bags. There was also a steamer trunk in the baggage car ahead; but by the time he had alighted that end of the platform was thronged with the men from the smoker, so he made no attempt to claim the trunk until they should have disappeared.

Their voices came to him—hoarse, shouting yet strangely musical voices. A young man in corduroy knickerbockers and a plaid Mackinaw had met them, was checking their names, shouting at them, grinning in response to their jests, answering their loud calls. As they answered to their names they climbed into large-bodied motor trucks that would transport them on the first long stage of their journey into the wilderness. Van Wert watched from a vantage at the other end of the platform, and when the last of the trucks was loaded and had lumbered away he was not surprised that the young man in corduroys turned in his direction.



The Flames Were Moving Forward Very Swiftly, Pressing the Men Back

This young man looked at him for a moment, then said pleasantly, "You're Van Wert, aren't you?"

"Yes," Van Wert nodded. "Did you come to meet me?"

The other held out his hand.

"Jenks is my name. I came down to get that bunch headed in the right direction, and the boss told me to bring you back. I've got a flivver around behind the station. Hope you didn't mind waiting?"

"You had my sympathy." Van Wert smiled. He meant to be friendly, but Jenks seemed surprised.

"Sympathy? How's that?"

"Oh, having to handle swine like that!"

Jenks chuckled a little.

"They're not so bad. You ought to see some of the stuff we get up here. Those were good men. I know 'em. They were up here all last winter."

"A good half of them had drunk more than was good for them," Van Wert suggested.

"Half?" Jenks laughed. "Lord, all of them!" He was inspecting the trunk to which Van Wert had led him. "That yours?"

"Yes—if you can manage."

"Oh, transportation's the best thing we do up here. I can take your stuff right on the flivver. There's no one going up with us. Trunk on the running board and the other stuff in back." He turned away. "I'll back her in here to the platform."

Ten minutes later Van Wert's luggage was bestowed as Jenks had promised. The train meanwhile had pulled ahead into the yards. As Jenks tied the last knot in the rope that held the trunk a brakeman came out on the rear platform of his train and yelled to him.

When Jenks answered, the brakeman shouted, "One of your gang's soused in the smoker here."

Jenks smiled a little and strode that way. Van Wert hesitated, decided to wait where he was. By and by Jenks and the brakeman appeared, dragging between them a small, soiled and abhorrent figure. The man's head sagged and swayed weakly from side to side. His stumbling feet dragged along the cinders. They brought him down the track and stuffed him bodily into the tonneau of the car.

Van Wert had moved to one side, out of the way, but at this he asked, "Why do you put him in there?"

"He was asleep on the floor between two seats," Jenks explained. "The others probably thought it was a joke to leave him. I'll take him up with us."

Van Wert said slowly and painfully, "But he's so damned foul, you know."

Jenks looked at him with quick surprise, then looked away.

"Well, it's my job to get him in, anyway. He ought to have gone in the trucks, but they're on their way now."

"I shouldn't think carrion like that was worth carting in," Van Wert suggested, and Jenks smiled that ready smile of his.

"He's a good hand with an ax," he replied. "And he can drive a team and he's a first-rate mechanic." Van Wert must have seemed incredulous. "Oh, I know he doesn't look it," Jenks agreed. "But he's a good man."

Their little car rattled through the town and began the long climb beyond. The great lake spread to their left and ahead, and toward the crest of the hill Jenks stopped so that Van Wert might see its splendor. The strong northerly wind was whipping the water into whitecaps, between which lay deepest blue; the mountains behind them and up the lake ahead were as blue as the water, beneath a sky that was covered with scudding, shadowing clouds. There was a somber note in this blue that predominated everywhere, and the two young men buttoned their coats more snugly.

"Cold," Van Wert said. "That's gorgeous all right, but it's cold as the devil in this wind."

Jenks, starting the car, nodded.

"Wind holds that way, we'll be frozen up pretty quick. There was ice in the coves this morning."

They dropped down toward the lake again, along that marvelous road built for forty-odd miles through thick woods by the great company which Van Wert had come to serve. Jenks told the story of the road.

"It's pretty good now, but I can remember when it took six horses to pull a buckboard through here," he said, and Van Wert wondered audibly. The man in the tonneau slept, with loud snores.

They stopped for a moment at Pickerel Bay while Jenks went into the store there; stopped again at Rough River, a dozen miles farther on, where heavily clad men seated idly along the veranda rail before the store watched them from narrow eyes. These expressionless eyes disturbed Van Wert. The men were unshaven and unclean.

When Jenks came out and they drove on toward the Plant Farm, Van Wert asked, "All the workmen up here as dirty as the specimens I've seen?"

Jenks looked at him sidewise and chuckled.

"Why, they're not really lily-white lads, you know." He saw the other's movement of repulsion and dropped a hand lightly on his companion's knee. "You'll get used to it, son," he said paternally, though he was scarce as old as Van Wert. "You can't go much on looks up here. I've seen some pretty seedy-looking bums turn out a good day's work." He jerked his head backward. "That man in the back seat there—he's a Polack, or something, with a hell of a name. We call him Tom Jack. He was in the Austrian Army for a while; but he deserted first chance he got and

came over here somehow and tried to get in with our bunch when we took hold; but they wouldn't take a chance on him. Tom's a good man; can sing like the devil and work like two devils. But I don't suppose he'll take a good bath from now till spring."

"He ought to be made to," Van Wert said hotly. "These—they're not men. They're children. They can't think for themselves. You have to tell them what to do, and dry-nurse them to keep them from getting sick, and keep them amused and see they don't stumble over their own feet. They're not half so intelligent as a good machine." He looked at Tom Jack, snoring peacefully behind them. "He's a clod!" he said, and liked the word. "A clod!"

Jenks was not by nature argumentative. He pointed ahead to where a flock of partridges fed in the road, moving slowly to one side to let the car go by, like rather tame chickens. A little farther on they jumped four deer, and the creatures bounded through the forest beside them, slanting away on a tangent, for a hundred yards before they disappeared. By and by a turn in the road brought Katahdin into view ahead of them, and Jenks pointed.

"There's some little hill," he commented.

Van Wert, by the stark beauty of that uncouth and rugged pile, was silenced and made breathless; little more was said, and so presently they reached Plant Farm.

Toward midafternoon, when the early dusk of a cloudy day was already upon them, Van Wert began the next stage of his journey. The manner of it was none of his choosing; he found himself in the hands of destiny in the shape of Matt Riley, who was in charge at the Farm. He was to go by motor boat up Summacook Lake, a thirty-mile trip; and with him would go that crew of men who had been his traveling companions on the train and whom he and Jenks had passed, in the lumbering motor trucks, on the way to the Farm. Tom Jack, awakened from his slumber, had rejoined his companions. The motor trucks would bear them on to the foot of the lake; Jenks drove Van Wert over and turned him over to Chiswick, who had the engine of the boat in charge.

Van Wert looked out across the tumbling waters of Summacook with some misgivings. The wind was blowing cold and ever colder; he was glad he had found an opportunity to change into rough and warmer clothing. He could see ice along the shore in both directions, and thick ice in the coves and a scum of ice out toward the open water.

"You won't be able to run this boat much longer," he told Chiswick, and the engineer nodded.

"Breaking ice now all the time," he grumbled. "They keep us moving back and forth up the lake so fast she don't have time to freeze. This rotten engine'll lay down on me some night and we'll freeze in out there."

Van Wert gave only a casual inspection to the craft that was to take him on the next stage of the journey. He saw that she had a cabin forward into which a dozen men might crowd, and a smaller cabin aft that sheltered the engine. In her broad waist there was space for carrying stores, and this was already heaped with miscellaneous stuff jumbled in apparent disorder. When the crew of men presently tumbled aboard, each throwing his pack down wherever was easiest, the boat seemed to settle lumberingly in the water under the load. Van Wert had given some thought to the question of where he should settle himself. He surrendered the forward cabin, where a score of men had packed into space fit for little more than half that number. He meant to stay with Chiswick, preferring the fumes of gasoline, which hung heavy over the craft and especially heavy in the engine cabin, to the reek of the human bodies. When the men were all aboard they got under way without ceremony.

Jenks, from the wharf, called "Good luck, old man," to Van Wert.

The engine, cranked painfully by hand with a long iron lever, barked and caught, and the broad-beamed craft turned its nose through the slush ice toward midlake. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"How long shall we be on the way?" Van Wert asked Chiswick, and the engineer said, "Ought to make it by eight o'clock, unless something happens."

Van Wert smiled a little at the pessimistic tone which seemed habitual to the other.

"What's likely to happen?" he asked.

"This rotten scow—you never know," said Chiswick gloomily. "She's a child of misfortune. Nothing ever surprises me."

Bursts of laughter came to them now and then from the men in the cabin forward or under its lee in the waist. Van Wert stepped out to fill his lungs with fresh air and the cold wind whipped him stingingly. The sky, he saw, was covered with clouds now.

"Snow?" he shouted in to Chiswick, and the other nodded sulkily.

"Yes!" he assented.

Tom Jack, the only man in the gang forward who was an individual in Van Wert's eyes, crawled aft and went in to see Chiswick. Van Wert, outside, listened curiously. The Pole spoke, he discovered, fair English—understandable enough. This surprised him; he had expected a twisted, foreign tongue.

"How she hitting?" Tom Jack demanded, grinning good-naturedly at Chiswick and pointing to the engine.

"Now and then," Chiswick told him.

Tom Jack nodded in cheerful understanding.

"Same ol' goat, she is," he agreed. "She soun' lak hell."

"Why, say," cried Chiswick, warming to the subject, "she can think of more things to do that she oughtn't—it's wonderful!"

Tom Jack clapped him on the shoulder.

"Tha's right," he applauded. "You tell 'em. Well, you all right this trip. Tom Jack fix her if she go bust any."

Chiswick actually grinned.

"Sure!" he agreed.

Shouts arose from the men forward, and Van Wert saw they were looking at him; but he could understand no word. Then Tom Jack climbed out of the engine cabin and yelled at them in jumbled syllables, bending to explain to Chiswick.

"I'm go'n' sing them little song," he explained. "These boys crying for me."

He winked elaborately, grinned at Van Wert and climbed along the rail beside the cabin. Van Wert heard his voice uplifted, sweet and clear and rich of tone. The words were meaningless, the melody strangely disturbing Van Wert found himself responding to the charm of that voice, shivering a little. Then the men burst into a great guffaw, and he guessed that the song was ribald, and was disgusted with himself for having been affected and went below with Chiswick again.

Darkness began presently to thicken about them. Two or three of the men, grinning apologetically, sidled into seats beside the engine, by their gestures indicating how cold it was on deck. Van Wert was driven into the open, and went forward, picking his way. Overside, bits of ice slid along the side of the craft, and he could see that they were running through a channel, in some places narrow, in others almost as wide as the lake; could see that everywhere ice lined the shores. The whipping wind was dead in his face when he looked forward, but he was warmly clad and welcomed the clean sweep and scourging of it; and he climbed along the rail beside the cabin to the very bow; found there in the forward end of the main cabin a smaller compartment he had not marked before, in which a man tended the wheel.

This man slid open a window and shouted to him, "Come on inside. You'll freeze out there!"

Van Wert liked him. He had a round, freckled face, and he had a scrubbed look which Van Wert thought pleasing. There was barely room for two of them inside his cubby-hole.

"I didn't spot this place," Van Wert explained, "or I'd have been begging shelter before. These chaps aboard here are too strong for me in close quarters."

The other laughed cheerfully.

"Right you are, son," he agreed. He added, as though it were an unimportant afterthought, "Roberts is my name."

"Van Wert's mine." They shook hands.

"Going in?" Roberts asked. Van Wert nodded.

"To learn the game," he explained. "I'm green as grass."

"Nothing much to learn," Roberts said casually. A gust shook the boat. "Ain't this some night, what?" he asked.

"Surely is. Freeze up pretty soon, don't you?"

"Any day. This wind stops, it'll freeze overnight."

They fell silent, staring ahead into the darkness. Roberts turned on a searchlight set on the roof above his head, and its rays illumined the tumbling water. The shores were dimly to be seen on either hand, their distance unguessable. Dark was almost fully come. Darkness had quite come when, half an hour later, the throbbing of the engine became uncertain, reluctant, and stopped. Roberts grinned.

"There she goes again," he said casually. "I'll bet Chiswick is swearing. Well, time for a pipe."

He lighted it. Secure from the wind as they were, Van Wert began to feel cold, for there was no heat in the cabin. Roberts' pipe glowed.

By and by he asked, "You know how to steer?"

Van Wert nodded.

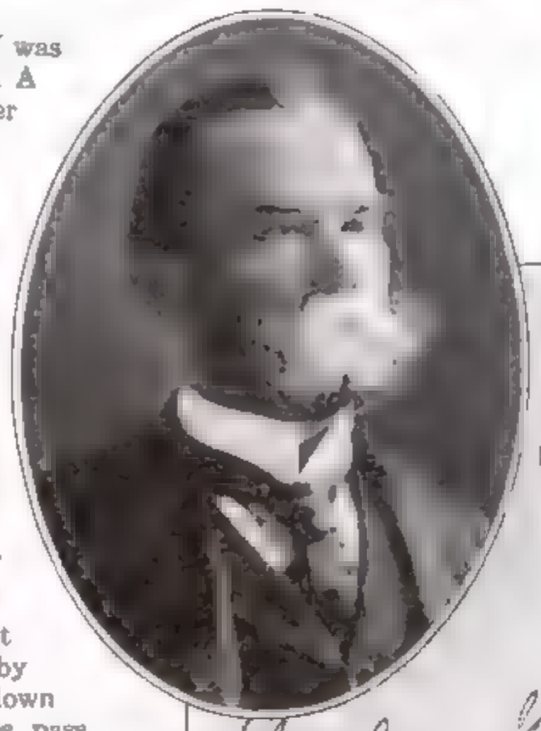
"I'm going back—see if I can

(Continued on (Page 113)

He Was Able to Estimate That They Had Been a Full Half Hour in That Icy Water Before the End Came

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents—By H. H. Kohlsaat



XIII

PRESIDENT McKINLEY was inaugurated March 4, 1897. A few days later I took supper with the President and Mrs. McKinley in the White House. Mrs. McKinley insisted it was supper, and not dinner. The food was of the simplest kind, such as is served in thousands of homes in the Middle West. I noticed the colored butler waited on the President first. Mr. McKinley saw my look of surprise and, when the man left the room, said, "That is one of the things I cannot get used to. All my married life Mrs. McKinley has been served first, but it is a custom and we cannot change it. We are governed by White House etiquette, handed down for generations. The employes pass from one administration to another. Some have been here over thirty years."

The President assisted Mrs. McKinley to the living rooms above and rejoined me at the end of the hall, where palm trees and rattan furniture gave an effect of summer. Neither of us spoke for ten or fifteen minutes.

Finally McKinley, with a whimsical smile, said, "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering if you would be wearing the same sized hatband in a year from now."

"Do you think I am in danger of a swelled head?"

"You would be more than human if you were not influenced by the adulation paid you by 98 per cent of your callers. Not more than 2 per cent tell you the truth!"

"Well, if you see evidence of an expansion, please tell me."

About a year later we were sitting in the same place, smoking. McKinley said, "Have you seen any evidences of my hatband expanding?"

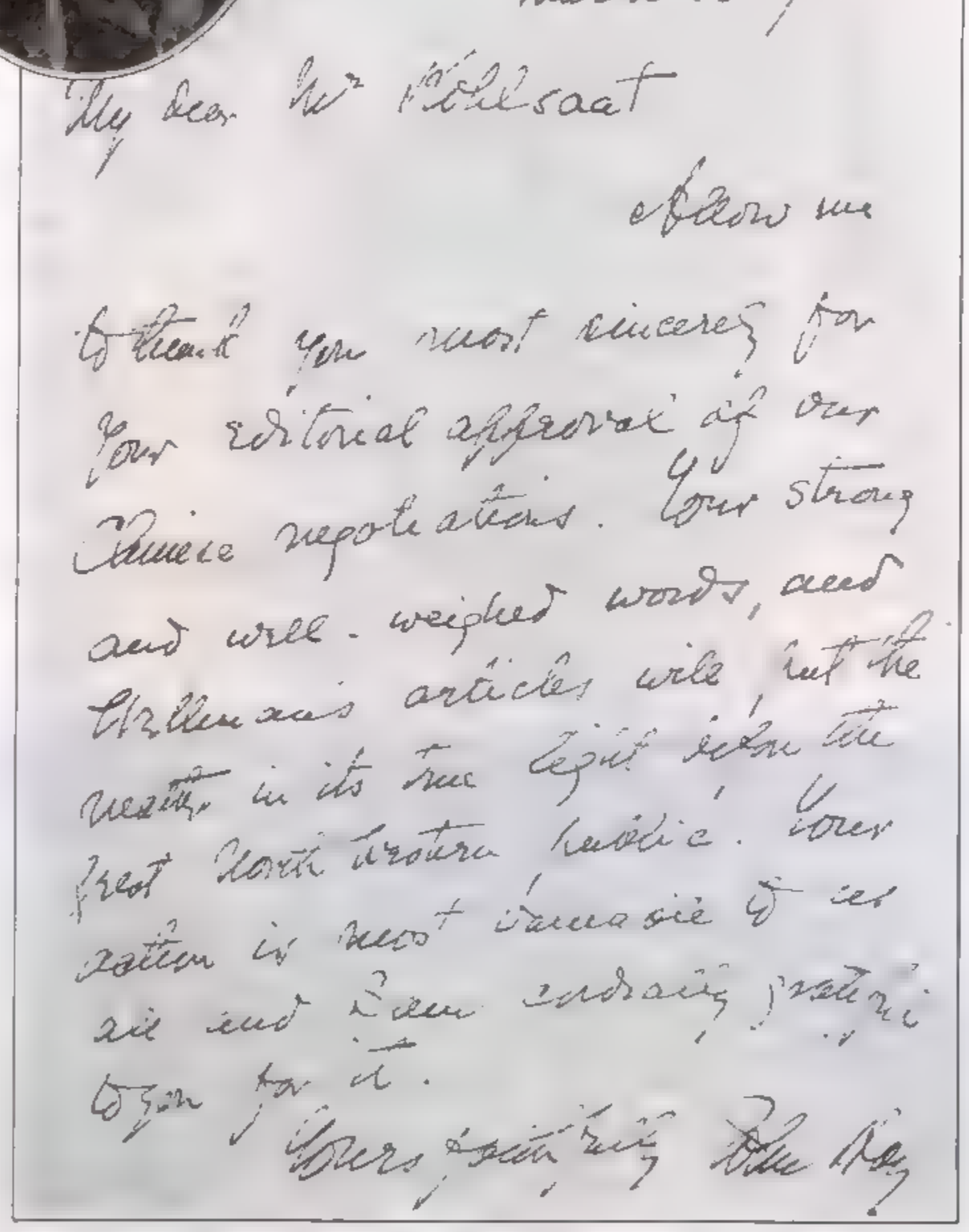
"No, but I am still watching it!"

The President told me that on return from the inauguration exercises with ex-President Cleveland to the White House, Mr. Cleveland said, "I am deeply sorry, Mister President, to pass on to you a war with Spain. It will come within two years. Nothing can stop it."

McKinley thought it could be avoided. His pacific nature could not visualize war. For the moment he was supremely happy. Thirteen months later, April 21, 1898, Mr. Cleveland's prophecy came true.

The first sign of a break in the McKinley cabinet was when Secretary of State John Sherman gave evidence of mental deterioration. His memory failed him on matters of vital importance, which embarrassed the President very much. When war with Spain was declared McKinley felt he must have someone in the State Department on whom he could rely; so he wrote his old intimate friend, Judge William R. Day, of Canton, and asked him to accept the position of Assistant Secretary of State. I was with the President when a telegram was handed him. He said, "It is from Judge Day, accepting the Assistant Secretary of State. He gives up fifteen thousand dollars a year to take a forty-five-hundred-dollar position. He would not do it if he did not love me." Judge Day's acceptance was a great relief to McKinley. Secretary Sherman soon retired and Judge Day became Secretary of State, until Ambassador John Hay came from London a few months later and assumed the office.

Colonel Hay told me it was a great disappointment to give up the ambassadorship. He loved the London life, but he added, "I am a soldier and go where I am sent."



DEPARTMENT OF STATE.
WASHINGTON

March 30. 1900

My dear Mr Kohlsaat

Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your editorial approval of our Chinese negotiations. Your strong and well-weighted words, aided by Mr Allen's articles will, I feel sure, result in its true light before the great North American people. Our position is most favorable & we are encouraged to persevere in our efforts for it.

Yours faithfully John Hay

Former Secretary of State John Hay and a Facsimile of One of His Letters to Mr. Kohlsaat

XIV

FEBRUARY 15, 1898, the Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor. It stirred the country against Spain. In April I received a wire from Mr. Cortelyou: "The President wants to see you."

At Harper's Ferry a telegram invited me to dine with the President and Mrs. McKinley. My train was two hours behind time, making it too late for dinner, so I wired I would come as soon as possible.

There was a piano recital in the Blue Room of the White House. Mrs. McKinley was seated near the pianist, looking very frail and ill. The President was in the center of the room on an S-shaped settee. There were eighteen or twenty guests present.

As I stood in the doorway someone said, "The President is trying to catch your eye."

He motioned me to sit by him and whispered, "As soon as she is through this piece go and speak to Mrs. McKinley and then go to the Red Room door. I will join you."

I did as requested, and when he had shaken hands with some of the late arrivals we went into the Red Room. We sat on a large crimson brocade lounge. McKinley rested his head on his hands with elbows on knees.

He was in much distress and said, "I have been through a trying period. Mrs. McKinley has been in poorer health than usual. It seems to me I have not slept over three hours a night for over two weeks. Congress is trying to drive us into war with Spain. The Spanish fleet is in Cuban waters, and we haven't enough ammunition on the Atlantic seacoast to fire a salute."

He broke down and cried like a boy of thirteen. I put my hand on his shoulder and remained silent, as I thought the tension would be relieved by his tears. As he became calm I tried to assure him that the country would back him in any course he should pursue.

He finally said, "Are my eyes very red? Do they look as if I had been crying?"

"Yes."

"But I must return to Mrs. McKinley at once. She is among strangers."

"When you open the door to enter the room blow your nose very hard and loud. It will force tears into your eyes and they will think that is what makes them red."

He acted on this suggestion, and it was no small blast.

After the musicale the President and I went into the old cabinet room and talked until very late.

Congress voted to put fifty million dollars in McKinley's hands—with no string on it. War was declared April 21, 1898.

Ten days later, May 1, 1898, the Battle of Manila was fought. I visited the President a few days after the victory.

McKinley said, "When we received the cable from Admiral Dewey telling of the taking of the Philippines I looked up their location on the globe. I could not have told where those darned islands were within two thousand miles!" Some months later he said, "If old Dewey had just sailed away when he smashed that Spanish fleet, what a lot of trouble he would have saved us."

The Battle of Santiago was fought July 3, 1898, and saw the Spanish fleet sunk, and the war soon ended.

McKinley told me they had Admiral Schley on the carpet to court-martial him for disobedience of orders in leaving Porto Rico and going to Santiago, but his successful fight against Cervera so captured the imagination of the people they dropped the proceedings, as they would have been resented by the country.

Poor Admiral Sampson never received the credit to which he was entitled for his part in the destruction of the Spanish fleet. He died a disappointed man.

XV

IN THE treaty of peace with Spain, signed at Paris, December 10, 1898, we acquired the Philippines, Porto Rico and Guam, paying Spain twenty million dollars for them.

The question of tariff on imports from Porto Rico was subject of much debate in the Senate in March, 1900. The Chicago Times-Herald, under my ownership, strongly opposed the 15 per cent tariff against our island territory, claiming it had the same rights as the territories, Arizona and New Mexico. Senator Hanna made the fight against free imports from Porto Rico. I could not understand his opposition, and wrote and wired him there was great surprise and resentment that he should so oppose one of our new territories. He wrote me as follows:

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C. March 14, 1900.

My dear Kohlsaat: I do not agree with you on the Porto Rico Tariff Measure, and I honestly believe if you had been here you would not have taken such a position, but as I have no idea that I can change your views, I will not enter into an argument. I feel my responsibilities and shall stand by our policy here, which I know is right. Sincerely yours, M. A. HANNA.

UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON, D. C. March 27, 1900.

My dear Kohlsaat: I am in receipt of your telegram and reply that I am sorry the people are so very sore over my "implied defiance," and yet it is strange that every one who comes here

and gets to know the facts and politics of the thing goes away satisfied I am doing all I can to bring about a solution of the trouble, while you fellows are doing all you can to prevent it. Time will tell who is right and I have no excuses to offer for my course. Of course I am the one to blame and have been for four years, but my time is nearly up and you can soon choose a new "buffer" for all party discussions. I have not been out of touch with my party here and am not worrying over my fate, but when you hear of my recognizing Porto Rico as an integral part of the United States and all that goes with it, you can make up your mind I am as crazy as ——. Now let me give you some good advice. Drop the agitation and give us a chance to settle the matter in Congress and then you can give me all the Hell you want to, to do it now is no good.

Sincerely yours,
M. A. HANNA.

The Foraker Act, making Porto Rico imports free after March 2, 1902, went into effect April 3, 1900.

After the passage of the Foraker Bill I asked Senator Hanna to tell me frankly why he took the position he did. He laughed and said, "I'll tell you exactly. We received notice from two hundred and fifty thousand cigar rollers that if we admitted Porto Rico cigars free of duty each of the two hundred and fifty thousand would get three other union men to vote against the Republican Party in November, 1900, making one million votes against McKinley."

XVI

IN 1900 President McKinley and Secretary of State Hay approached the powers demanding the open door and equal opportunity in China.

Before announcing his Far East policy McKinley unfolded his plans to me. His great ambition was to create new markets for American producers and manufacturers. He wanted to keep our people busy. His motto was, "Regular employment, good wages and education bring prosperity and happiness."

Colonel John Hay, as our Ambassador in London, met the ambassadors and statesmen of the world. He was exceedingly popular with them, which greatly aided his efforts to bring them and their governments to an agreement on the open door. I spent some hours with him in his library and promised to aid in creating sentiment among the people of the Northwest to urge their senators and representatives to back McKinley and Hay in their Chinese negotiations. The treaties were ratified and have been the means of creating new markets for our goods and bringing about a better understanding between the Far East and the United States.

The following letters were among those received during the Open-Door negotiations:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, March 30, 1900.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Allow me to thank you most sincerely for your editorial approval of our Chinese negotiations. Your strong and well-weighed words, and Wellman's articles will put the matter in its true light before the great Northwestern public. Your action is most valuable to us all and I am cordially grateful to you for it. Yours faithfully, JOHN HAY.

NEWBURY, N. H., Aug. 11, '00.

Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I have received your kind letter of the 7th and the inclosed leader from the Times-Herald. I need not say how much I am obliged to you. Somebody thoughtfully sent me a marked copy of Slason Hutchins' paper which said I was dying of remorse and shame in New Hampshire and that they were d—— glad of it, and that it would be a good job for the country if I had died long ago. These things are said with such evident earnestness and sincerity that I sometimes wonder if they are not true. But when I see what a judicious person like you says, I feel as if I had the right to live on awhile.

Give my compliments to Mrs. Kohlsaat and believe me always

Sincerely yours,
JOHN HAY.

XVII

THE Hay-Pauncefote treaty negotiations began in 1900 and were finally closed in 1901. The first treaty was defeated in the Senate because a majority of the senators strongly objected to the nonfortification feature. They did not believe the world had advanced far enough toward universal peace to permit leaving the canal unprotected. Their fears were justified in the World War of 1914 to 1918, when the news was received that a German raider was sinking ships in the South Atlantic. What would have happened to the Panama Canal if it had not been fortified?

After the Senate defeat Messrs. Hay and Pauncefote amended the treaty, authorizing fortifications, and resubmitted it to the Senate. It was ratified with little delay.

Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, died in Washington the next year, May 26, 1902. He was greatly respected for his personal charm and statesmanship.

I was in the old cabinet room with President Roosevelt one noon in June, 1902, when his barber brought in a skeleton reclining chair. Taking off his coat, but not his collar, the President reclined on the chair. The barber lathered his face and began shaving him, but Roosevelt did not stop talking.

I said, "He will cut you if you don't stop making faces and talking." The look the knight of the razor gave me for even suggesting such a thing silenced me.

(Continued on Page 121)

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

August 20, 1899.

Hon. H. H. Kohlsatt,
Times-Herald,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Kohlsatt:-

I thank you for yours of the 14th instnt. Your advice is as sound as a dollar—a good deal sounder than a forty-eight cent dollar. When the President requested me to go to Ohio, of course I had to go. That is all I shall do. I have, however, consented to give the gold medal to the returning 10th Regiment of Pennsylvania troops, because that was something that seemed appropriate and proper. However, it is not yet definitely determined that I shall go there.

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

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Colonel Roosevelt and Some of His Famous Rough Riders

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

IT SEEMS to me it's highly suitable that I should get to the edge of telling about Mr. Dallas' misfortunate vicstitations on the thirteenth day of the month, which, as everybody knows full well already, thirteen is the unluckiest number there is in the whole alphabet. When you projects with Old Lady Thirteen you flirts with sudden disaster. With Mr. Dallas, though, his troubles don't come on all at once, like a stroke; they comes on sort of gradual, one behind the other, like the symptoms of a lingering complaint.

Up to a certain point everything with us has gone along very lovely, the same as usual, with parties occurring regular at the apartment and the Japanee boy cooking up fancy mixtures and me serving drinks by the drove. Thanksgiving time we has a special blow-out with twelve setting down to the table at once. But Christmas is when we cuts loose and just naturally out-to-dos all previous to-dos.

All day long folks is dropping in to sample the available refreshments, and most of 'em likes the sample so well they camps right there till far into the night. I mingles up a big glass reservoir full of eggnog, which it seems to give special satisfaction to one and all. The way these here guests of ours bails it up you'd think they was in a sinking skiff half a mile from shore. As he ladles out the first batch Mr. Dallas states that this here eggnog is made according to a recipe which has been handed down in his family since right after the Revolutionizing War. But when she's took the second helping, Miss O'Brien, who's got a mighty peart way about her of saying things, allows that it sure must be older even than that. She says she's willing to bet it had a good deal to do with bringing on the Revolution. Of all the crowd that Mr. Dallas is in with I likes her the best. She's got a powerful high temper and is prone to flare up when matters don't go to suit her; but it seems like to me she ain't devoting so much of her time as some of the others is to seeing what she can get for nothing. Sometimes I catches her looking at Mr. Dallas like as if she's sort of sorry for him on account of some reason or other. But to look at him on this Christmas Day, doing his entertainingest best, you'd think nothing had ever bothered him and that nothing ever would. As long as that eggnog holds out he's bound and determined the party shall be a success. Which it is!

But Mr. Bellows he ain't got no storage room for eggnog. Seemingly he figures that all of them eggs and that rich cream and sugar and stuff will take up space which is needed for chambering the hard liquor. He just sets off in a corner with a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of squirt water handy by, curing his drought or striving to. He may not be such very good company, but one thing they've got to say for him—he's a man of regular habits. You may not like the habits, but they certainly is regular. I hears Mrs. Gaylord saying once that Mr. Bellows can hold any given number of drinks, sort of pressing her voice down on the word "given." She don't need to say it twice, neither, so far as I personally is concerned. I got her the first time.

It's maybe two or three days after Christmas—anyhow, it's somewheres around the middle of Christmas week—that I first takes notice of a sort of a change coming over Mr. Dallas' feelings. When there's nobody else round but just me and him he acts plumb bothered. His appetite is more picky and choosy than it used to be; and by these signs I can tell something is on his mind a-preying.

On New Year's Eve he goes forth with his friends for a party, but first they all stops by our place for what they calls appetizers, and whilst they is gathered together it comes out that him and Miss Bill-Lee is now engaged. Not no regular announcement is made; but all of a sudden, seems like, everybody present appears to know how things stand with him and her. Also Miss Bill-Lee starts in treating him more or less like he belonged to her. I don't scarcely know how to state it in words; but it's like as if up until

"I Don't Want Tips," She Says. "I Want Facts, and I'm Going to Have Them Here and Now—and From You!"

now she's been holding a piece of property under mortgage but has finally decided for to foreclose on it and is eager for the papers to be fixed up in order for to begin making improvements and alterations. She's what you might call proprietory.

Well, I can't say the news is much of a shock to me, seeing what has been the general drift of events since last August when we first got here. But, on the other hand, neither, I can't say that, considering everything, I'm actually overcome with joyfulness on Mr. Dallas' personal account.

I can't keep from thinking to myself that he's fixing to marry himself off into a mighty different set of folks from the kind he was born and brung up amongst. And I can't keep from thinking what a sight of difference there is betwixt this here Miss DeWitt and Miss Henrietta Farrell, which, as I said before, he was courting her before we moved to New York.

One of 'em sort of puts me in mind of a rosebud picked out of the garden in the dew of the morning, and the other, which I means by that, Miss DeWitt, reminds me of one of these here big pale magnolia blooms which has growed on the edge of a swamp. I ain't meaning no disrespect by having these thoughts; only I can't keep from having 'em.

I reckon it's having them ideas floating round in my head which makes me study Mr. Dallas specially close that New Year's Eve. For all that he's laughing and joking and carrying on, I figures that way down deep insides of him he ain't entirely happy over what's come out. By my calculations he ain't got the true feelings which a forthcoming bridegroom should have. As near as I can judge, he ain't hopeful so much as he's sort of resignated. Also and furthermore likewise, he's got a kind of a puzzled-up, beflustrated look on his face, as if he'd been took up short by something he wasn't exactly expecting to happen so soon, if at all. It ain't exactly surprise and it ain't exactly bewildedment, but it's something that's distant kinfolks to both of 'em.

x

ANYWAY, that's that, as we says up here. I will now pass along to what comes to pass about a week later on. All along through that week Mr. Dallas don't impress me like a young man should which he is starting out in the new year full of good cheer and bright prospects. As the catchword goes, he ain't at himself. At the breakfast table when I'm passing things to him he's often looking hard at nothing at all. It's plain his thoughts is far away, and not so very happy in the place where they've strayed off to neither.

Well, on this particular day, which it is getting along toward the middle of the month, he don't get home from downtown until long after dinnertime, and when he does get in he don't scarcely touch a morsel to eat; he just pecks at the vittles. After dinner is over and the dishes washed up I passes through the hall on the way out, being bound for the Pastime Club to consultate with one U. S. G. Petty, colored, touching on our own private affairs. Mr. Dallas had done told me at dinner that I could have the evening off, and there was not no reason why I should linger on. But as I passes the setting-room door I looks in and he's setting there sort of haunched down in his chair, with his elbows resting on a little table and his face in his hands, seemingly mighty lonesome.

Something seems to come over me, and I steps in and I says to him, I says, "Scuse me, Mr. Dallas, fur interruptin' yore ponderin's, but kin I do anythin' fur you befo' I goes on out?"

He sort of starts and looks up at me, and if ever I sees miserableness staring forth from a person's eyes I sees it now. He speaks to me then, and what he says hits me with a jolt. Because this is what he says:

"Jeff, why is it that white people are forever committing suicide on account of their private worries, but you never hear of a darky killing himself for the same reason?"

I studies for a minute and then I says:

"Well, Mr. Dallas, I reckin it's 'is yere way: A w'ite man gits hisse'f in trouble an' he can't seem to see no way to git shet of it. An' so he sets down an' he thinks an' he thinks an' he thinks, an' after w'ile he shoots hisse'f. A nigger man gits in trouble an' he sets down an' he thinks an' he thinks an' he thinks—an' after w'ile he goes to sleep!"

He smiles the least little bit at that. But it is not no regulation smile—it's more like the ha'nting ghost of one.

"But suppose you're brooding so hard you can't sleep," he says.

"I ain't never seen no nigger yit," I says, "but whut he could sleep ef the baid wuz soft nuff. They may not be many 'vantages in bein' black, the way the country is organized," I says, "but this is shore one place whar my culler has it the best."

He don't say anything back at me. So after lingering a little bit I starts to move on out, and then another one of them inmost promptings leads me to speak again.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "sometimes we kin lif' the load of our pesterminta ef only we talks 'bout 'em to somebody else. Sometimes," I says, "it's keepin' 'em all corked up

tight on the insides of us w'ich meks the burden bear down so heavy. Wuz they anything else, suh, 'at you wished for to ast me?"

It seems like my words must have put a fresh notion in his head.

"Jeff," he says, "you're right. I've got to confide in somebody—or else explode. Besides," he says, "I figure that if there is one person in all the five or six million people in this town who's likely to be a real friend to me, it's you. And while my talking to you probably can't do any good, it certainly can't do any harm."

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "I is your frien' an' yore desperit well-wisher besides. Sence I been wukkin' fur you you shore is used me mouty kind. I ain't never had nary speck nur grain of complaint to find wid yore way of treatin' me. You's w'ite an' I is black," I says, "an' sometimes, seems lak to me, the two races is driftin' fu'ther apart day by day, but all that ain't henderin' me frum havin' yore bes' intrusts at heart. An' so, suh, ef you feels lak givin' me yore confidences I'm yere to heed an' to hearken an' do my humble but level bes' fur to aid you, ef so be ez I kin."

"I believe you," he says, "and I'm grateful to you. . . . Well, Jeff, to put it plainly, I've gone and got myself tangled up in a bad mess."

"Whut way, suh?" I says.

"In two ways," he says. "In business—and in another way. I've been an ass, Jeff—a blind, witless ass. This life here was so different from any I'd ever known—so different and so fascinating—that it just swept me off my feet. I've been drifting along with my eyes shut, having my fling, letting today take care of itself and with no thought of tomorrow. As I look back on it, it strikes me I always have been more or less of a drifter. Down yonder, among my own people, there always was somebody who'd step in once in a while and check me up. But up here, in this big selfish, greedy town, among strangers, I've had nobody to advise me or to show me where I was making a fool of myself. And, believe me, I have made a fool of myself. I guess what I need is a guardian—only I doubt whether I'd find the money eventually to pay for his services. Jeff, if I was free of these—these—well, these entanglements, I tell you right now I'd be willing to quit New York tomorrow and take the next train back home, where I belong."

He studies a minute and then he continues to resume.

"Yes," he says, "I'd head for home in the morning—if I could. It has taken a hard jolt to open my eyes, but, believe me, they're opened now. The chief trouble is, though, that even with them opened I can't see any way out of the tangle I'm in. Jeff, the big mistake I made at the start was that I tied up with the wrong outfit. I thought I was joining in with a group of typical successful live New Yorkers; I know now how wrong I was. There must be plenty of real people here; people who take life in moderation; people who are fair and kindly and reasonable; people who can find pleasure in simple things and who don't pretend to know all there is to know, or to be what they're not. But I haven't met them; I've been too busy running with the other kind."

Down in my soul I says to myself there's a chance for him to pull out yet if he's beginning to see the brass work shining through the gold plating which has so dazzled him heretofores. Yes, sir, if he's found out all by himself that New York City ain't exclusively and utterly composed of the Mr. H. C. Raynorses and the Mr. Hillary Bellowses and such, there certainly is hope for him still. All along, up to now, I've been saying to myself that it looks like the only future Mr. Dallas has to look forward to is his past; but now I rejoices that he's done woke up from his happy trance. But of course I don't let on to him that such is my feelings.

I merely says to him, I says, "I ain't the one to 'spute wid you on 'at p'int, suh. Naw, suh, not me! But whut's the reason you can't pull out from yere ef you's a mind to?"

At that he lit in and the language just poured out from him like a flood. There's a lot of rigmarole about business, and some parts of this I cannot seem to rightly get the straight of it into my head; but I'm pretty sure I got the hang of all the main points clear enough. To begin with, I learns now for the first time that him and Mr. Raynor ain't actually been selling oil downtown; they've been selling oil stocks, which as near as I can figure it out, an oil stock is the same kin to oil that a milk ticket is to milk, only it's like as if the man which sells you the milk tickets ain't really got no cows rounded up yet, but trusts in due time he'll be able to do so. Still, if there is folks scattered about who's willing to take the risk that the milkman will amass some cows somewhere and that the cows won't go dry or die on him or be grabbed by the sheriff and thereby leave the customers with a lot of nice new onuseable milk tickets on their hands, why, the way I looks at it, there ain't no reason why their craving for to invest should not be gratified.

It seems, furthermore, that Mr. Raynor ain't actually been selling as many oil stocks in the general market as he has let on. Leastwise, that is what Mr. Dallas suspicions, even if he can't prove it. When first they went into partners together last August Mr. Dallas tells me he put up a large jag of money for his half interest. He was content to let Mr. Raynor manage the business and keep the run of the books and all that, seeing as how Mr. Raynor had the experience in such matters and he didn't. Anyhow, he felt amply satisfied with the gratifying amounts which Mr. Raynor kept handing over to him, saying it all was from the profits.

But this very day there's been a show-down at the office growing out of Mr. Raynor having called on him to put up another big chunk of cash for running expenses, and whilst all the figures and all the details ain't been made manifest to Mr. Dallas yet, he's got mighty strong reasons to believe there really wasn't no profits to speak of, and that the money he's been drawing out all along was just his own money, which Mr. Raynor let him have it in order to keep him happy and contented whilst he was being sucked in deeper and deeper.

And so now, Mr. Dallas says, that's how it stands. If he goes on and on along the way he seems to be headed it's only a question of time till all his money will be plumb drained from him. He tells me that he'd be willing to pull out now and take his losses and charge 'em up to the expense of getting a Wall Street education, only, he says, he can't. I asks him then what's the reason he can't. And he says because when the papers was drawed up—by Mr. Raynor—he obligated himself in such a twistified way that it seems he's bound hard and fast to stick to the bitter end. Of course, he says he might start up a lawsuit and throw the whole thing into the courthouse; but, even so, he's afraid he wouldn't have a leg left to stand on by reason of his having tied himself up so tight in writing; and anyway, he says, before he got through with a lawsuit most doubtless the lawyers would have all the leavings.

To myself I says there is still another reason. I knows how much it would hurt Mr. Dallas' pride to have all the folks down home finding out that he's made another disasterful move in business. By roundabout ways it has come to my ears that he's been writing back down there about how well he's doing up here in New York, and now if it should come out in the papers that he's made one more bad bust-up on top of all them finance mistakes he committed before he come North, and he should have to go South again, broke and shamed at being broke, I reckons it would just about kill him. Besides which I knows full well from hearing Judge Priest talking in the past that even

(Continued on Page 50)

Christmas is When We Cuts Loose and Just Naturally Out-To-Dos All Previous To-Dos

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

IT IS always dangerous, even in the interest of truth, to disturb the traditions that cluster around romance, but it is equally dangerous to disturb truth in the interest of romance. Possibly this difficulty explains why the real story of the affair between Stephen Cotter and Jeanne Buckingham has never been told. The truth forces, at the very beginning, the admission that when Stephen considered the possibility of marrying Jeanne he was not in the slightest in love with her. To offer as an apology the explanation that he was handicapped by the fact he had not then met her only complicates matters. It makes a bad beginning. But, after all, that's the whole story.

Cotter was a curious fellow—a little bit too practical to be a poet and a little too much of a poet to be practical. He came of a good but none too prosperous family in California, and was struggling without much success through a sun-kissed university when the summons to war made a welcome break in his life. He served his country creditably, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. He was then shipped to New York, given his discharge, and transportation offered him back to the land of coöperative sunshine, but he preferred to remain where he was. He had never seen the East and this seemed like a good opportunity. It was, in a way, and yet it had its difficulties. Merely to see, one must subsist; and on a few hundred dollars saved from army pay this is not long possible—not, at any rate, at the Hotel Vandemore.

Whether from the riotous dreams of his grandfather, who had crossed the plains in '49, or from the somewhat more sober but no less grandiose expectations of his father, who speculated and consistently lost in San Francisco realty, or whether from the golden atmosphere of his native state, Cotter inherited an attitude towards money that had cultivated in him extremely expensive tastes. He had really fine sensibilities in the matter of his dress and surroundings and, perhaps unfortunately, had both the physique and manner for displaying these to advantage. Tall and slight, with fine features retaining enough of the rugged strength of his New England ancestors to save them from insipidity, with jet-black hair and black eyes containing a lurking smile, he was always noticed. He had, moreover, an air—a self-confident poise—that is supposed to come only with comfortable security. Nor was the illusion disturbed when he spoke. He was intelligent and talked well, with a careless smile that suggested a background. He could do that with no more than fifteen cents in his pocket.

He saw New York by strolling downtown after a leisurely breakfast at nine, swinging a light walking stick, sitting over a cigarette for a forenoon in Washington Square, watching the children at play and often enough joining them in a game of tag, to the delight and admiration of the nursemaids; strolling back to Central Park for the afternoon after a light lunch, and spending the evening over a good dinner and an agreeable lounge in the hotel lobby, where there was as much to see as at any of the theaters, at a considerably less cost. It was here that he first saw Jeanne Buckingham. She came in with her father, evidently from a train, with half a dozen bell boys to carry her luggage. The episode was something worth watching—this stern-faced, autocratic, important-looking guardian giving her the proud protection which she did not need and to which she was utterly indifferent.

While her father registered and had even the blasé Vandemore clerks standing on tiptoe, she turned and calmly surveyed all her natural enemies in the lobby, including Stephen Cotter, with her tidy chin well up and a challenge in her eyes. But she was trig from head to toe—slim and trig and perfect! In those few minutes Cotter took in every detail and fixed them in his mind as worth remembering. Then she vanished and he sauntered over to the register, where he read:

"JOSHUA A. BUCKINGHAM,
"JEANNE BUCKINGHAM, Boston, Mass."

II

IT WOULD be absurd to say that Stephen Cotter followed Jeanne to Boston. He did not, but when some three days later he saw her and Joshua A. go out with their bags to catch the one o'clock train it suggested to him that not all of the East was included within the Borough of Manhattan. In a desultory way he had made one or two attempts to secure employment in New York, but quite without success, and it occurred to him that he might stand a better chance in the smaller city. It had become increasingly evident that some sort of change was necessary. And so on the spur of the moment he rushed upstairs, crowded his few belongings into his bag, paid his bill and was fortunate enough to secure a seat on the same train and, by accident, in the same car. He found her not three chairs away, but that was all the good it did him except that it gave him an opportunity to appreciate her a little more in detail—to study the fine lines about her nose and mouth, to note that her eyes were a deep brown, and, when she turned her back upon him, to realize that her arm resting upon the chair was quite symmetrical, and that her ankles, glimpsed in the aisle, were unusually small and shapely. Every now and then Joshua A. caught him making these observations and glared.

When at the South Station a uniformed chauffeur met the pair and escorted them out of sight, leaving Stephen to find quarters as best he could in a strange city, life suddenly struck him as a decidedly cold-blooded proposition. It was, of course, a bit unreasonable to expect the Buckinghams to be any more interested in him than they were—which was not at all—and yet, to change the situation, how little more was needed. A casual introduction, however perfunctory—the sort of thing he might have been able to arrange at home in a dozen different formal ways—would have been enough to carry him over that first barrier now so impregnable.

Cotter was no anarchist. He believed in the conventions. But, like every law, they at times defeated their own ends. Often enough society permitted, as a matter of routine, introductions that should never have been allowed. He had known plenty of men with whom he would not care to have his sister associate who had been passed on from one group to another until they had met every nice girl in town. On the other hand, many a decent fellow had been barred absolutely because he had had no initial opportunity. That at present was his own situation.

Cotter, however, was not cad enough to assume that an introduction to a girl like Jeanne Buckingham was all that was necessary to assure him an immediate and intimate friendship. It would do no more than enter him in the field where he would have the privilege of making good if that was in him. But this was all that any man had a right to ask, and this much, except for the accident that this was Boston instead of San Francisco, he might have arranged. The detail that fretted him just now was that these opportunities were so often a matter of chance and that under the present circumstances he did not have a chance in the world. It came like a challenge.

That first night Cotter spent at a hotel, but the next day he secured a modest room in a boarding house and started in to look seriously for work. It was not a pleasant task and it only emphasized his loneliness. As long as he had funds he was in the position of a guest in any city of the world where he might find himself, but the moment he sought admission to the business life of the community he was looked upon with suspicion as an interloper. He had no credentials, of course, except his army discharge papers, and those were only of negative value as a recommendation. Nor had he any business experience which he could offer. He was merely a young man looking for a job, and there were at this time only too many of such.

It was an extraordinary fact that during those depressing days the deep brown eyes of Jeanne Buckingham should have given him courage. This young woman was carrying on her entertaining if not particularly significant affairs quite oblivious of any such philanthropic result as this. But that was not important. She did not need anything more than she had, while Stephen Cotter needed everything more than he had.

Day after day he answered advertisements of one sort and another, and although invariably he made a favorable impression whenever he secured a personal interview, that, unfortunately, was

"But, Jeanne, Don't You See I Got It All by a Trick?"

either too much or not enough. It was too much for the minor position of office boy, and not quite enough to qualify him as an office manager. And there it seemed as though the matter might rest indefinitely when he chanced into the real-estate office of Pudkin & Pudkin, dealers in the better class of seashore property. This was in March and one of the Pudkins had taken this inopportune season to become ill. It happened, too, that he was the good-looking Pudkin. The other, Henry C., was short and stout and more interested in the details of office management than in meeting prospective customers, conveying them by automobile to choice building sites and making them appreciate the beauty of adjacent shore and sea and sky. The younger Pudkin had a pretty knack at that.

Cotter strolled into the Boston office of the firm quite without hope, attracted by the name and by the conjunction of the words "real estate" and "shore front" on the door. It suddenly occurred to him that if he had had no personal experience in the real-estate world he could at least claim something by inheritance. He had heard the business talked over enough at home, although on those occasions his mother did quite as much talking as his father. She had been urging Cotter Senior for twenty years to drop it and take up insurance or market gardening or portrait painting or anything promising at least a small element of profitable return.

Henry C. looked up with a frown from his desk when Cotter entered, but the next second made his feet. The moment he laid eyes on that tall, neatly dressed young man he had visions of selling that ten-thousand-dollar lot at North Cotuate which had been so long on his hands. Henry C. did not often get a hunch of this sort, but he got it that time. The only trouble was he was not allowed to keep it long.

"Yes?" he inquired politely of Cotter.

The latter smiled pleasantly—the sort of smile some men would have given a fortune to possess.

"I'm taking a long chance," he began. "It occurred to me as I was going by that at this time of year you might be able to use a salesman."

"Eh?" gasped Pudkin.

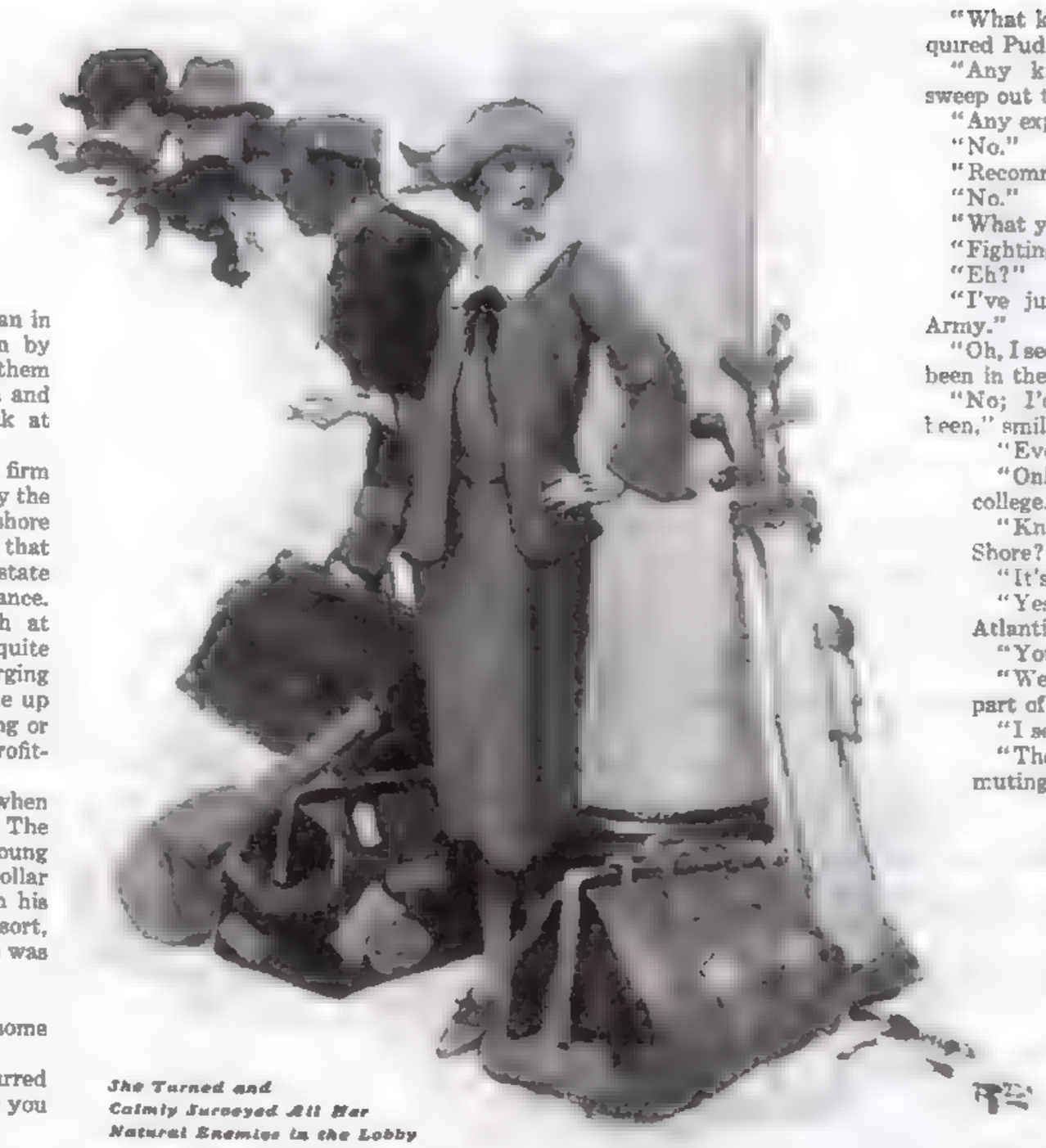
"My father is in the real-estate business in San Francisco," Cotter offered as his only recommendation.

"You mean you want a job?" asked Pudkin bluntly.

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm—hanged!" murmured Pudkin.

He sat down again in his chair and motioned Cotter to occupy the neighboring one. This was more encouragement than the latter had received in a week. Pudkin noted the gray gloves and spats and yellow walking stick.



She Turned and Calmly Surveyed All Her Natural Enemies in the Lobby

They made upon him a distinct impression. They inspired respect and confidence. And, what was more to the point, the young man wearing them backed up this successfully in his general bearing. If he was able to accomplish this as a total stranger for Pudkin, why would he not be able to produce the same result in the case of Pudkin's clients? When all was said and done, respect and confidence were as important as a knowledge of real estate. That end of it he would look after himself.

"What kind of job do you want?" inquired Pudkin cautiously.

"Any kind," declared Cotter. "I'll sweep out the office or manage it."

"Any experience?"

"No."

"Recommendations?"

"No."

"What you been doing?"

"Fighting."

"Eh?"

"I've just been discharged from the Army."

"Oh, I see. Didn't know but what you'd been in the ring."

"No; I'd have more capital if I had been," smiled Cotter.

"Ever try selling anything?"

"Only my secondhand clothes in college."

"Know anything about the South Shore?"

"It's on the Atlantic Ocean."

"Yes," admitted Pudkin. "But the Atlantic is a big ocean."

"You bet. I've just sailed across it."

"We're interested here only in that part of it that hits the shore."

"I see."

"The South Shore within easy commuting distance of Boston."

"That eliminates a good chunk of it all at once," said Cotter.

"Forty miles from town is our limit."

"A man ought to be able to cover that ground without much trouble."

"And we handle only the better class of property."

"Another chunk gone."

"I might give you a trial if you knew the territory."

"I'll learn it."

"You can't do that in a day."

"I know the sky and the sea. That's two thirds of it. The rest ——"

"The rest is what we're selling," interrupted Pudkin.

"Right. If you'll give me a list of your offerings I'll go over them."

"Got a car?"

"No."

"Any money?"

"No."

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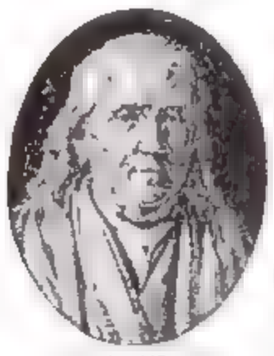
"This Isn't a Park, Young Man," Buckingham Declared Sternly

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1922

The Direct Primary

IN A RECENT interview Senator George Wharton Pepper is quoted as suggesting modification of the primary-election law to define the status of the "organization." The senator urged "constructive thinking" along that line in order to avoid in the future such confusion as occurred in connection with his nomination.

We fail to see how any changes in the primary law can affect the fundamental question involved, for it is purely a matter of one's conscience and convictions. Organization for political purposes is necessary and desirable, but there is no reason why the voter should swallow any organization without question or analysis because it bears a reputable label. That label may be counterfeit and the stuff behind it bootleg of the worst quality. It is not incumbent on anyone, no matter how strong a party man, to vote for the candidates of any organization whose promises will not stand the closest scrutiny and whose aims are so doubtful that they admit of no doubt. Those who will weigh promise against performance and platforms against records will not find the answer hard to reach.

As a matter of fact, average men and women are in small doubt about the status of the average political organization, and they openly declare themselves for or against it. That is exactly as it should be. Senator Pepper's problem may be one for the candidate, but it is not one for the voter.

The primaries in Pennsylvania and in Indiana are the most significant and important political events of this generation—not particularly because the women took part in them, though that is important; nor because Pinchot and Beveridge were nominated, though that, too, is significant; but because they indicate that both men and women are beginning to realize that the fight for good government must be made before and at the primaries. Otherwise, nine times out of ten the voters are offered a choice of hand-picked and boss-picked nominees.

There need be no surprise if a vigorous campaign to abolish direct primaries follows the spring nominations. Heretofore they have not worked out very well in practice, because the voter has not prepared for and used them intelligently. But in the hands of an informed and earnest electorate they will be a powerful instrument for clean and honest government. To abolish them, to use them blindly and unintelligently, is to confess our total unfitness for the duties of citizenship. The real problem of the primaries is the failure of so many voters to avail themselves of a privilege that has a direct and daily bearing on their homes, their earnings and their lives.

It is not amendment of the direct-primary law that is needed, but education of the voter as to its possibilities.

Lame and Halt and Blind

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT, according to press dispatches, is spending his English holiday in a close personal study of British judicial methods, with a view to making recommendations to the American Bar Association looking toward the speeding up of our own courts, both state and Federal. Our own practice is deficient in two respects: The almost interminable delays that ensue before cases can be heard, and the dilatory tactics that are permitted in open court.

The subject of Mr. Taft's studies is not a new one. For at least one generation our lawyers have been perennially aware of the time-wasting procedure that has been getting a tighter and tighter strangle hold on American courts and has been making litigation of every sort progressively more costly and protracted, with a general tendency to enrich attorneys and impoverish clients. Every year leaders of the bar have directed attention to the unfavorable contrast afforded by comparison of our slow-footed practice with the speed and efficiency with which similar business is dispatched in the English law courts. There has been no end of talk about the adoption of more expeditious methods in this country, but only in sporadic instances have substantial reforms resulted.

This matter is not to be numbered among the academic technicalities that are of interest only to members of the legal profession. It is, on the contrary, a live issue and one that concerns every citizen of this country; for no man is so peaceable or so obscure that he may not become involved in a lawsuit, or so innocent that he may not, through untoward circumstances, stand accused of crime. The more elaborate the judicial procedure in which he becomes entangled, the smaller is his chance of getting substantial justice in the end; and, as it works out in practice, complicated and dilatory procedure almost inevitably accentuates the unavoidable disparity that exists between the rich litigant and the poor one.

Mr. Taft has long had at heart the situation of the poor man who must struggle in the toils of our cumbrous legal system like a gnat on fly paper. Only a few weeks ago in a public address he impressively called attention to the high cost of litigation in our Federal courts, and expressed the hope that conditions might be materially bettered.

The classical conception of Justice was a goddess with bandaged eyes. In America we have gone the Greeks one better and have made her lame and halt as well as blind. If, as a result of Mr. Taft's studies and recommendations, she can be prodded into a swifter gait, and if her feet can be set on unobstructed paths, he will have performed a great public service and will have made his holiday as fruitful as his working days.

The Neglected Science

THE average man who makes an occasional inventory of the furniture of his mind, in order to list those branches of serviceable knowledge that he most conspicuously lacks and of which his daily need is greatest, is either very learned or very self-complacent if he cannot find serious deficiencies in his mental equipment; and it is commonly true that the wiser a man is the more acutely he feels the pangs of his own ignorance.

If all the business men of the country could be herded into one great examination room and could be put over the educational jumps by a staff of specialists the chances are that the one practical and essential study in which the lowest scores would be made is economics. Nor would that result be unnatural, for a science that has a scant century and a half of history and tradition behind it can scarcely be expected to have acquired the momentum of those older studies, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, logic, philosophy, whose beginnings trace back to the philosophers of ancient Greece or antedate the Pyramids of Egypt.

The eighteenth-century poet who wrote that "The proper study of mankind is man" was dead and gone before economics blossomed out into an accepted science of recognized utility; but the line was as good for the future as for the past. After all, economics is little else than the study of man as he goes about his daily tasks of sowing, reaping, hiring out his labor or engaging that of others, trading, mining, manufacturing, buying, selling, renting, transporting the products of his own hands or of the soil, doing his best to keep a tight roof over his head and straining every nerve to provide for his children and to create some overplus of savings wherewith to stake other men who would engage in enterprises not immediately productive.

If there be any study more homely, more democratic than this, any that clings closer to the soil or lies nearer to man's bone and marrow, it would be hard to name; and yet there is many an institution of learning, whose department of economics is admittedly weak, that is seriously considering the establishment of courses in wall-paper design, tea-room management and God knows what not!

Mr. Thomas B. McAdams, president of the American Bankers' Association, lately made some pointed remarks on our national ignorance of economic science in an address that deserves a wider audience than that afforded by the roomful of Texas bankers to whom he spoke. His remarks were primarily directed against those soft-money currency tinkers who speak with the tongues of sirens in advocacy of their private systems for making money easy to get and worth little when got:

> When you see men of such outstanding success as Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford seriously advocating bringing into play in this country the instrument which, perhaps, has produced more chaos than the war itself in Europe—that is, the printing press for creating money—it is the time for the conservative business men to wake up and say "No!" If the silver movement, which at least proposed a concrete metallic basis for money, was rejected as unsound, infinitely more important is it to reject plans proposing intangible credits as a currency basis.
>
> Upon the soundness of our money depends the safety of our business life. Currency issued in keeping, as to volume, with the actual needs of constructive commercial and industrial operations, and, as to quality, on a basis of ready redeemability in gold, is sound money. Currency issued, on the other hand, simply on the basis of the number of revolutions the high-geared wheels of printing presses are able to make per day can lead to but one result—business demoralization and financial disaster.
>
> This is not a matter of abstract theory, but it is a matter of oft-repeated, concrete experience in every country in the world that has tried the fiat-money experiment. If we are to be a farseeing and a growing people we must be better educated in the sound principles of economics that govern business just as surely as the laws of physics govern the world we live in. Economic understanding means clear thinking and sound methods.

Mr. McAdams was not afraid to hint that the bankers themselves might profitably learn a little more about their own business, and he made it clear, what not every man behind rail or window knows, that banking may be a routine job or an intelligent participation in the outworkings of a world-wide science. The increasing rapidity with which college men who have majored in economics are being snapped up by progressive banking institutions is one of the most hopeful signs of a more general appreciation of the indispensability of this science in modern commercial and business life.

Amerikanski Again

THERE is no more galling reading in the daily press than the well-displayed interviews with aliens and hyphenates who resent every effort made by Congress to protect our own people from the wholesale invasion of European slum-dwellers. When the extension of the Three Per Cent Law was under discussion, aliens in every city took pen in hand to denounce it as "un-American." When a proposal was made in the House to require aliens to register, aliens again rose to brand the bill as "un-American." Strangely enough, all over the country there were editors, well-meaning and patriotic citizens, who allowed their columns to be used for the dissemination of this propaganda. Americans and Americans only are entitled to say what is "American" and what is "un-American.

No Compromise With Bolshevism

IT WAS only about two years ago that sensible hard-working people in Western Europe as well as in this country were thoroughly frightened by the specter of red revolution. Indeed revolution, or strikes approaching them in violence, were attempted in Germany, Italy, and even France and England. Nothing quite so extreme was tried in this country, but several large strikes had a decidedly radical bearing, and the air was filled with the incessant shouting of agitators who wanted to see this or that major industry taken over by the workers and who favored a more or less revolutionary change in the form of society under the name of syndicalism, one-big-unionism or dictatorship of the proletariat.

The westward sweep of Bolshevik ideas has been checked. To many who had looked upon the Russian soviets as a workman's paradise came disillusion. Attempted revolutions were defeated. Abortive, ill-conceived strikes petered out. The excessive appeal which revolutionary ideas had for many minds gradually diminished, as so many extreme ideas always do.

The Russian Bonfire

BUT it is just as grave a mistake today to minimize unduly the danger of the revolutionary disease as it was two years ago to exaggerate its portent. Forces are always at work to undermine the foundations of civilization and progress. It takes an eternal vigilance, which receives but little appreciation from those not directly concerned, on the part not only of the police and Federal authorities but of the labor organizations themselves, to prevent the tearing down of the entire social and industrial structure, merely for the glee of seeing it fall. For though it has required the painful effort of many centuries to achieve what we have today, there are those who would destroy it overnight, just as there are fire bugs whose greatest joy is to see a stately building consumed in flames.

It may be a one-sided and partial view, but the statement is certainly correct that the foundations of society seem very weak at all times to those who are in really intimate contact with the long and arduous struggle against the social paranoiac. But this struggle has become far more severe, a hundred times more difficult, since those who would destroy have before them the maddening vision of the Russian proletarian dictatorship, that vast destruction of a nation.

It matters not that the Russian revolution has resulted in misery, barbarism, tyranny, degeneration and slavery. To many disordered minds it is the verbal claptrap, the theoretical and rhetorical humbug of a Marxian philosophy that counts, rather than the hard practical outcome. It is the false slogan of the class struggle, the verbosity and professional patter of doctrinaire socialist quackery, rather than the facts of a tragic failure, that still appeal.

The Russian experiment turns out to be little else than a bonfire of Russia itself. But it is a mistake at once strange and dangerous to assume that large numbers of people do not actually glory in a bonfire, no matter whence the constituent fuel comes. The brighter the fire the more their disordered minds are affected.

Thus when Samuel Gompers, for forty years president of the American Federation of Labor, draws attention again and again to the efforts that are being made by Russian revolutionists and those in their pay or in sympathy with them to undermine the American labor movement and turn it over to the red international, the attendant circumstances make his statements worth listening to. One may think what one pleases of Mr. Gompers. He may be old and, as his enemies assert, behind the times. But to deny his experience, his knowledge of labor conditions and his sources of information is patently foolish.

The Radicals' Chance

BUT we do not have to depend upon Mr. Gompers to learn what a constant struggle it is on the part of any labor movement or organization to prevent the solid, substantial gains of years of struggle from being lost because of the interference of doctrinaire revolutionists. The plain, obvious facts are that whenever a labor organization strikes or threatens to strike or in any other way, wisely or unwisely, attempts a brush with employers the radicals rush upon the scene and usually bring about the defeat of the labor movement as such, because of their extreme, excessive, impractical and often actually insane projects.

The true radical, the one who looks to Russia for inspiration, is discontented with and sneers at any labor leader. Even those who hold socialist beliefs are shouldered aside if possible by the extreme left, by the truly militant. Fidelity of service and the sum of gradual steady accomplishment in improving the lot of labor are not what the Bolshevik inspired radical really wants. Indeed he is not interested in labor at all. His real

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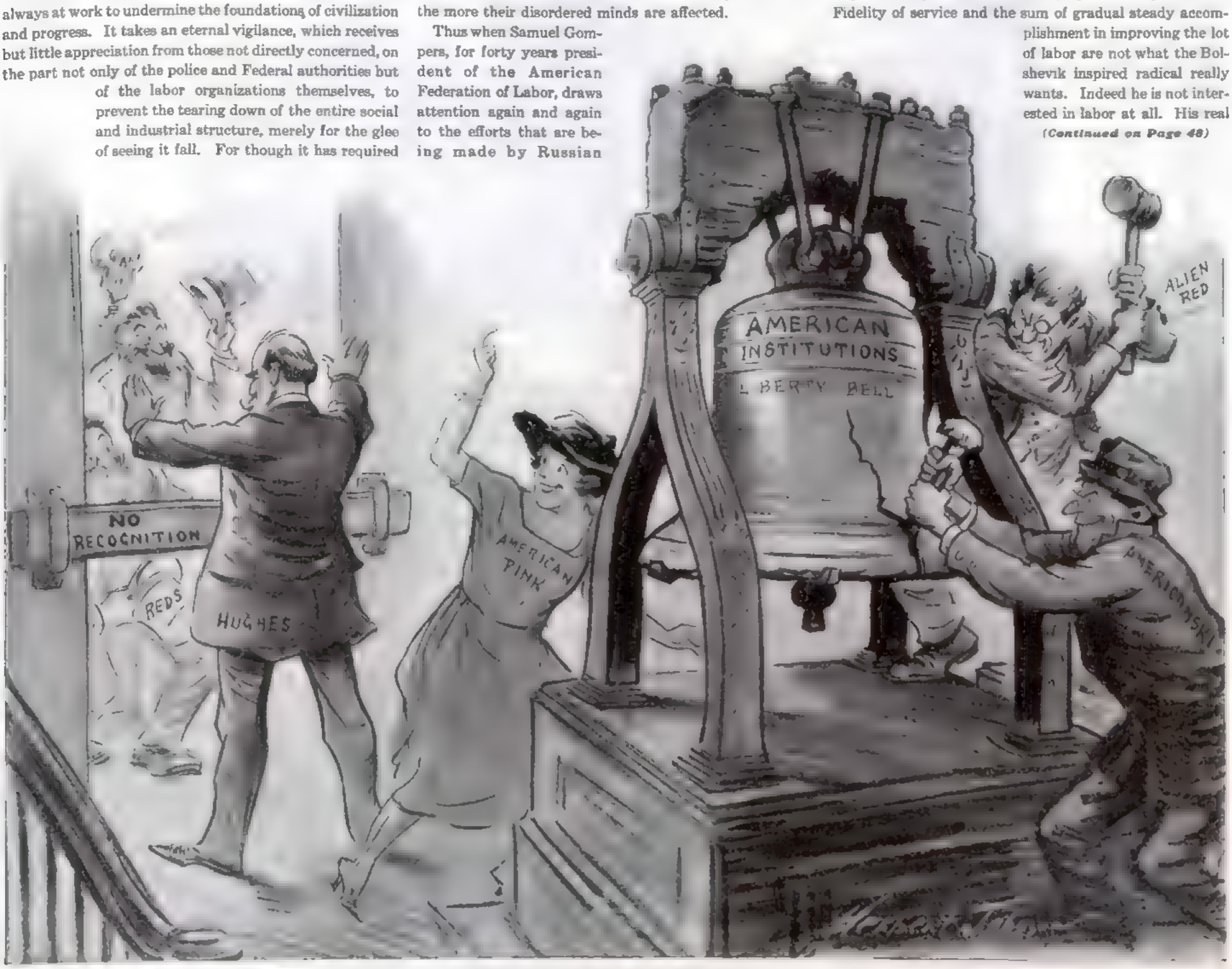

KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE INSIDE, TOO

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

XI

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was a lady of unshakable purpose and unswerving moral rectitude. It is presumable that throughout life she had never once found occasion to doubt her own infallibility, and here is an asset and a cause for congratulation it is impossible to overestimate. She awoke of a morning knowing full well the right thing to do, and she retired at night with the pleasant consciousness of having done it. In many instances her scrupulously attended-to duties might, to persons of gentle disposition, have proved too painful and disastrous to contemplate. But not so with Mrs. Conyngham. She reveled in unpleasant duties, willingly confronting the rudest obstacle and sweeping it majestically aside. As a result she bruised the susceptibilities of many, but never of herself. Constitutionally she was a kind woman, but always on her own lines; and if, as was often the case, her kindness proved unwelcome or even hurtful to others it was never varied on that account. Her juggernaut well-meaning flattened out many she had sought to raise, but Mrs. Conyngham did not mind about that, for she knew she was right.

It Would be Idle to Suggest That Leslie Kavanagh, as a Modern Young Lady of Keen Understanding, Was Unaware of the Tenderness She Had Inspired in Cyril's Bosom

Her deceased husband had been a little man, born with a bright and sunny nature and given to the habit of laughter and of jest. A very short while after marriage the sun of his disposition set prematurely and did not rise again. His laughter was frozen at the main, his jest annihilated. The white ship of his ambition foundered on the rocks of matrimony, and like Henry IV he never smiled again—if we except the fact that for a reason best known to himself he died with a smile on his lips.

It will have been observed that Mrs. Conyngham spelt her name with a y, an odd circumstance indeed, since i was the dominant letter in the lady's alphabet. The foregoing may give rise to misunderstanding, for the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was not self-centered. Had this been the case the world would have been a gainer. It was the steady *rafale* of altruism she directed at her friends, relations and acquaintances which made her a scourge for their backs. In a drawing-room she would emplace herself like some piece of heavy ordnance and discharge her shells in every direction, heedless of the splinters that ricocheted from the smitten targets.

Having no children of her own, she had adopted a nephew by marriage. Cyril was his name and, although outwardly he was a presentable and engaging young man, inwardly he had the makings of a thorough-paced young rascal. He was as unscrupulous in the matter of sin as his aunt in the matter of salvation. He spent his own money and anyone else's he could get hold of with equal prodigality. He was utterly, wholly and magnificently selfish. He had no affection whatever for verity or admiration for honor. He infinitely preferred socks to truth and a well-cut pair of trousers to an honorable tradition. Indeed, if he worshiped any gods at all they were either sartorial, sporting or those spiritual providers dressed in white who shake up cocktails in American bars.

The few virtues he possessed were his by accident rather than by will. Thus he could not help a certain reckless courage that had earned him the M. C. He could not avoid a quality of generosity that allowed him to share his last bean with whoever happened to be about. The fact that he probably came by the bean in questionable fashion does not affect the situation. Also, he was distinguished in the fields of sport and played whatever game he might be engaged in to the uttermost letter of the law. Here are qualities not to be denied. His plausibility earned for him the company if not the confidence of men and the society if not the affection of women. As may be imagined his dealings with the latter were various and torrid, escapade following escapade with clockwork regularity, and concluding in the general instance with the most unwilling disbursements from his aunt.

The kindly disposed may feel for Mrs. Conyngham in the possession of such a nephew, but their sympathies are misplaced. Cyril's wastrel ways provided the good lady with an unrivaled stage for the performance of her talents, and it is very doubtful whether she could have contemplated his regeneration in a spirit approaching thanksgiving. They were extremes who met in daily conflict, understanding each other to a nicety, and thoroughly enjoying the resultant clash of arms that sounded throughout the engagement.

To the Hôtel La Rhone, Nice, at the invitation of this ill-assorted pair, came Leslie Kavanagh on a visit. The sun shone brightly, the sea sparkled as only the Mediterranean knows how, and the air was as full of thrills as the voice of a nightingale.

Mrs. Conyngham for the moment was at peace, since Cyril, who was enjoying an ill-earned vacation from the embassy at Vienna, had decided, after a close and disappointing inspection of the hotel guests, to behave well.

Leslie felt happy because in a few days Martyn would be arriving. She had hated the long weeks of separation, and now at his near approach experienced that thirsty kind of feeling which the sight of a distant inn brings to the traveler. Soon their engagement would be announced, soon they would walk hand in hand in a glorious inarticulate paradise of their own. And he would behave just like a schoolboy, and they would run together on the shore, and stop out very late at night, and paddle in the sea after dark, and have very serious talks about nothing at all, and very tremendous silences. Also, they would kiss each other a great deal and very variously—little tours of kisses they would have, that lovers are so fond of—tours that start at an eyebrow and travel in an inquiring circle, to finish very properly as everyone knows how.

Also, she must speak to him of his future and of their future, and tell him all that would be expected of him and what he must do to earn her regard, and what she would do to earn his. And perhaps if the moon hung rightly they might review the beginnings of their love and what particular nobility of art inspired the gentle sentiment in their breasts.

To lovers all the world over these be matters of mighty moment, since no one can come to the orange grove too well prepared in thought or too readily in deed.

Wherefore Leslie Kavanagh, her heart close packed with anticipation, smiled so rapturously upon a perfect earth and looked such an absolute darling that Cyril Conyngham, who had very naturally esteemed himself proof against innocent charms, fell head over ears in love with her for the second time in his career.

With Cyril the first time was a small affair and barely worthy of chronicle—a mere childish liking—a sixteen-year-old romance springing to life with the fall of one day and perishing with the dawn of the next. Very jolly, of course, while it lasted, but not of sufficient moment to forgo in its favor the delights of a cat hunt.

But here was sterner passion altogether, evidenced in a dozen different ways—an added pulse rate, a positive effort to please, a definite loss of appetite, and even some small difficulty to get to sleep o' nights. To Cyril these symptoms were unusual and distressing, and called for immediate remedy. He took stock of the case and was astonished at the depth of his feelings. Something would have to be done quickly. It was not right that such as he should go woebegone and starve for want of love.

A canny sense, however, not entirely uninspired by past experience, warned him that Leslie Kavanagh was not a girl who would respond to a rush attack, a method of courtship he had employed with marked success in other arenas. He would need to watch his step and persuade her by the chivalry of his bearing and the gentleness with which he ministered to her welfare that he of all men was the ideal husband. Of her engagement to Martyn he knew nothing—not that the knowledge would have discouraged him from paying addresses—and consequently he felt reasonably sure of success.

Cyril could make himself most agreeable when the mood possessed him, and it possessed him violently in the present instance. On the morning after her arrival a bunch of roses lay upon the breakfast table in the place set for Leslie. Unhappily Mrs. Conyngham arriving first at the table mistook this floral tribute as a peace offering to

(Continued on Page 26)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Just wait till you're hungry!

And then treat yourself to a heaping plateful of Campbell's Beans as they come hot and savory to the table! You'll say you never tasted beans so rich in flavor and with such delicious tomato sauce. Eat as many of them as you want, for they are slow-cooked and easily digested.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24

herself, and carried it off to be refreshed in her water ewer before the others were down. That Cyril refrained from drawing attention to the error speaks volumes for the good resolves to which he had pledged himself.

"I've hired a motor boat for to-day, Les," said he, "if you care for that sort of thing."

"Love it—ripping!" came the reply.

"We might take lunch, then."

"Rather!"

"Splendid! Aunt, you'll be able to amuse yourself?"

Mrs. Conyngham reviewed the prospect critically.

"A motor boat is far removed from my idea of enjoyment."

"Yes, that's what I thought," Cyril butted in. "There's a new band playing at ——"

"But," said Mrs. Conyngham momentously, "since the boat has been hired I may as well sacrifice my own feelings and occupy a seat or chair or deck, or whatever it is one sits on."

His aunt's presence was the last thing Cyril desired, but he knew her well enough to accept the inevitable without protest. Mrs. Conyngham proceeded to weed out the principal features of the expedition one by one.

"We will not, however, spend the entire day in this manner, since neither Leslie nor myself is proved as a sailor."

"Oh, I'm right as the Mail," said Leslie. "Never sick "

Mrs. Conyngham flinched a little at the word, but let it pass.

"It would be a mistake, for example, to lunch on board."

"Yes, but ——" Cyril began.

"I do not care for sandwiches, as they always taste of the paper that wraps them up; and to eat a tomato without the aid of a knife and fork has been the ruin of more dresses than I care to contemplate."

"There are knives, forks, everything, aunt. I've arranged all that."

"Balancing a plate upon one's lap is distasteful to me," said the lady. "We will lunch at the hotel. Indeed, I think if the cruise lasts longer than one hour we shall all have wearied of it "

Cyril's temper was beginning to go.

"If you'd rather cut the whole idea ——" said he.

"Perhaps, after all, that would be the wisest course," came the reply. "After yesterday's journey Leslie could hardly fail to enjoy a day of complete rest."

Thus it came about that the cruise was abandoned and the entire day wasted in mooning round the hotel garden and listening to a band in an atmosphere of chaperonage disastrous to the cause of inspiring love.

It would be idle to suggest that Leslie Kavanagh, as a modern young lady of keen understanding, was unaware of the tenderness she had inspired in Cyril's bosom. She guessed his feelings almost as rapidly as he realized them himself, nor did she make any strenuous effort to discourage them. On the contrary, after the fashion of all true members of her sex, she was very kind and gentle to the youth. Women have a sure insight in these matters, and it is rare indeed for them to hold up the traffic of admiration with a warning hand. Hopeless affection is a form of nourishment upon which every healthy-minded young woman feeds, secure in the knowledge that she is never likely to overeat of this forbidden fruit nor produce in herself a love sickness in other than the right direction. Women are the governors of the universe, and to govern properly it is essential to maintain a number of subjects. If perchance the subjects are enlisted from the wicked ones of the city, so much greater is the credit. Your willing slave and voter is all very well in his way, but can hardly compare in interest to the captive of the desert, rounded up from his native fastness and brought meekly to heel with gyves upon his feet.

This practice of gathering moss from rolling stones is not unattended with hazard, else would women surely allow to their menkind the opportunity of behaving likewise. The fact that they resolutely set their faces against any such proceeding speaks volumes in favor of the superior judgment and control of women over men. It turns on a matter of sex equation and, as all must agree, men habitually inhabit zones far too near the Equator to admit of their entry into the Royal and Ancient Society of Moss Gatherers.

During the few days before Martyn's arrival Leslie Kavanagh sistered Cyril Conyngham with untiring sweetness. She listened tolerantly to his confessions of past misdemeanors—a favorite topic with men—and gave advice that should insure future amendment. And when Cyril, at the hour of retirement, took her hand in the hotel corridor and blurted out, "I'm not really fit to talk to a girl like you," her smile was an absolution in itself. So much so that Cyril, whose conduct of speech and bearing had throughout been a mere series of stunts designed to excite sympathy, repaired to his bed gravely doubting whether he was fit to talk with such as she.

Ah, errant Cupid, how several are your ways—what variety of darts and arrows your quiver holds—how odd is your aim, how capricious your device! Your bow is the arch of an eyebrow, your *flèches* are smiles whose points are dipped in the sweet poison of a maiden's glance.

XII

IT WAS the workshop patrol who came upon the unconscious guard and raised the alarm. First upon the scene was Mr. Butterwick himself, sleepless and responding at last to those inner warnings that all day long had whispered in his ear. He was not two hundred yards away when he heard the shouts raised at the discovery, and running his fastest he burst into the midst of the small, excited knot of men at the door of Saville's office. Two of them were splashing water over the guards and applying first-aid remedies.

Ames' eyes were opening and Flaver was smacking his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

Butterwick flung himself at the door. That it opened at a turn of the handle excited an exclamation of misery. Sprawling beside the grate lay Taudridge, his huge chest moving up and down in rhythm to his noisy breathing. He appeared to be coming to, and as Butterwick seized him by the shoulder and shook him fiercely he opened his eyes and blinked.

"Here, sit up. Pull yourself together. Answer me. What's happened?"

But Taudridge was not capable of coherent reply. He continued to blink and work the muscles of his face painfully.

Mr. Butterwick swiveled round.

"Keep outside!" he shouted to the patrol, one of whom was on the point of entering. "Keep outside! Send a runner to the gates. No one to be allowed to leave. Get Mr. Diplock on the phone. Ask him here at once. Want my car and driver. Send for John Slave, 2 Underwood Street, and -wait a bit—for George Wedderton too. If they won't come willingly, bring them under escort. Wake Palmer and say I want him. Shut that door."

The door slammed and Butterwick with head raised sniffed the air.

From the floor came the unexpected voice of Taudridge.

"Chief, the air—gassed me—same as Wipers."

In an instant Butterwick sprang to the gas bracket, sniffed it, caught a faint odor, noted the tap was on and

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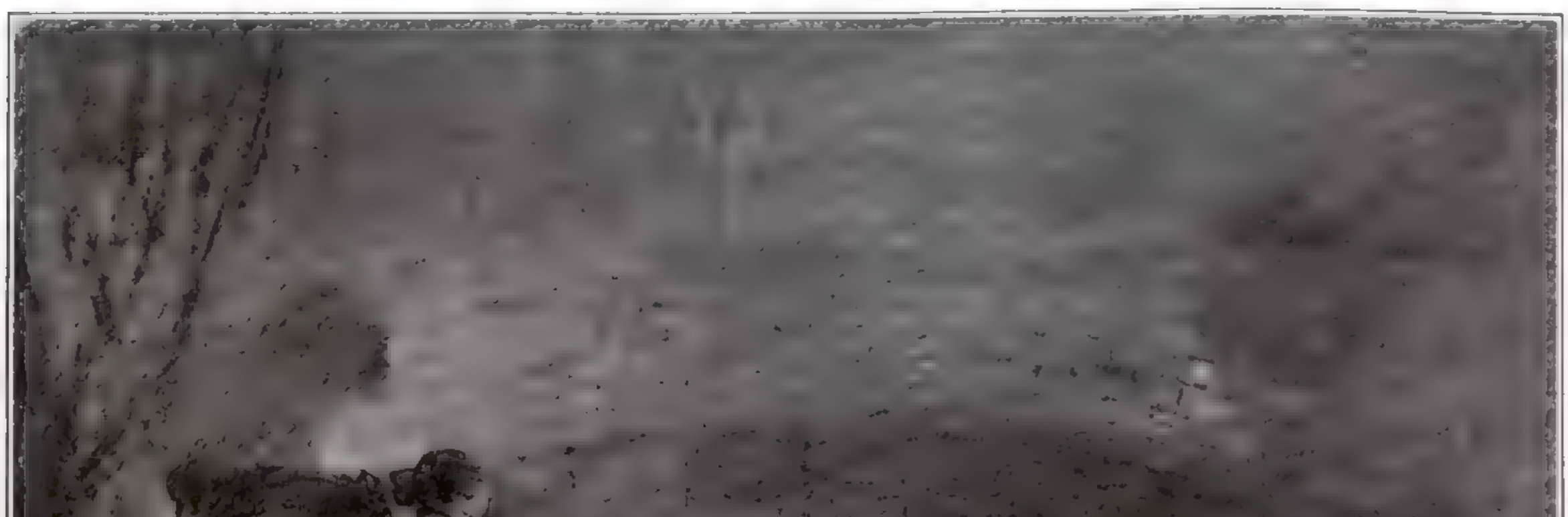


The Collision of the Rival Parties Was Painful and Surprising

THE truth is that all the other vital parts of the Hupmobile are just as exceptional, in their way, as its wonderful motor.

As long as the motor functions—and everyone knows it does function for years—just so long does the frame, for example, retain its sturdy, rigid strength.

Just so long, also, do the front axle, the heavy steering pivots, the steering gear, the driving pinion and ring gear, the propeller shaft, the wheels and wheel bearings, and so on, faithfully perform their duties.

There is no one outstanding virtue in Hupmobile construction. All essential parts work together with the same long-lived, repair-proof dependability for which the Hupmobile is so well known.

(Continued from Page 26)

the burner missing, and saw the clean brass thread inside, stood back and cursed volubly.

"Who opened the door?"

"Me. Last I remember choking opened door."

"And let 'em in! And let 'em in!" roared the little detective distractedly. "See anyone?"

"No"

"Stay where you are."

"Chief!"

"And don't talk."

There followed a piece of breakneck reconstruction. Butterwick wasted no time bothering how the two men outside had been dealt with; that didn't affect the case. He wanted to know what had happened inside, and before ten minutes he had the entire series of events set up and ordered in their actual sequence. Indeed, he discovered more clews than George had provided. For example, three tiny indents on the surface of the linoleum where the tripod of the camera had stood. The magnesium powder he had already collected and tested with a match. There were the finger prints, too, amazingly clear, unpardonably so.

A sudden flash of meaning made him search his pocket and produce an envelope, the one George Wedderton had given him a day or two before.

To find that the impressions on the paper and those in different parts of the office were identical, to have been forestalled in knowledge by a member of the official service, to have received beforehand a proof of identity of the very man who would make an attempt to secure the plans, and to have failed utterly in frustrating the effort—those were matters of such intolerable distress and humiliation to Butterwick that he almost failed to observe the marks on the picture glass where the drawing had been affixed.

The arrival of Mr. Diplock synchronized with this discovery. The old gentleman had lost no time in coming round, having been waked up some ten minutes before the patrol hammered on his door, by an inexplicable telephone call.

"Yes," he had said, "I am Mr. Diplock."

And the answer came: "Don't worry—privately."

It was very peculiar, especially in view of subsequent events. Butterwick ignored all courtesies.

"The safes—want 'em opened."

And while Mr. Diplock fiddled with the lock: "Who knew the combination besides yourself?"

"Martyn Saville and ——"

"Yes, and ——"

Mr. Diplock hesitated. He had received instructions from so high an authority that the ordinary standards of truth were in abeyance.

"Just Martyn Saville."

"The plans have been photographed."

"No, no, no."

Butterwick raced over the old ground leading to his deduction.

"But it's impossible." He carefully examined the inside of both safes. "As far as I can see nothing has been disturbed. Here are the drawings as I left them the day before yesterday after showing them to Lord Wallingford."

Butterwick flicked the drawing out of Mr. Diplock's hand and held it over the four dabs of chewing gum.

"See! It fits, doesn't it? It fits. Now am I wrong?"

Mr. Diplock looked very grave indeed.

"Butterwick," he said, "if what you say has really taken place it may well prove the first step in the most frightful tragedy the world has ever known. Ruin to civilization, red revolution and a world gone mad."

He stopped and took a pinch of snuff, a habit he rarely indulged in publicly.

"But I pray heaven," he added, "no such calamity will befall. After all, there may be an explanation to all this. I have only one thing to say—we must keep our heads."

The door opened and the man called Palmer entered and said: "Neither John Slave nor Mr. George Wedderton are anywhere to be found, chief. Your car is waiting. The main gates are closed, the station's watched. Denver is telegraphing the port authorities and the boys have started a big round-up."

Butterwick slapped the envelope containing the finger prints into the man's outstretched hand.

"Clear 'em Out of This. I Want to Examine the Place Alone"

"Find the owner of those," he said, "if you put every single man of my staff on the job. Find the owner of those."

He plunged out of the office, leaving Mr. Diplock, Senior, fastening the door of the smaller safe with the word "Worry."

"But why the devil I shouldn't worry in private," he murmured to himself, "beats me altogether."

XIII

GRAY dawn was showing in the east when George Wedderton presented himself at the place Mossi had appointed. As the district headquarters of a movement claiming to bring light and freedom to an oppressed and benighted world the premises themselves were cheerless and dispiriting. Access was obtained through one of a hundred arches supporting a railroad that bisected the town with a score of tributary lines. The arch in question was used as a dump for a quantity of old government war stock and was therefore practically free from observation or protection by the authorities. Beneath was a series of cellars, damp and ill-smelling, which nightly accommodated as big a set of ruffians as could be met anywhere in the world. Political outcasts of every nationality, men of violence, anarchists, crooks and fugitives from justice—gathered together in a common fraternity with a single object—chaos.

Gazing down the lines of faces on either side of the long trestle tables, listening to the wild utterances, and deafened by the fist-banging orators, one might have imagined oneself back in the lawless days of the French Revolution. Yet not altogether was the likeness complete. A certain fierce patriotism ruled those long-dead fanatics, a certain rough justice signed the warrant for the blood they shed. But here were men of a different stamp—communists by their own failure in trade and achievement, corruptibles as disinterested in a real cause as paid gunmen, iconoclasts for the sake of gain, agitators to be bought at a price—a gathering of mercenaries to whom the banner of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity meant no more than lawlessness.

The air was thick with smoke and men's breath, and rank with the smell of bodies. As he entered, it smote George with the violence of a blow. He held up his hand in greeting and gave the words of the fellowship:

"The world set free, my brothers."

There was something bestial in the chorus of a-ahs that followed. The place was as electric with excitement as the poles of a trembler coil. By instinct George gathered that the Italian, Mossi, had given the company a hint of success. But it would be no more than the veriest hint; for, children of one family though they might be, these brothers, with excellent excuse, trusted one another but little.

"Has he arrived?" George demanded.

"In there," someone answered, nodding at a low tunnel at the cellar end.

There was a man posted at a rough door a couple of yards along the tunnel, but he allowed George to pass after a whispered exchange of words. George followed the tunnel till he came to another door, upon which he rapped.

"Johann," he replied to a voice from within.

"Yes," came the answer.

A bolt was slid and he entered, to find himself alone with Mossi in a cellar considerably smaller than any of its fellows.

"Well?"

"All's well. Shut the door." And after the door had been shut and bolted: "You see."

There was a table in the center of the cellar, upon which was a small frame holding the negative of the design. A bright light shone through it, and upon the surface was stretched a sheet of the finest paper.

"In two minutes I shall have finished the tracing. Wait."

George waited in silence while Mossi with exquisite care completed his work with a fine pen dipped in India ink.

"So." He removed the paper and held it out for George's inspection. "Not many would have done it as well."

George agreed, for the tracing secured was eccentrically good.

"And the negative?" he demanded.

Mossi raised his shoulders.

"By order it is to be destroyed."

"That would seem a pity."

"The orders are clear."

George ruminated in silence, then: "I was thinking, my friend, this negative is of great value and —— Well, we are poor men."

"Hush!" said Mossi warningly. "Careful, careful!"

"One may be too careful," he grumbled.

The Italian edged a little nearer and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I had been thinking myself—a duplicate quietly made—there are plates here. No one knowing but you and I."

George smiled slowly.

(Continued on Page 74)

Introducing

VAN REAL

A NEW STYLE SUMMER

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

Smarter than a stiff collar, more comfortable than a soft collar

Cut a trifle lower front and back, with points a shade longer, the VAN REAL is the coolest, most comfortable and smartest of summer collars. Timed to meet the hot-weather needs of well-dressed men, this new VAN HEUSEN Collar will be on sale at leading haberdashers' the country over, on the morning of Thursday, June 29th.

Ask your dealer to show you the VAN REAL Collar—and the new negligee shirt, VAN CRAFT, with the VAN HEUSEN Collar attached

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers* • 1225 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York—By George F. Parker

WHEN, late in October, 1881, less than a fortnight before the election, after many declinations I finally consented to accept from my neighbors in Buffalo the nomination for mayor I had no idea that I was thereby entering upon a belated public career. I not only did not seek the place but did not want it. I had never been better satisfied with myself or my way of life. I was nearly forty-five years old, had reached a comfortable financial position, was more than contented with my place in both profession and community, and was looking forward, not to retirement, but to steady continued work and to opportunities for study and a fair amount of personal comfort. Indeed I can say to you with perfect truth that I did not indulge a single ambition. Though willing to do a service to my community when it came my way, the time had long since passed when in my belief such a demand would be made.

"I was a strong, unyielding partisan, and though I saw the unfavorable conditions found in our local politics, as everywhere else, I never thought even for a moment that I had either a call to cure them or the gift for doing so. The outlook for success was unpromising, and at this distance from the event itself I confess that I accepted the urgent call thus made only when reminded that I could not honorably decline it after the favors that my party and my neighbors had bestowed upon me.

"The prospect of election was so remote that it did not look alluring, so that when within a week the conditions had so changed that there was real danger of success I suppose I was the most surprised and perhaps the most careless man in Buffalo. Once elected, there was nothing but to accept the office, and then so to do the work that it should accord with what I had tried to make of my life. From my first day in office it never occurred to me that even if I had a whole cluster of ambitions I was taking a single step in the direction of satisfying them. I soon found myself interfering with things as they were, and, as you know, this is never a promising or comfortable thing to do, especially in a small community where everybody so knows everybody else as to promote jealousy and misunderstanding.

"The work of the mayor's office did not take all my time, but even then I did not give any part of it to thinking what I should do next. Although I had not known any of them in person, so far as I had been able I had studied the distinguished men who as governors of New York had brought credit upon the state, without so much as harboring the thought that I might be called upon to succeed them. But as I had never run away from responsibility, I finally consented to accept this one, though never with any idea that it would be tendered to me or that, if preferred for the nomination, I could command election."

The Letter of Acceptance

DURING the many years that I was privileged to come into close relations with Grover Cleveland he spoke freely of the many phases of his opening public career, and I have only condensed in this quotation conversations then noted. It will serve as a text and will show how this man who was to rise so high had less than no thought that for him such a fate lay among the possibilities. Our history as a country, and that of every state, perhaps all the history of free government, might be searched in vain to find another example of a man with less aspiration for public distinction. Most men start out with some ambition, or at least with some willingness. They go to the legislature, they seek the state senate or accept places on managing committees—local, county, district, state or national—or push themselves in as delegates to this, that or the other convention or popular body of some kind. But here was a man who neither sought nor accepted a place that seemed to lead to another or served to put him ahead of any of his neighbors in any relation outside the profession in which he had chosen to work.

From that late midsummer day when the friends, without regard to party, of the then mayor of Buffalo met at a clambake on the farm of George Urban, Jr., and it was proposed that steps should be taken to present the name of their friend to the forthcoming Democratic state convention, which was to nominate a candidate for governor, until on the first Tuesday in November, when one of those whirlwinds of popular opinion had declared his election by a plurality of more than one hundred and ninety-two thousand, perhaps the least excited of all the electors who participated in that contest was the candidate who in the meantime had successfully run the hazards of a party

PHOTO BY MCDONALD & STEERE, ALBANY, N. Y.

Grover Cleveland as Governor of New York, 1883

nominating convention and an election. He had formally accepted the place thus tendered, but had gone on about his official and professional work without attending a rally or making a political speech, without making a journey into any other county than his own; without going to Albany or elsewhere to consult with party managers; without visiting any of the great figures of his state; and without so much as making a kotow to a party boss of any or no nationality. Perhaps there is almost no other example of a man coming up with so little of looking down, giving so little thought to the average method of seeking support.

But he did not come to his high place without knowledge of what lay before him. Though he had not had occasion to think of it, chance had led him to measure himself for a few exciting moments with the man of whom he could not then foresee himself as the successor. The Flanagan pardon case, into which he had been drawn without a thought of results, had stripped the high dignities of any semblance of mystery, and he had seen that he was not unworthy to show his power over a man in authority.

Once nominated, Mr. Cleveland's position became easy. Being so new to politics, he had not aroused the opposition of factions. Tammany and the canal ring and other various bodies and influences that had opposed Tilden and his régime had no excuse for enmity or opposition to the successor designated by the latter and his friends. In due time he prepared and submitted his letter of acceptance. It contained nothing very striking, but reiterated the principles enunciated by him while mayor; expressed anew his interest in civil-service reform, upon which he took very strong ground; announced his adherence to the doctrine of home rule in the government of municipalities; defined his thought about the laboring classes; pronounced firmly against the methods by which the Republican convention had been managed without using any offensive language; showed an interest in and knowledge of the canal question, and took strong ground against the expenditure of money to influence elections or secure legislation, and again emphasized his doctrine that public office was a public trust. Perhaps his most important utterance was that relating to a question that had just recently attained importance, his position upon corporations being announced in a paragraph which even at this distance of time seems important enough to bear repetition:

> Corporations are created by the law for certain defined purposes, and are restricted in their operations by specific limitations. Acting within their legitimate sphere, they should be protected; but when by combination, or by the exercise of unwarranted power, they oppress the people the same authority which created should restrain them and protect the rights of the citizen. The law lately passed for the purpose of adjusting the relations between the people and corporations should be executed in good faith, with an honest design to effectuate its objects and with a due regard for the interests involved.

He made no speech other than a friendly one in reply to a serenade tendered by his neighbors; he took no part in management except as an adviser or listener, and then at a distance, and applied himself with his usual diligence to his duties as mayor.

There was perhaps less opportunity for a candidate to do anything outstanding, other than canvassing, than in any other campaign known to the political history of New York. Indeed the Republicans attended to that. This was manifested by their action in the convention; but as soon as this body adjourned it seemed they were at loggerheads locally and in every other way. In the preceding year there had been the Conkling and Platt resignations, with the positive refusal to reëlect these gentlemen and the substitution in their places of two weak men, both belonging to the faction that had long been in the minority.

The Blaine influence, which had been impaired by the death of Garfield and the retirement of the Secretary of State, was either hostile or occupied an attitude of indifference, thus refusing to become interested in the Folger campaign. The supporters of civil-service reform had already sensed the situation, and finding that they had a Democratic candidate who was a friend, they were active against the Republican ticket not only as to its candidate but as to its methods. As there were state quarrels, so likewise faction ruled in almost every county. All these tended to unite the Democrats, and Mr. Cleveland's newness in politics made divisions in that party almost next to impossible. Nobody was therefore surprised when an unprecedented plurality was registered.

Even at the risk of hinting at history, it cannot be amiss to refer to the political heritage of this new and untried man when on January 1, 1883, he became governor of the state of New York, long after the office had assumed an importance scarcely realized even by its successive holders and still less by the people of the state, who were yet to form the habit of seeking to push their leaders into the presidency—the strange hold of Virginia in its alliance with Pennsylvania being still too strong for that. It had so grown in population, wealth, enterprise and energy that all unconsciously to itself it had become the Empire State in reality as well as in name, but could maintain its prestige only so long as it held real leadership in men. So in 1882 any one of its people might have looked back over the hundred and five years that had passed since 1777, when the first governor took office and responsibility, and have counted on his fingers, with little overplus, those who had made its traditions and led in its achievements. I thus venture to gather up anew and in a few sentences the names and services of this little band of governors.

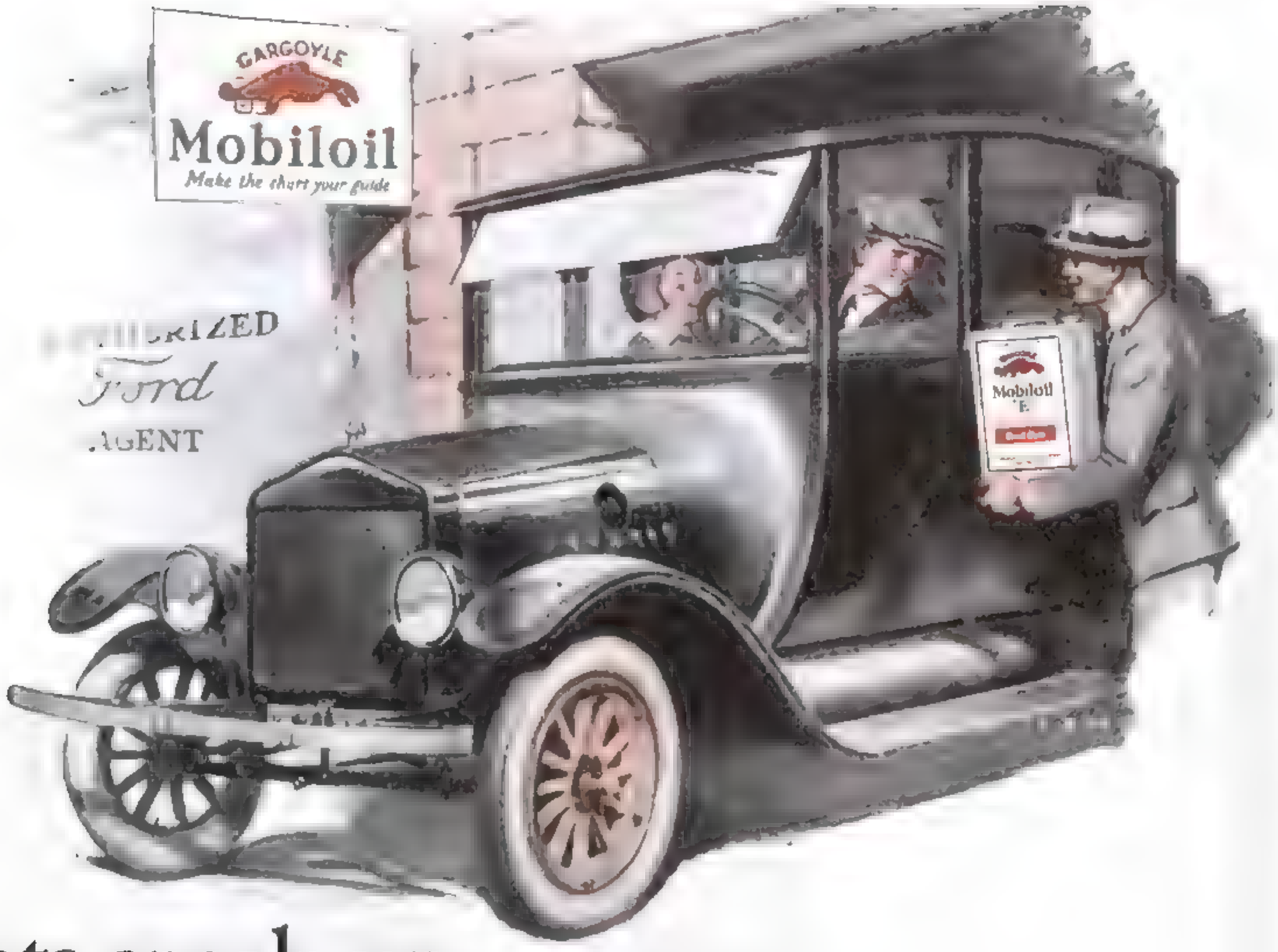
Governor Clinton's Unique Record

GEORGE CLINTON was of long American lineage, most of whose mature years had been spent in the public activities of the colony. Coming into office in 1777, he held on uninterruptedly until 1795, and then returned for another term during the early years of the nineteenth century. There are instances in our politics, both Federal and state, where a man has held some executive office for a short period, after long service in state legislature or in Senate or House; but it has not been given to any other thus to fill an executive office when he had to submit himself over and over to the chances of election. This was not all the service that George Clinton rendered, because after he retired from the governorship he was for eight years Vice President of the United States.

In September of the year that Clinton became governor John Jay held in Kingston his first term as chief justice of the state, engaging during the remaining years of the Revolution in diplomatic work. He took an active part in the making and adoption of the Constitution, and when Washington became President he was tendered and accepted the chief justiceship of the United States, being the first holder of this office, which he soon resigned, and in 1795 was elected as the successor of Clinton as governor, an office held by reëlection for six years.

The next important holder of the governorship was Daniel D. Tompkins, who, from having been a judge, like both his important predecessors, remained in office for ten years. This was a vital time in the history of the state, while the second war with England was under way. It was not only the actual conduct of the war that was difficult—a considerable portion of which passed on the soil of New York—but the political management also. It was during the time that the Federalists in New England practically

(Continued on Page 33)



Ford Agents speak up

Why they advise Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" instead of merely "a quart of oil"

IF PROGRESSIVE FORD AGENTS have a favorite letter in the alphabet, it is the fifth one—"E". That is why you so often find the Gargoyle Mobiloil sign beside that larger sign which reads "Authorized Ford Agent."

The Ford agent can ill afford to have many complaints or calls for free service on a new car just put into operation. He must fully protect his customers in order to keep his own modest profit per car from being wiped out.

This Michigan Ford agent is typical of a growing percentage of dealers who sell Ford cars. He says, "We always fill up a new Ford with Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' and try to get the new owner to take a 5-gallon can away with him. We know then that he has started right."

Why "started right"?

Missouri answers. A Ford dealer out there says, "With Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' I find that we give perfect piston seal, correct lubrication, showing greater second-hand value, more miles per gallon on gasoline. We have never had a complaint from any of our customers on Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E'."

A Ford agent in Minnesota explains why Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" *saves dollars by the year.*

"Up until about a year ago," he writes, "we were of the opinion that one oil was as good as another in a Ford. Before we started to sell Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' to our customers, we made very extensive tests in our own cars. While we had been satisfied with from 40 to 50 miles per quart on all of the oils we had been using, we find without exception that we can obtain from 100 to 125 miles to the quart of 'E'—to say nothing of noticing a very considerable difference in the condition of the engines."

Why not begin today to get this greater economy in your own Ford car?

Not a gasoline by-product

Do you realize that 9 out of 10 lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline? The refiner secures all the gasoline he can from a good gasoline "crude." He then makes lubricating oil from what is left. In the making of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" every by-product is subordinated to the production of the best obtainable *lubricating* oil. The crude oil is chosen especially for *lubricating* values. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a *specialized lubricating oil—not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"—like every other grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil—is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

Warning:

Don't be misled by somesimilarsounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company, in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago	Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas	Kansas City, Kan.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

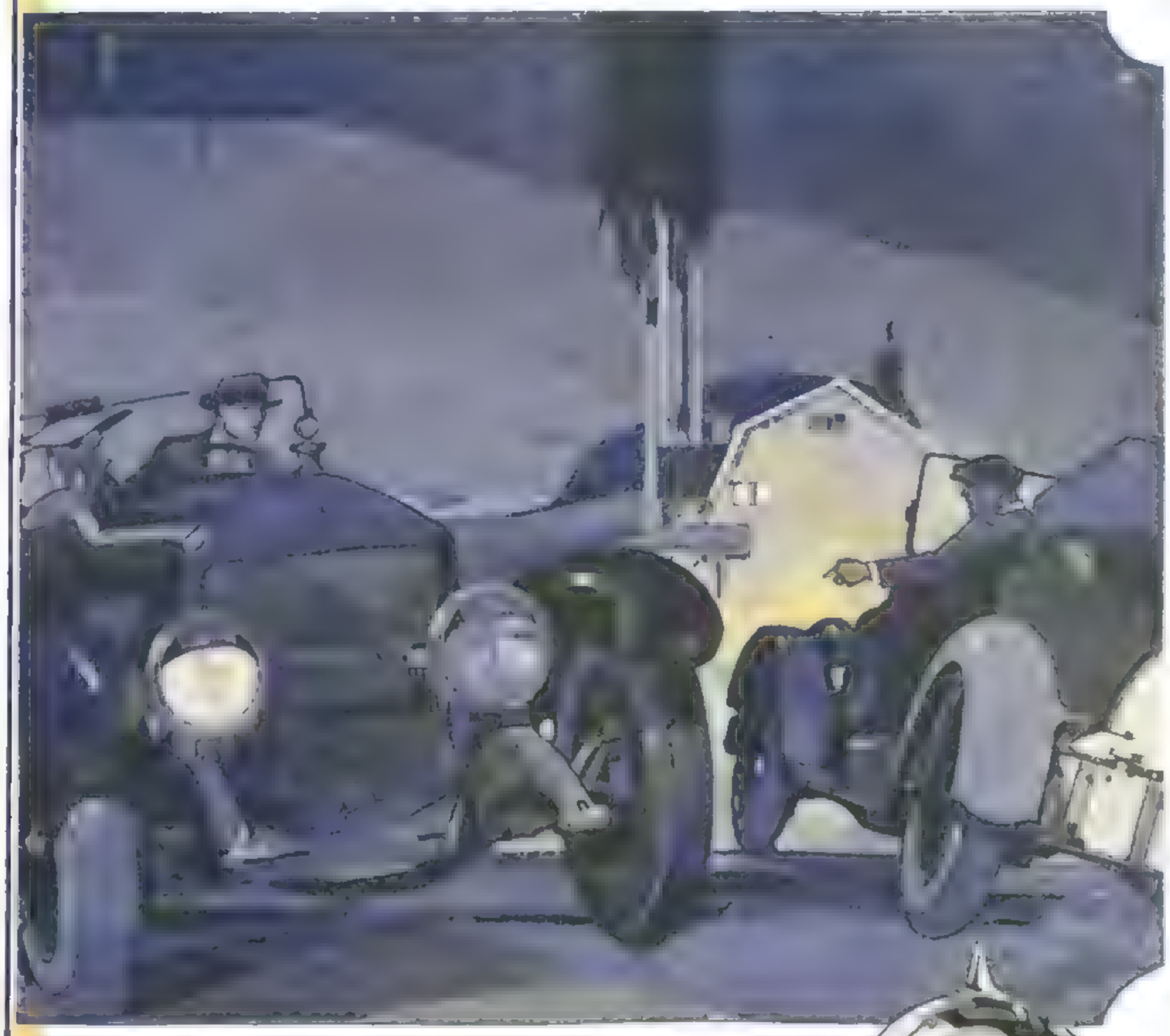
The Proper
Edison MAZDA Lamps
for your car

Ask for them by name and MAZDA Lamp number: look on the base to make sure that you have been given a genuine Edison MAZDA Lamp, and the number you asked for

EDISON MAZDA LAMP NUMBERS

Car	Year Model					Tail	Dash
Apperson	all			63		63	63
Auburn	'19 '20				63		63
Auburn	all			63			63
Auburn	'21 '22			63			63
Buick Dorris	all			63			63
Buick	all			63	63	63	63
Cadillac	all				63	63	63
Chalmers	all			63		63	63
Chandler	all	1129		63	63	63	63
	18 (Pa & Fb						
Chevrolet	'19 '20	1129			63	63	63
Chevrolet	all other 18 models	1130			63	63	63
Chevrolet	'21 '22	1129				63	63
Chevrolet	all	1129			63	63	63
Chevrolet	all	1129			63	63	63
Chevrolet	'18 '19 '20 '21	1129		63		63	63
Chevrolet	'22	1129			63	63	63
Chevrolet	'18 '19 '20 '21	1129		63		63	63
Chevrolet	'22	1129			63	63	63
Dodge	all	1141				67	67
Dort	'15 '19 '20	1129			63	63	63
Dort	'21 '22	1129			63	63	63
Elgin	all	1129	63	63	63	63	63
Essex	'19 '20	1129	63	63	63	63	63
Essex	'21 '22	1129			63	63	63
Ford	'18 '19	1129					
Ford	'20	1129	63			63	
Ford	21 models with Coil Box Ignition	1129				63	..
Ford	21 models with Timer Ignition	1129				63	..
Ford	'22 models equipped with Starter	1156				63	
Ford	'22 models equipped with starter	1158				63	
Franklin	All	1 [illegible]	64			64	64
Gardner	all	1129				63	63
Grant	all	1129	63	63	63	63	63
Haynes	'18 '19 '20 '21 except 6 and 66	1130	64	64	64	64	64
Haynes	'22 6 and 66 '15 '16 '17 '18	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	63	63	63
Hollier	19	[illegible]	65			64	64
Hupp	'20 '21	[illegible]	64			64	64
Hupp	'22	[illegible]	67			67	67
Hudson	'18 '19 '20	[illegible]			63	63	63
Hudson	'21 and	[illegible]			63	63	63
Hupmobile	all	[illegible]	63	63	63	63	63
Jordan	all	[illegible]	63	63	63	63	63
King	all	1127	63		63	63	63
Kissel	'18 '19 '20	1129				63	64
Kissel	'21	1129	63			63	64
Kissel Kar	'18 '20 '21	1 [illegible]			63	63	63
Kissel Kar	'19 '22	1 [illegible]				63	64
Lexington	all	1 [illegible]	63			63	64
Locomobile	all	[illegible]	63			63	63
Locomobile	'18 '19	[illegible]			64	64	64
Locomobile	'20 '21	[illegible]	63			63	63
Locomobile	'22	[illegible]	[illegible]			63	63
Marmon	'18 '19 '20 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]	63	63	63	64
Marmon Sixteen	all	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	64	64	64
Maxwell	'18 '19 '20	[illegible]	[illegible]			63	63
Maxwell	'21 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]			63	63
Maxwell	'15 '16 '17 '18	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	67
Maxwell	'20 '21 touring cars	[illegible]	63			63	63
Mercer	'18	1111			67	67	67
Mercer	'19 '20 '21 '22	[illegible]	63	63	63	63	63
Moon	'18 '19 '20 '21 '22 other 18 models	[illegible]				63	64
Moon	all	[illegible]				64	64
Moon	'21 '22	[illegible]			64	63	64
Nash	'18 '19 '20 '21	[illegible]	63			63	64
Nash	'22	[illegible]	63			63	63
Nash	all	[illegible]	[illegible]	63	63	63	64
Nash	'19	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	63
National	'15 '20	[illegible]	63			63	64
National	'21 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	64
Nash	all	[illegible]	[illegible]		63	[illegible]	64
Oakland	all	[illegible]	63			63	63
Oldsmobile	'18, '19, '20, '21 '22	1129	63			63	63
Oldsmobile	all	1129	63			63	64
Overland	16 touring cars	1130		63	61	61	61
Overland	16 other models '19 '20	1130		64	61	61	61
Overland	all	1141				61	67
Oldsmobile	19 (90ST) 21, 22	1129			..	61	61
Oldsmobile	20 (6)	1129			..	64	64
Packard	'18 '19 '20						
Packard	'21	1129	63	63	63	63	63
Packard	'22	[illegible]	65	63	63	63	63
Paige	all	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	63	63	63
Peerless	all	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Pierce-Arrow	all	[illegible]	63	63	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Premier	'19 '20	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	64
Premier	'21	[illegible]	[illegible]	64	64	64	64
Reo	'22	[illegible]	65			63	63
Reo	'18 '19	[illegible]				63	63
Reo	'20 '21 '22	[illegible]				63	63
Revere	'19	1129			63	63	63
Revere	'19 '20 '21 '22	[illegible]			63	63	64
Saxon	all	[illegible]	63	63	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Scripps Booth	'18 '19 '20	[illegible]			63	63	63
Scripps Booth	'21	[illegible]				63	64
Standard	'18 '19	[illegible]	63	64	64	64	64
Standard	'20	[illegible]	63	63	63	63	63
Standard	'21	[illegible]	63			63	63
Stearns-Knight	'18 '19 '20	[illegible]		67		[illegible]	67
Stearns-Knight	'21	[illegible]	67			[illegible]	68
Stearns-Knight	'22	[illegible]	67			[illegible]	67
Stephens	'18 '19 '20 '21 '22	1129	63	63	63	63	63
Stevens	all	1129	64	63	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Studebaker	'18 '19 '20	1130	63	63	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Studebaker	'21 '22	1130	64	64	[illegible]	[illegible]	64
Studebaker	all	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	63
Templar	'19 '20	[illegible]	[illegible]			63	63
Templar	'21 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	64
Velie	'18 '19	[illegible]	[illegible]	63	61	61	62
Velie	'20	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	63
Velie	'21 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	63
Willys-Knight	'18 '19 '20 '22 Sedan	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	62
Willys-Knight	'22	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	63
Willys-Knight	'15 '19 '20	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	[illegible]
Willys-Knight	'21	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	61
Winton	'18 '19 '20	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	63
Winton	'21 '22	[illegible]	[illegible]			[illegible]	62

YOUR DEALER or garage man has a book which specifies the proper Edison MAZDA Lamps for other cars in addition to those listed above.



"Your light's out!"

A SWERVE—A SHOUT—the other car thunders by. By a hair's breadth you have avoided an accident.

The next time your headlight goes dead, there may be no warning cry. Just a crash—and a car in the ditch.

For economy's sake, you specify your oil and gas and tires. *For safety's sake, specify your lamps.*

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(Continued from Page 30)

declined to take any active part in the war and indeed were in many cases, as the Hartford Convention showed, its unrelenting opponents. Few men have better deserved the honors conferred by their state than did this outstanding man—a service still further recognized by his election twice as Vice President.

In due time De Witt Clinton, nephew of the first governor, after having been in Congress, from which he resigned to become mayor of New York, succeeded to the governorship. It was his privilege to carry out the vision that had appeared to his uncle and to Washington when they were traveling together across New York, in seeing the possibilities and finally in executing the scheme of building the Erie Canal.

After a few weeks in the governorship Martin Van Buren resigned to become Secretary of State, Vice President in the second term of Andrew Jackson, and, as his successor, President on his own account. In spite of the brevity of his term, he was also one of the important figures in the governorship.

William L. Marcy held the office for six years. He, too, like his distinguished predecessors, had been a judge. In due time he became Secretary of State in the cabinet of Franklin Pierce and there made many precedents for a glorious foreign policy.

He in his turn was defeated by William H. Seward, who served for four years, had a long term of service in the United States Senate, and in his turn became Secretary of State under Lincoln.

Silas Wright, who, as was common in those days, resigned after a distinguished service in the United States Senate to become governor, was a worthy successor, who maintained at its highest estate the dignity and the traditions of the office.

Hamilton Fish succeeded to the fag end of a term as lieutenant governor and then for a full term as governor. He soon went to the United States Senate, and ended his conspicuous career by eight years as Secretary of State under Grant.

The next outstanding governor was Horatio Seymour, who was elected in 1852, defeated at the end of his term, and ten years after his first election returned to do really conspicuous service to the Union cause during the Civil War.

One of the distinguished figures to become governor was Gen. John A. Dix, who at the age of seventy-six was elected as a Republican, after having been a lifelong Democrat. He furnishes the only example in New York of a man elected to high office by a party with which his sympathy was slight. He was defeated when he ran again, but in spite of this brief term he must be reckoned among the real men who have held this outstanding office.

In 1875 he was succeeded by Samuel J. Tilden, who was to become the most influential figure in the modern politics of New York and of the country.

It was of course not possible that even so great a state should always have available such commanding figures as the twelve I have enumerated. To make a long story short, during the one hundred and six years between 1777 and 1883 the office of governor had been filled for sixty-nine of these years by these twelve men. During this period the presidency of the United States scarcely surpassed the governorship of New York as the refuge for character, ability and high statesmanship. Naturally, during the same period there were a large number of mediocre men. Indeed there were seventeen of them, but their whole service only aggregated thirty-six years.

Official Life at Albany

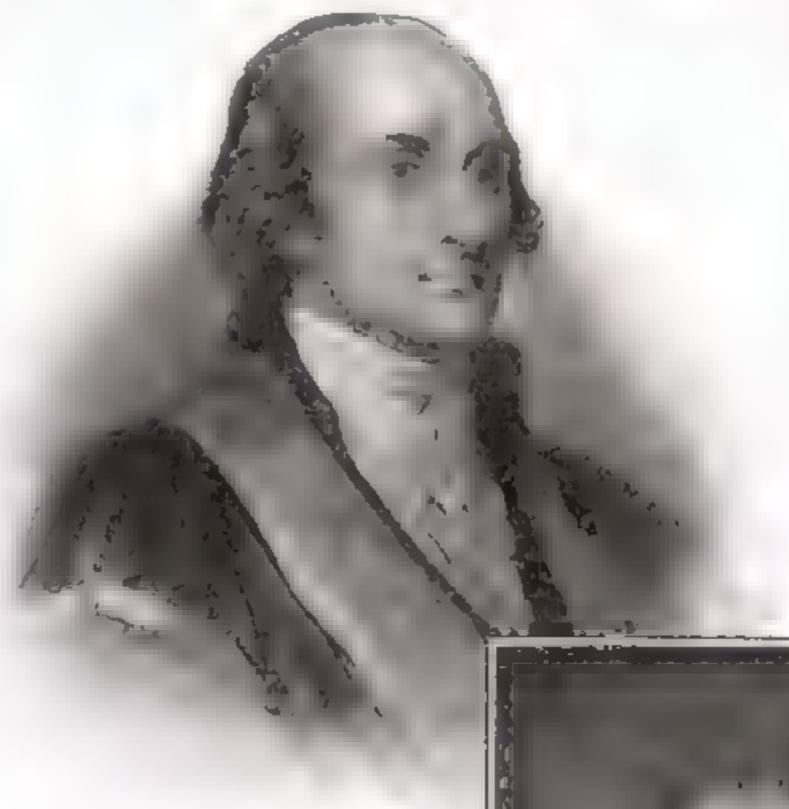
ACCORDANT with the times, each of the men was called to power and authority only after the most exacting apprenticeship. Here was one who had sprung up almost overnight, and as he himself, with all his inexperience and rawness, knew what they had done, it was no cause for wonder that his assumption of their responsibilities at a time when new problems were awaiting solution should have seemed something of a task. Neither he nor any of his partisans nor even his intimate friends could have predicted that he would show himself fully the equal of any man who had thus preceded him in this office, nor even when elected was there any reason to believe that he would be the second man who, after holding it, would be nominated and elected President of the United States.

When Mr. Cleveland was ready to move from Buffalo to Albany, being free from the usual tyranny of furniture or bric-a-brac, or even of wife and family, there was not much to do but to pick himself up and go. He declined to arrange a series of public farewells, but when the time came resigned from the mayoralty, moved on a few miles and took up the harder tasks of the governorship. On the last day of the year 1882 he traveled to Albany with a friend, his former partner, Wilson S. Bissell, and was ready for the work that lay before him.

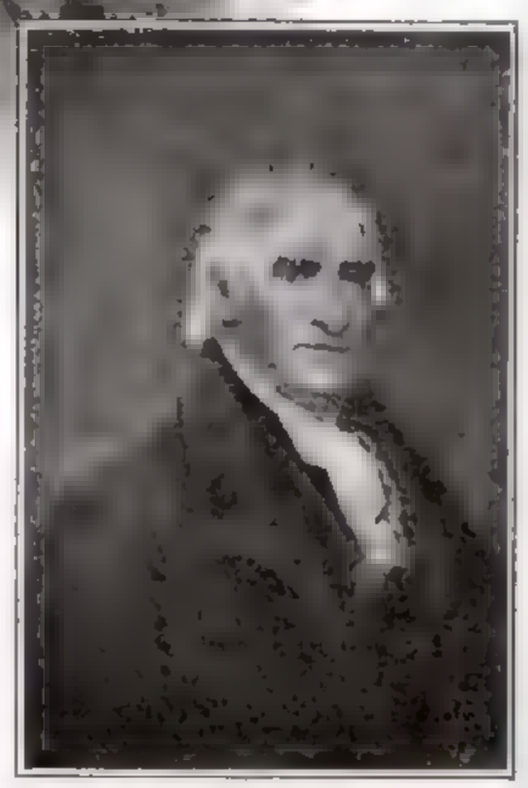
During one week he was walking to the mayor's office in his own town; in the next he was getting the same exercise three or four times daily in the mile between the executive mansion and the capitol. He no more put on airs in Albany than in Buffalo. He was there the same plain man going about his work, helping a cripple, a woman or a child across the street, just as he had done all his life. He made his modest arrangements about taking up his residence in the house provided by the state for his occupancy, installed his unmarried sister, Rose Elizabeth, as its mistress and brought William Sinclair from home for steward.

But when he settled down in the executive mansion it was not to be all work and no play. Here, as elsewhere, he never forgot the amenities, but recognized them, believed in them and knew how to use them. He began at once with proper entertainment of his new friends. He saw them at his house as well as at his office, and there was for all that good cheer that goes with trained manners and a wholesome mind and body. He took part in the life of the old capital town, where he found himself such an important factor. He attended dinners and receptions, and only avoided dances and exhibitions of youthful gayety, but was ready to go to his real friends when time permitted and they wanted him.

In this he and everybody who went to Albany in those days was exceedingly fortunate. Mrs. John V. L. Pruyn



John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States and Governor of New York in 1795



George Clinton, Governor of New York in 1789

had been the social mentor of many governors before Mr. Cleveland, as she and her daughters were to be of many of his successors. With a tact that was faultless and an experience almost unsurpassed in the history of either state or national capital, without display or ostentation, without cause of offense to officials or to people, she made for herself and for the gracious hospitality that she dispensed a place that will long distinguish her as the highest development of an American hostess.

In Grover Cleveland as governor she found an apt follower. His nature fitted him to accept and to assimilate such a leadership, and the discipline through which he had passed under his mother and his aunt—something I have already described—gave him a facility which would not have been looked for in the lonesome fraternity of bachelors. So though the executive mansion did not become a center of unrelieved gayety, it did dispense, under the influence of the governor and his sister, a hospitality that was large, dignified and consistent both with itself and the standing of the great state which it represented. Not a single feature that was either necessary or desirable was neglected.

It would thus not be too much to say that this lonely bachelor demonstrated here in this high post, as well as during all the years of his Buffalo life, his liking for all those with whom he came into contact, so far as his time and tastes permitted. He was to demonstrate this for years to come in the White House, and here again the executive mansion in Albany might be treated as in the nature of a preparation for the higher duties that were to fall upon him.

He thus devoted himself to his new work as if he had done nothing else and expected to keep at it during the rest of his life. Reaching his office, he was ready to see everybody who had business. There was no exclusiveness, no listening to some important case or man in the executive office only to slip out for a whispered conversation in the hall with some cheap politician from upstate. He thought things in the open and so did them in like manner. Perhaps but for the fact that he went to the executive offices earlier in the morning than his predecessors and stayed later at night the average attendant would hardly have known the occupant of one day was a different person from the one there the day before. Perhaps the most conspicuous difference was that he did for himself so many things in which other governors had required assistance.

Handling Pardon Applications

AND yet the work itself went on with a difference. The legislature and the public found in the first week that in both houses every movement was watched a little more closely than usual. Though there was an absence of anything resembling either bargaining or dictation, it was apparent even from the first day that nothing would be overlooked or neglected. There was no room for doubt as to the attitude of the executive about any of the business of the state, so far as either the legislative or departmental branch was interested in his policy. He showed at once that he would take nothing on trust; that he must know everything that related to the business of the state which had been intrusted to him.

Curiously enough, the first business that engaged his attention, after the inauguration exercises were over, was pardons. Instinct as well as his experience had told him that of all the duties devolving upon him by law and custom as governor this was distinctly his job and that nobody could tell him how to do it. He had been a rigid disciplinarian where criminals were concerned, with not so much as a suggestion of softness. He had succeeded a governor whose policy it had been not to issue or even seriously consider a pardon unless it was forced upon him by judges or lawyers. True to his character, he went out of office without even so much as opening—to say nothing of considering—a number of pardon applications.

Though the new governor did not have to look for work, one of his first acts, after appointing an efficient as well as sympathetic pardon clerk as successor to one whom he had disliked on sight, was to take up the pending cases. Finding from the applications some things that struck him as probable oversights or possible injustices, he proceeded to clear them away by the most direct methods. He probed all of them to the bottom. In some of the cases tried years before he sent for witnesses, practically reopened the most flagrant, satisfied himself of the claims or charges made, and then acted with a promptness that surprised all concerned. There was no cell emptying, no indication that he intended to invite new or unnecessary applications, no intention of interfering with the courts; but he was able both to correct mistakes and to serve upon courts and lawyers notice that so far as he was concerned he had tried to avert future danger and thus save himself and his successors much work. This particular policy is worthy of early notice in thus dealing with his work as governor because it not only marked the principles that were to govern him during ten years of the most serious executive responsibility but was to have a far-reaching influence everywhere upon governors and Presidents.

This interest in pardons and his way of dealing with them were developed after he attained power as governor. These qualities had perhaps been heightened in their development by reason of his experience with his predecessor, Governor Cornell, in the Flanagan case. I have already told this story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for August 28, 1920. They were illustrated to me by a conversation with Judge D. Cady Herrick. In the courts of Albany County a young man had been convicted of assault upon a woman. It was charged by himself and his counsel that he had been railroaded to serve twenty years in the penitentiary. After some years had passed application was made to Governor Cornell for a hearing looking to the grant of a pardon or commutation. It was this governor's fixed determination that so far as he could avoid it—and his methods were really those of his pardon clerk—though such applications might be received the applicants had to be unusually energetic and pushing if they expected to get a hearing; and a good deal of pull or influence was necessary to bring this about.

When the new governor came into office the case in question was taken up again by the young man's counsel, and

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the district attorney of the time also interested himself in it after he had convinced himself that an injustice had been done. When reclaiming the papers in order to bring the application up to date it was discovered that they had not been opened during the Cornell term. They were recalled, revised, new facts applied, and then presented again. Time had so strengthened the case that Mr. Cleveland took it up, heard the attorneys, saw the applicant himself, which was usual with him when possible, and went to the bottom in seeking the real facts.

Although the supposed assault had occurred some years before, the governor put to work all the forces of the state then available in the way of detective and other agencies. These sought out the guilty women in the case, discovered that the accusation was the result of a conspiracy by a dissolute woman under the lead of the mistress of a questionable house. Not only were all steps taken to get the information in the way of affidavits and statements in every form that could be obtained, but the governor haled to his office all the available persons, held a hearing in legal form, examined the statements they had already made, procured a confession of the methods employed and the motives that lay back of them. Upon this the young man was pardoned.

Whether the governor was able to bring the guilty people to justice is not told. Perhaps this lay entirely out of his purview; but it is an example of the way in which he dealt with pardons both in the governorship and in the Presidency. He took nobody's word for anything in relation to a pardon where an injustice, a life or a breach of trust was involved. No work was too great and none too small to attract his attention, and yet no man was ever so rigid in requiring the utmost proof. From his long experience at the bar and from innate knowledge he was fitted to know just how he might be imposed upon and to realize the danger such things meant to society and to justice.

A Courageous Veto

To some this may seem almost an exaggerated devotion to a dull office routine, but from the beginning to the end of his career as an executive this man insisted that no more important or vital duty was laid upon him than that growing out of this particular method of carrying out a policy to which he was attached.

But the new governor soon had to deal with matters more important than anything relating to the routine of purely executive duties. The management of a legislature was thrown upon him. New measures vitally affecting the interests of the state had to be considered almost at once.

Among these was the bill reducing fares on the elevated railroads of New York City from ten to five cents. When these structures were built there was grave doubt as to their success. The population of the city was in a more or less chaotic condition. The downtown districts were overcrowded, and removals to other districts which were intermediate or uptown were always clogged by the lack of transit facilities.

The old-fashioned stage or omnibus was only just disappearing. It was before the days of through street cars, Broadway being entirely free from this method of transportation, while the older car lines on the east and west side streets of the city were primitive and imperfect. So when the elevated roads were finally fairly completed up into the Central Park region and thereabouts there was no method by which the probable returns could be measured; but as the roads were extended it was found that the properties gave far more than the expected return upon the investment, and as they finally reached or approached Harlem and the upper parts of the city the increasing distance did not impair this somewhat exaggerated return.

When this discovery was made strong popular movements were soon under way to force the reduction of fares by cutting them in half. The question had been dealt with by previous governors, and as the movement went forward it gained momentum, and reached this development just as Mr. Cleveland was entering upon his duties. The bill for the reduction of fares was therefore passed, and awaited the action of the governor before it became a law.

This action was taken in February, Mr. Cleveland having become governor in January. The discussion had been protracted, angry and exciting, and the pressure for the lower fares became so great that both houses of the legislature surrendered to it.

The bill finally reached the governor towards the end of his second month, and on March second, in a long and careful message, he vetoed the bill. He naturally expected that this action would make him exceedingly unpopular. In order to meet this he reasoned out the question fully and put it upon the very highest lines. He knew what he had to meet; he knew that to this popular pressure was added the feeling that these properties had fallen into the hands of speculators who stood upon the verge of being almost financial pirates. He recognized every side of the whole question and proceeded accordingly.

In his veto he outlined the steps that had been taken, reviewed the obligations of the city, assumed under the authority of the charter given to the railroad company, and he also argued in full the relations that it bore to the growth of the city and to the convenience of the people. His message, aside from that part of it sympathizing with the needs and demands of the city, was really based upon the obligation of contracts; so that certain passages in the veto message, prepared with great care, without consulting the lawyers or the representatives of either the roads or the people, set forth in the paragraphs dealt with the duties of the city and of the people rather than with their rights:

> It is manifestly important that invested capital should be protected, and that its necessity and usefulness in the development of enterprises valuable to the people should be recognized by conservative conduct on the part of the state government.
>
> But we have especially in our keeping the honor and good faith of a great state, and we should see to it that no suspicion attaches, through any act of ours, to the fair fame of the commonwealth. The state should not only be strictly just, but scrupulously fair, and in its relations to the citizen every legal and moral obligation should be recognized. This can be done only by legislating without vindictiveness or prejudice, and with a firm determination to deal justly and fairly with those from whom we exact obedience.
>
> I am not unmindful of the fact that this bill originated in response to the demand of a large portion of the people of New York for cheaper rates of fare between their places of employment and their homes, and I realize fully the desirability of securing to them all the privileges possible, but the experience of other states teaches that we must keep within the limits of law and good faith, lest in the end we bring upon the very people whom we seek to benefit and protect a hardship which must surely follow when these limits are ignored.

These utterances have in them all the old-fashioned ring and response embodied in Webster's plea in the Dartmouth College Case and in Chief Justice Marshall's decision. They probably exercised more influence in emphasizing the intelligence and the courage of the new governor than any other act of his whole career.

Unforeseen Results

Though this veto took on an entirely different color from what he himself expected so far as public sentiment was concerned, it did bring upon him the abuse and malediction not only of the traditional enemies of conservatism in New York and of the followers of the political machine, but it drew to him almost instinctively the support of the conservative people, not only of the state but of the country.

I shall have occasion in another place to gauge its influences upon his future career—something that from his own attitude and from his study of conditions he could not possibly foresee.

The charge was at once made that this veto message, the first long and important one that he had sent, was not his own. All sorts of reports were made, the favorite author to whom it was credited being Roscoe Conkling. It was alleged that he had not had sufficient experience to carry on and write such an argument. His outstanding position as a lawyer was not yet generally recognized, although those acquainted with him knew even then that nobody could write anything for him to sign. Just before he was to submit this veto message his friend, D. Cady Herrick, upon whom he had begun to rely even thus early, called by request at the executive office, when the governor said:

"I have something here that I want you to hear. I have not submitted it to anybody or asked anybody's advice about it, but I want you to know just what I am going to do."

In accordance with his practice during all his responsible career, he read to his friend and auditor from his own manuscript the whole of the message just as it was transmitted.

To the end of his life Mr. Cleveland used to say that when going to bed the night after he had submitted this message he looked into the glass and said to himself, "Well, tomorrow I shall be the most unpopular man in the state of New York."

Contrary to his usual rule, he awaited the appearance of the New York newspapers next morning in order to test his own judgment. To his surprise he found that he had made a serious mistake. His care in examining the matter before he had reached conclusions and the cogency with which he had given his opinion had made a profound impression upon the public and had brought to him from every part of the state and also from the country at large the highest commendation both for courage and for the solidity of his opinions.

When reviewing his rapid rise in politics he often expressed the opinion that of all his earlier acts and their resulting utterances he was inclined to believe that this elevated-railroad veto was probably the most effective in attracting attention, in spite of the fact that he himself had wondered at the time whether from a political point of view it was anything better than deliberate suicide.

Doing His Best, Regardless

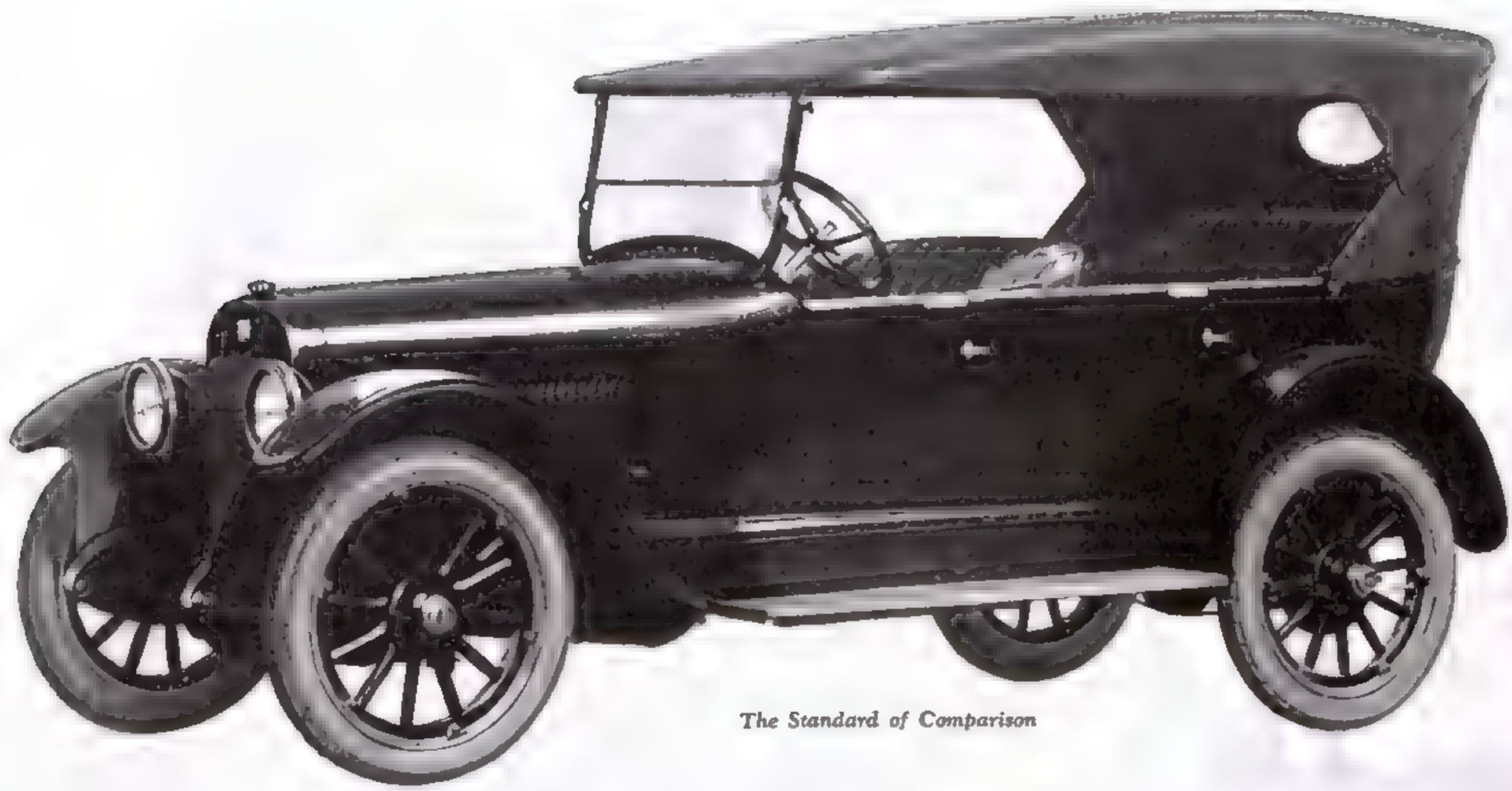
"In the general rise of popular feeling against corporations," he said, "a great many people had confused it with a real opposition to private property. I felt that, aside from the merits of the question itself, it was important to separate these tendencies, and I am thankful to believe that this veto, coming just at the right time, did direct attention to the large features of the whole issue and thus assist in the process of clear thinking so vital at the inception of any agitation involving fundamental principles. The instant response which came from every part of the country convinced me that this exposition in a purely state utterance had the effect of causing many people to think beyond mere surface or local conditions and thus emphasized the importance of public honor. It was not long after this assertion of obligation that the five-cent fare was accepted as a matter of course and became the basis of a policy universally adopted."

At no time during this session of his first legislature did he ever depart from his refusal to deal with any question upon a temporary, personal, demagogic basis. He met all labor questions that were brought up during this session with the same courage that had characterized him in all others. He always seemed to have an idea that he ought to go on and do the best he could and let politics and his own personality take care of themselves. In this, his first great and responsible work, he took himself and everything else seriously, and though he kept on fairly good terms with his party, he refused to do the things that were most wanted by its leaders.

Mr. Cleveland had gone to Albany with little knowledge of party conditions in the state. He hardly knew which way to turn to get the proper advice and assistance. But before he had been there long he had put himself into close touch with Daniel Manning, who was the special representative of the old Tilden interests and the elements that had chosen the new governor. He could not have found a better man. He was owner and manager of the Albany Argus, which for many years had been the recognized organ of Democratic opinion. It had been dominant in the old days of the Albany regency, which, though it had changed its form, had in no way lost its power or changed its methods.

The paper was a sort of gospel to Democrats all over the state north of the Harlem River. Mr. Manning seldom wrote for his paper, and yet nothing went into it that he did not practically dictate so far as its policy was involved. No editor could get away from the wonderful suggestiveness of this man. His power of analysis had grown steadily, and as it included both politics and business, which he himself represented as a banker, the combination proved itself to be almost ideal. He was able to make and carry out a policy, to see the end of everything he undertook from the beginning.

(Continued on Page 36)



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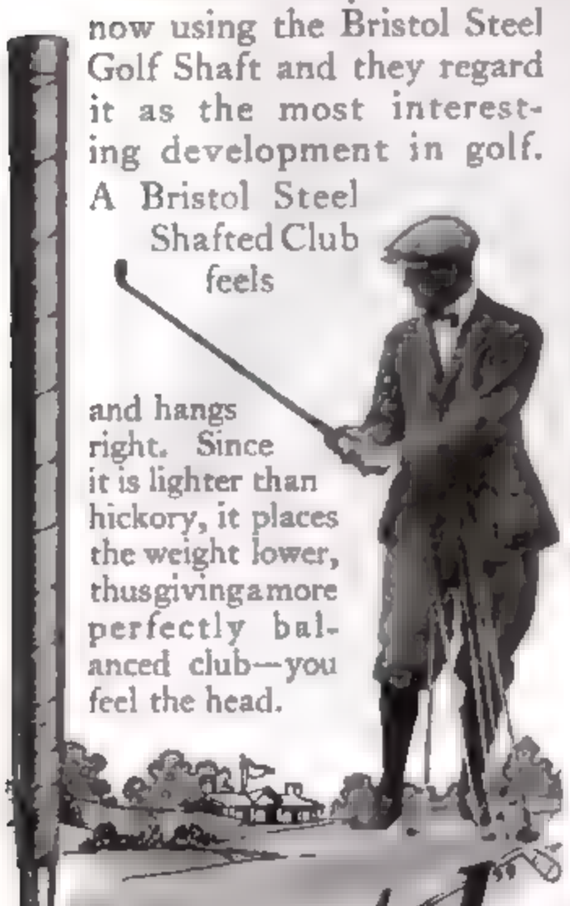

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(Continued from Page 34)

Every man of importance in the party came to him, and that not only as a follower but with original ideas as to what ought to be done in a given county, district or even in a town. He understood all these from the point of view of the highest intelligence. He bore no resemblance to the modern boss, because everything that he took up had two ends to it—that of principle and that of policy. He had no pecuniary interest in anything that grew out of politics other than his own business and that of his paper. He had been for many years a growing man, never showy, but always solid. He never made a speech, he guessed at nothing. He had come in course of time to be Mr. Tilden's right-hand man and his successor in the chairmanship and management of his party. He was not the kind of man so to play favorites as to create a series of enemies in every county in the state, and yet the men whom he followed, like Seymour, Tilden and Cleveland, had a genius for making enemies of bad, dangerous or designing people.

Not only did Manning have these characteristics, but he became a student of economics, so that he knew all questions as they affected the prosperity of the great state which he represented. His paper could always be depended upon for soundness upon all fiscal questions. He could always be relied upon as the opponent of the greenback heresy and of the silver question when it developed. In other words, he was thoroughly orthodox from the old Democratic point of view, and had become a dominating force at the capital of the state at the very center of its politics, and had thus acquired a position and influence that can hardly be understood now.

It was fortunate for Mr. Cleveland that such a man had taken an interest in him from the beginning and had had the foresight under the advice of his friends to push him for the nomination to the governorship. He had no personal knowledge of him other than what he had obtained through Manning's brother, who was prominent in Buffalo, and through the industrious and intelligent work of his lieutenants throughout the state.

It was only natural that when the new governor came to Albany, with so little knowledge of details, he should in due time come to rely upon Manning. This was all the more natural because he belonged to the reliable type of man, the type of man who never deceives his chief or tries to get any favors of a personal character. These two men soon found themselves congenial. Manning had been fighting Tammany and all that it meant for years, and he had also been antagonizing mischievous local organizations all over the state. The canal ring was his enemy, as was every other kind of ring or body that undertook to use the party machinery for bad purposes.

Relations With Dan Lamont

Before Mr. Cleveland went to Albany he had been familiar with the organization known in New York as the County Democracy. Among the few friends he had in the eastern part of the state was Hubert O. Thompson, who was the head of that organization. The first trace that I could ever find of him in the great city was during his term as mayor, before he was even thought of for the nomination as governor, when he came on a visit to his friend. It was then that William C. Whitney and Thomas F. Ryan first saw him men who in such different ways were to be closely allied with him during the coming years. It was easy enough for him to take on from Manning and other associates the color of his new surroundings so that nobody could deceive him about the bad influence that emanated from the old Tammany organization in New York. Entirely aside from this, he was saved from mistakes of this kind by the reliance upon the friends right at hand. As the result of all this, before he had been a year in the governorship, the two men under special consideration were not only related in politics, associated in everything that was congenial to them both, but they were working hand in glove. The influence of the Argus was at Cleveland's service, while the power of the state was ready for Manning's use for the good purposes to which it could be devoted.

This association brought him into relations with Daniel S. Lamont, who commanded fair and prompt recognition. When very young he had become a clerk in the assembly and also a reporter on the Argus. In both these relations, which fitted into each other, he showed himself efficient, faithful, quiet and worthy of confidence, and especially skillful in knowing the men who meant something, with an almost instinctive power of separating the two classes. Upon the recommendation of Manning, Apgar and other men in the party organization he was made military secretary, and soon he became private secretary and in many respects the right hand of his chief and the representative of his friends.

Being a born politician, he was thus in a position to separate the worthy sheep from the unworthy goats and to send each to its proper place. Not even when Mr. Cleveland was President did his secretary either push his own favorites or repel unnecessarily those to whom he was opposed. He was too shrewd for that, even if his fidelity had permitted him to resort to such a method; but his knowledge seemed to be innate.

The Faithful Three

I have never known a man who had so much of that insight, amounting almost to the instinct attributed to women, as Daniel S. Lamont. He could listen for half an hour if necessary and never give a sign that he either heard or cared, and yet it was plain that he understood everything. It was only when he knew his man that he became responsive. He would then speak out plainly and tell more genuine truth in a few words than is generally found in politics or anywhere else. Perhaps of all the men who have been secretaries to Presidents he has never been surpassed, and perhaps only equaled as a wise adviser by William B. Lewis, who bore a similar though somewhat smaller relation to Andrew Jackson.

When, in 1882, the Democrats of the state began to look around for a proper candidate for governor the initial work was done by Edgar K. Apgar, who for many years had occupied a peculiar position in the politics of the state. He was the close friend and confidant of every leader or associate in the Tilden organization. He wrote editorials, made speeches and had put himself into touch with a large number of the leaders in the various districts and counties. He was one of that wise, far-seeing order of men who are never satisfied unless they are discovering something new in any work congenial to them. Apgar first sensed the situation when he began to hear about this new and wonderful mayor of Buffalo who was turning things upside down with vetoes and other activities. He began to tell Mr. Manning about these and before long he had his chief interested. He was then authorized to make closer inquiry and finally to write to this mysterious figure and suggest that perhaps the great Democratic Party might look to Erie County for its candidate for governor. Although this suggestion was not eagerly accepted, it was not repelled, and thus came to fruition in the Syracuse convention. When the new governor went to Albany there was Apgar, not looking for a job, but still desirous to use his marvelous party and general knowledge to the best advantage. This completed the trio of Manning, Lamont and Apgar, who were always at the governor's call.

With such materials and beginnings the second year in the governorship came to be rather easy. A right start had been made in the first year. From that time forward the rest was a matter of detail. When the time came to send to the legislature the second message there was no hesitation. In other words, he then knew his way about, and both the legislature and the people knew what they could expect in the matter of politics, and also pretty well the methods by which his work would be carried on. He became even a little bit more positive regarding morals in the plain speaking that had characterized him at Buffalo.

One veto was almost savage in the few words in which he declared that "of all the defective and shabby legislation which had been presented to him, this was the worst and the most inexcusable."

The civil service commission, which had been appointed the year before, had started its work; while in like manner the railroad commission, which was also a part of his first year's work, gave him an opportunity to review much more fully than he had ever done, and with a knowledge which was increased by daily association with it, a relation to the railroads, to the people, and the emphasis upon the policy which had been outlined upon the enactment of the law.

A good deal of real progress, which need not here be enumerated, was made on many questions. With it all, he did not play personal politics at any turn. The veto was still his great weapon, as it continued to be to the end of his public life. Plain and direct dealing with the larger things within his scope became rather more common than before, and if he had any higher ambitions many of his supporters thought he had a poor way of forwarding them. No man could have had less of art or outward tact, and unsympathetic people everywhere freely predicted that by no chance could he expect to go any further. He did make a few more addresses, and thus put himself into closer personal touch with the people of his state; but he accepted no invitations outside its borders and seldom made a reference to national issues. In short, he was governor of New York and nothing more.

When he first became governor Mr. Cleveland declined to interfere with state nominations or even with the legislature, with the exception of the Grady case herein narrated. He maintained this policy to the end. But even the reaction between the results of 1882 and 1883 were not able to defeat his party in the state of New York. With the exception of the candidate for secretary of state, Isaac H. Maynard, who was defeated on the liquor question, the state ticket carried through in good shape. After this particular defeat, the office of comptroller became really the head of the ticket, and for this was chosen by the general consensus of opinion of the upstate Democrats, Alfred C. Chapin, of Brooklyn, who had been speaker of the assembly. This was in due course of a very marked political career, which included the mayoralty of Brooklyn and a considerable service in Congress.

Upstate Minutemen

The new governor was the beneficiary of the momentum that had been accumulated by the Tilden movement from December, 1872, onwards. The most fertile and unresting mind that in all our history had devoted itself to the study and practice of politics in any individual state had been at work with all the resources needed for his task. Tilden had money, but there was never any wasted or used for bad methods. His strength lay in the fact that he had been able to enlist the upstate elements, especially the farmers, in a movement that proceeded without cessation. There was never any let-up with him in the pursuit of politics; whether an election was important or unimportant, it was all the same to him. He never remitted his efforts, whatever might happen, so that when he finally retired from politics and Mr. Cleveland came in as his beneficiary there were scattered through the upper counties of New York perhaps ten thousand active, untiring workers thoroughly devoted to the ideas which both these men represented. They were always subject to call day or night, and like the country doctor, they never failed. In like manner all the elements in New York and Brooklyn whose sympathies were enlisted in decent politics were always in harmony with this strong underlying movement upstate.

It was this element that came instinctively to the front when Mr. Cleveland began his fight with Tammany and other unfriendly forces after he became governor in 1883. He himself did not know much about this organization, and less about its management, but he did realize that if he was to find support for the ideas and policies he had in mind he must find it among these people, and they rallied to him with the same loyalty and enthusiasm with which they had greeted what may be fairly termed their master, Tilden, during the preceding years.

The bolder the new governor was, the better this organization liked him and the closer they clung to him—a fact which was shown not only in the support which he was able to command in the state but in the nomination and election campaigns of the succeeding year.

He maintained this policy of hands off until his first legislature had adjourned. He had worked in both houses with a Democratic majority that was fickle and uncertain. Tammany held a balance of power which—according to its way—it used with the utmost recklessness He was hampered

(Continued on Page 38

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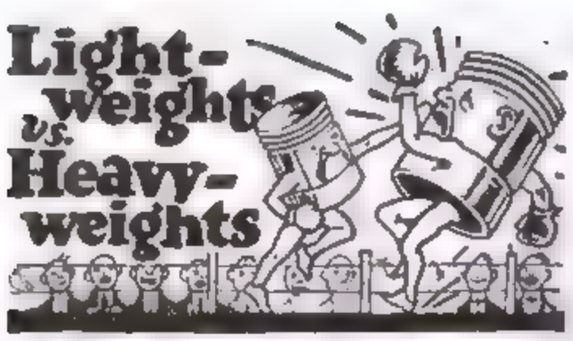

AFTER Dempsey knocked Carpentier for a row of Chinese pagodas it doesn't seem possible that any lightweight could whip a heavyweight. Yet thousands of motorists are placing their money on lightweights. And they're winning, too.

Of course, you understand that I am referring to light weight pistons—and particularly the Spencer-Smith Pistons—as opposed to the clumsy, over-weight, lumbering pistons that bungle about with their excess avoirdupois and cost motorists more irritation than a covey of motorcycle cops.

Now, a heavy weight piston is fine if you slip it into a woolen sock and use it as a blackjack. It makes a fairly satisfactory paper weight if your desk can stand the strain. But that's about where the logical uses of a heavy piston stop.

Now, I don't want you to feel that I am anti-avoirdupois because I happen to tip the ice man's scale at 131. I am all in favor of weight when the coal man drives his wagon across the platform. And for a well loaded down wallet my admiration knows no bounds. And speaking of wallets, yours will be a lot fatter at the end of the year if you invest in a set of Spencer-Smith Precision Pistons. Why? Yes, I knew you'd ask that question.

Well, in the first place, a special design and a special grade of casting makes Spencer-Smith Pistons weigh a lot less than ordinary pistons. This gives your motor less dead weight to buck. Less dead weight gives more mileage—and with gasoline selling at a dollar a twist on the pump, that means something.

In the second place, they're machined and measured so carefully that I think I'm in a watch factory every time I stroll through the finishing room. Spencer-Smith measuring machines insure a perfect fit. A perfect fit means a perfect seal. And a perfect seal means no compression leaks.

And in the third place, beneath the lower ring of each Spencer-Smith Piston you will find a groove which traps the oil from the cylinder wall on the down stroke. This groove is drilled with sufficient holes to promptly drain the oil back into the crankcase. Result: Yes, hold your breath—no carbon knocks, no greasy spark plugs, no smoke screen behind your car.

If you're really curious to know other reasons why Spencer-Smith Pistons will give your motor more pep and vigor just subscribe for our correspondence course, "Making Your Pistons Pay a Profit." The boss is the author—and he shoves a nasty pen. He has cut down the paper so that the entire course is available in one lesson, and without a nickel's expense to you—not even return postage. A post card will bring you this liberal education. Address me care of the Spencer-Smith Machine Company, Howell, Michigan.

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P. S.

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SPENCER-SMITH PISTONS

Built by the largest manufacturers of pistons exclusively

(Continued from Page 36)

in the senate by failure to confirm nominations or by obstructions of almost every possible order. He was asked to name candidates known to be unfit, was treated with disrespect of every imaginable order, abused in open session and met by everything that could be devised by a strong and ingenious faction. He was patient outwardly, though boiling over inwardly.

Finally, before the election of 1883 came on, he concluded that patience was no longer a virtue. The most tantalizing man that he had to deal with was a young and pushing state senator, Thomas F. Grady, who was active, popular with the followers of the Tammany organization, glib and effective in speech, and wholly out of sympathy with the aims and ideas of the governor and the forces back of him. He was perhaps the most active and able of Kelly's agents, and apparently fully intrenched. He had pushed the most useless or the worst men for appointments only to find himself beaten at every turn, rebuked in private by the governor, without any word in public. Finally he avowed his purposes and motives when his candidate for an important place was discarded.

A Spoke in Kelly's Wheel

Then he apologized, and in explanation said, "Well, there's an old man in New York who says come and we have to come, and go and we have to go."

As this referred to John Kelly, the leader of Tammany, it gave the governor an idea upon which he finally concluded to act. While the state campaign was under way, less than three weeks before the election, the following letter was written and sent:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, ALBANY,
October 20, 1883.

HON. JOHN KELLY.

My dear sir: It is not without hesitation that I write this. I have determined to do so, however, because I see no reason why I should not be entirely frank with you. I am anxious that Mr. Grady should not be returned to the next senate. I do not wish to conceal the fact that my personal comfort and satisfaction are involved in this matter. But I know that good legislation, based upon a pure desire to promote the interests of the people and the improvement of the legislative methods are also deeply involved. I forbear to write in detail of the other considerations having relation to the welfare of the party and the approval to be secured by a change for the better in the character of its representatives. These things will occur to you without suggestion from me.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Kelly indulged in mysterious outgivings about the receipt of the letter, but neither he nor the governor gave it out for publication. The boss looked around, knowing that if he nominated Grady in his own district the latter would defeat him and thus humiliate the organization. He soon discovered that even his own followers would not permit this action, and after one or more futile attempts to find some other district where the risk would not be so great he gave up the unequal contest and Grady did not return to the state senate until two or three terms had intervened, which was after the close of Mr. Cleveland's first term as President.

During the rest of his life Mr. Cleveland often spoke of this Grady episode. He expressed his surprise that he had finally worked himself up to it and had been able to carry it out as he did. Out of various conversations on the subject coming at odd times I glean the following:

"Before I was elected governor I had become familiar with the treatment meted out in the legislature in both houses to Governor Tilden and his successor, Lucius Robinson, by the representatives of Tammany, acting under the control and direction of its head. Remote from it as I was, I had felt how humiliating this attitude of theirs must be to the man charged by both party and people with such high responsibilities. I had then no idea or suspicion that I should ever stand in their shoes or be in a position that would bring home to me the realities of the case. I had not been long in office until the shame of it was brought out in a form even more shameless than before. These people seemed to think that they could go to any length with a governor new to them, evidently upon the theory that he would not dare to resent or rebuke their methods.

"But I had only a few weeks to wait. While detraction worked in the open, all the underground sinister methods, long familiar to this order of politics and much more effective for creating dissatisfaction, were used with an energy that was increased by despair. I soon saw what I had to face, and so gave anxious thought to ways of meeting it. I was helpless either by denunciation or by any attempt to dive into the sewers of politics. I made up my mind that open and direct appeal to the public was the only road open to me. How to do this caused me much study until I hit upon the method finally resorted to. As I went on doing my own work and gradually gaining the confidence of the people it became clear that I could throw upon these Tammany leaders the responsibility for the recalcitrance of one of their chosen tools. I did it without advice, and, as I avowed, with extreme regret. I took into my confidence nobody except my secretary, Colonel Lamont, and he advised against it.

"In the end the act, which in all frankness I should characterize as audacious rather than bold, fully justified itself, and from that time purely mischievous intra-party opposition so declined that I had nothing more to fear. If I had indulged any ambition it would no doubt have seemed a fatal policy, although the response was so immediate and so favorable that even this danger has always seemed to me remote or absent. It was not done out of pique or resorted to at all until I saw no other way out, no possible relief for efficient government and honest party politics.

"It could only be used then or in the future when a consistent public policy with ample time to carry it out lay ahead. Unusual, almost desperate, as it was, I have always congratulated myself that I was able thus to set a precedent for dealing with such men."

Playing No Favorites

It was not until Mr. Cleveland came into the governorship that the world gained some idea of him and his personality. Before that, in spite of his professional career, he could be fairly defined as an obscure man. But the day after he came into this prominence he was just as modest as he was the day before. He did not develop any of the assertiveness so common to small men. Clearly he had taken fair measure of himself all his life, so that when his scope was enlarged he did not have to change his standard.

When he became governor—the importance of which has been underestimated or neglected as a step in his career—he was compelled for the first time to make a choice of men in any large way. There were then presented to him important problems to which he had given thought within his own range without any idea that he would have to deal with them in a practical way. His knowledge was theoretical, not practical, and it was only when he was forced into responsibility that he had demonstrated that practice and theory traveled not in tandem but in pairs. Only when he came into state politics, with its large responsibilities, did he have to adjust himself to the acceptance of help.

He had come into contact with a few men in his own particular district; the moment he went to Albany there were standing before him men from hundreds of self-governing communities demanding and deserving attention. In the main they were of real consequence, and though a minority deemed themselves so, they all represented, in their way, ideas, interests, localities, the narrow or the broad aims of ambitious persons or groups, so that he was compelled to discriminate between them. Thus he had at once to deal with both the good and the bad, with the efficient and the useless or the designing. Whatever they were, they were different from what he had seen or known. If he needed help, as he did at every turn, he had only to ask for it. He thus drew upon his innate power to discriminate between the proffered help that would be idle and the real help that would be useful.

In these things his position was different from that of any predecessor, whether great or little. These had been trained in all the minutiæ of New York State and national politics. From youth the important among them had indulged ambitions—some of them boundless. This process was supposed to keep them ready for emergencies. On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland had to study and to adjust himself to these new demands upon his time, abilities and duties. Fortunately for him, not having indulged in aspirations, and having practically entered upon his higher career without either friends or rivals, so that he could consult with everybody and anybody that came before him, he could and did deal with them upon their merits. He did not have to play favorites and, as he took with him from his own surroundings nobody upon whom he could lean for advice, he had to find advisers and new friends, both personal and political.

Mr. Cleveland's Economy

Thus a great public service and high personal character made the friends that he attracted to himself from every part of the state. The instinct of self-preservation, the recognition that this was not their kind of man made his enemies. Wherever good government and decency were in demand, there were the friends; wherever there was crookedness, or rings and combinations, wherever municipal corruption was found, there were the inevitable enemies.

Under these conditions he passed through his term as governor with as much care for proper economy as efficient administration would permit. It seems surprising, now that we look back upon it, to realize that during his second year it cost less than nine and a quarter million dollars to conduct the affairs of the Empire State. This included, too, many new things like the opening of Niagara Park, the organization and conduct of the railroad commission and of the civil service commission. It seems little less than astounding, in the light of modern experience, that such results could be obtained in a state where its governor and legislature discuss with coolness a proposed budget of two hundred million dollars, and then find extreme difficulty in reducing it to two-thirds of this vast sum.

When, with the presidential election of 1884, Mr. Cleveland was called away from the governorship, he had made himself the most powerful public man in his country in less than two years, and yet in knowledge of the character which had made him what he was he was little known beyond the limits of his own state, and even there only to a few.

He had taken no steps to exploit himself beyond his own obvious public duties, and except for two three-hour trips into New Jersey and Connecticut during the campaign he was still a mystery. Without regard to the presidency or any other obligation or ambition incident to his life, there had been no neglect of the duties of his office—the one thing that to him was his real work. He could no more overlook any responsibility put upon him than he could forget his duty to family or society.

Left to himself, he had demonstrated an absolute absence of a gift for putting himself before a world keenly desirous to know all about him and always on the lookout for instruction and leadership. Secretaries, assistants or fellow officials, however sympathetic, were not put or kept in place for the conduct of personal or political propaganda for his benefit. It was no part of

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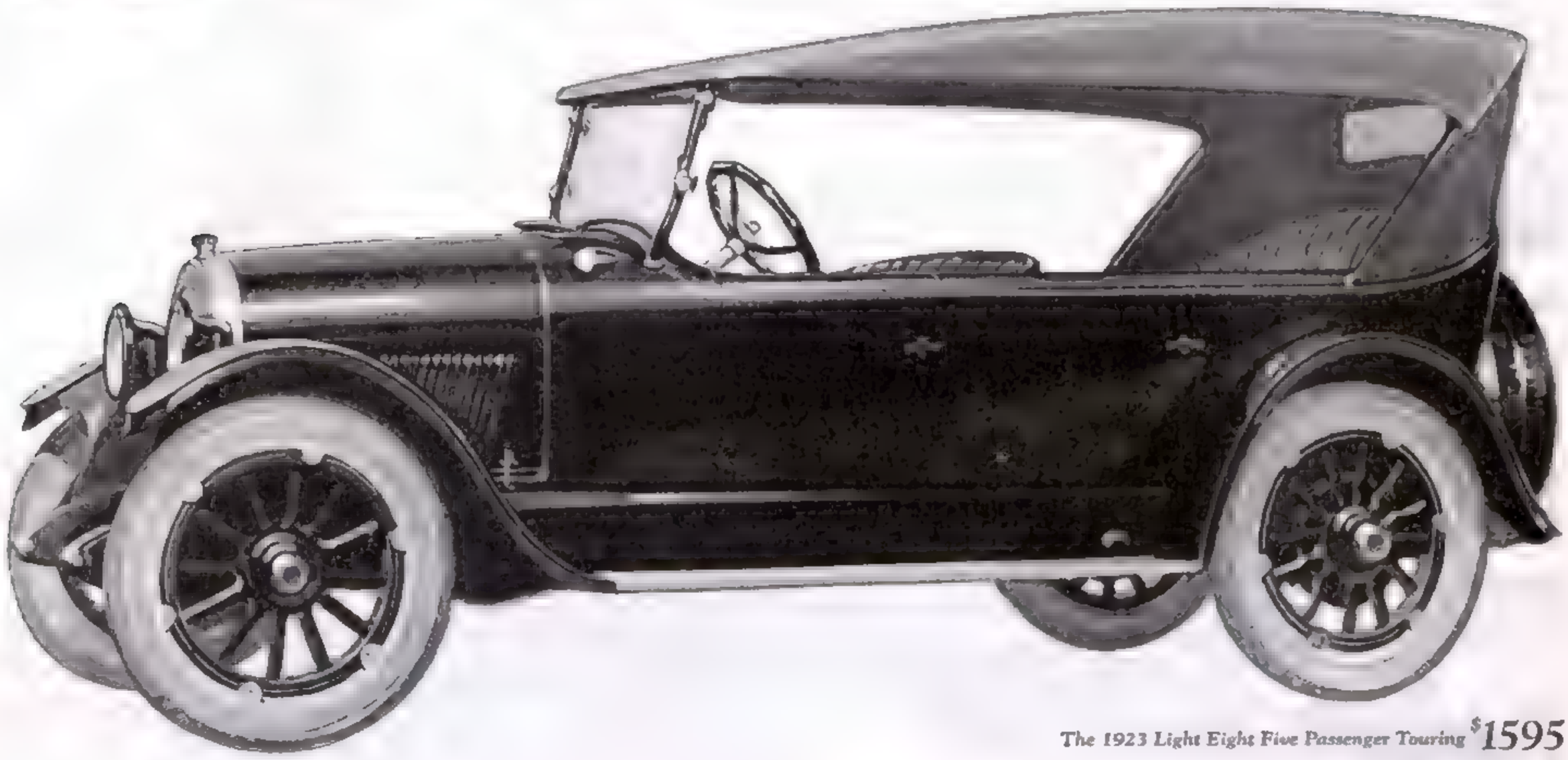
Oldsmobile

LIGHT EIGHT



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(Continued from Page 38)

their duty to hold him up to the view of a waiting world in some or many newspapers. He rarely submitted to an interview, and often declined to entertain at his table even the most important editors, who on the contrary were sometimes treated with scant courtesy.

If his associates had been so disposed and had known how they would have stood in constant peril of having all their work and thought go for nothing—upset perhaps by some word of denunciation of what he deemed journalistic impudence or dishonesty, or by some still more potent act of neglect when dealing with some man who deemed himself an important figure in the state or country. These were far more likely to be his fate than it would have been for him to attract attention or to command friendship.

So he passed out of his two years as governor, and even on into the presidency, with a Doctor Johnson sort of reputation for being bearish rather than otherwise. No kind of artificial puffery could do anything for such a strange person. He must go on and, in what he called his own blundering way, do everything for himself. He must somehow work out his own salvation. This was the reason why during a recent and great outstanding five-year world crisis, long after he was dead, millions of people who during his life had bitterly opposed him on party lines or were indifferent in every way to his career while he was here doing their work with honesty and efficiency were impelled to cry out as with one voice, "Oh, for an hour of Grover Cleveland!"

In analyzing this two-year phase in the life of Grover Cleveland I have sought to deal frankly and concisely with the most intensive political apprenticeship known to our public life or perhaps to any other. As I am not writing chronicles, I have shunned that routine so often filled with maneuver and intrigue, and have sought to detach him from the details that overwhelm most men in high and responsible places. I have written of him as a man who was forced by the necessities of his position, and whether he willed it or not, to seek friends and supporters among the unknown thousands of good, well-meaning people in a state filled with them, and—as must always be the case with strong men—to welcome in hundreds the keen unscrupulous enemies always ready to put to foul use the machinery that has grown out of our institutions. He did not belong to the type whom Lord Rosebery described in his epigram, "The man who does not make mistakes makes nothing," but was one who admitted that he had rather more than an average capacity for blunders. He wanted the help that would get the work of government done as honestly and efficiently as possible. From these two years of obedience to that hardest of hard masters, his own conscience, he was to emerge into a responsibility that he had never so much as thought of as among human possibilities.

His success, coming without the training which has hampered so many men, suggests the thought that perhaps we are inclined to overlook a great quantity of human material that might be useful in carrying on our public work. If one man, caught after he was forty-four, could achieve such important results in a city, then in a state and later in a nation, how many like men may be awaiting the call to duty in many other communities? It prompts these questions: Are we, as a people, quite so dependent, after all, upon the formal products of party machines? Do all men, in order to be available for high usefulness, have to go through a routine that so often destroys courage, character and originality or breaks down honesty? Is it really necessary to be governed by human talking machines?

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Then ——"

"I own two legs and they've done a lot of hiking in the last few years."

Pudkin reflected. He believed the man would actually undertake the venture on foot. But that would spoil his spats and his shoes, which would never do.

"Well," he said slowly, "I might take you on trial. I'll start you on twenty and expenses."

He was not assuming much of a risk on that basis. He could get ten dollars' worth of work a week out of him as an office boy if nothing more.

"Done," agreed Cotter. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow?"

"Today if you say so."

"Hang your hat behind the door. I'll give you a map to look over."

III

INTELLIGENCE and a willingness to work will carry a man a long way in a short while. Cotter possessed both qualities. He not only studied all the maps Pudkin turned over to him but he secured a bluebook, several guidebooks and local histories, and in a week had learned considerably more about the past of those small towns along the South Shore than Pudkin himself knew. But Pudkin would probably have explained that he was not selling the past, but the present. That was true, and yet Cotter was able to use his information to good advantage. In the meanwhile he cheerfully did the work of office boy and ran as many errands as Pudkin found for him—the more the better, because it gave him a welcome opportunity to be out of doors, and as long as he was out of doors he had a chance of seeing once more the haunting face of Jeanne Buckingham. He had only one chance in a million, to be sure, but a chance in a million is still a chance. Men have fought through and won on that. He had seen it done on the battlefields of France.

In the course of the next week or two Cotter probably caught fleeting glimpses of at least several thousand women, and of them all there was not one he could remember or cared to remember. There was variety enough to suit almost any taste, but they left him wholly indifferent. As for Jeanne, she might have been at the North Pole for all he knew or for all the good it would have done him had he known. He did, however, learn two or three facts about her: that the Buckinghams were an old Boston family, that her father was a retired wool merchant, and that they lived on Beacon Street, which was supposed to be a mark of distinction. Just why, however, it was difficult to understand. He took a walk up there one afternoon and found a dozen houses for sale or to rent. They were on the market for anyone to purchase who had the price, whether wool merchant or wine merchant, banker or bucket-shop owner, lawyer, doctor or Indian chief. There were no restrictions as to past or caste. The only essential was to have sufficient money to make a partial payment, and that, for all the real-estate men cared, could be made at three-card monte. Yet for some reason or other occupancy of one of these rather gloomy looking residences immediately conferred a sort of prestige. Had Cotter been in a position to walk into a real-estate office with a certified check he might within twenty-four hours have claimed that distinction himself. This would have established him at least upon the first rung of the social ladder.

Cotter began to run across this sort of arbitrary and artificial barrier, supposed to be social, but which, as a matter of fact, was only financial, in the business of Pudkin & Pudkin. Certain summer colonies were rated as exclusive simply because land was valued at so much per square foot. This was particularly true of Pudkin's pet development at North Cotuate. Here was a group of thirty or forty residences upon what was known as The Cliff—an eminence some fifty feet high falling abruptly to a graceful curve in the ocean, making a small beach so exclusive that ordinary folk were not allowed to bathe there. Even the wreckage that was occasionally washed in here—the northeast winds and the stern rocks which made up this rugged shore had not yet lost their primitive cruelty—was looked upon askance as in the nature of an unwarranted intrusion. The sea, however, had little respect for the No Trespass signs which frightened off timid picnickers.

"We allow only the better class at North Cotuate," Pudkin explained to Cotter.

"How do you know they are the better class?" inquired Cotter.

Pudkin was surprised at such a question from such a well-dressed young man.

"We are asking from eight to ten thousand dollars for the few remaining lots. That means something, doesn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Cotter, "it does mean something."

"On the ocean front itself we have only one lot left, and that is next to Joshua Buckingham," boasted Pudkin.

"Next to—what was that name?"

"Buckingham. He comes of an old Boston wool family. Know him?"

Cotter shook his head sadly. "But I've heard of him," he explained. "Does he spend his summer there?"

"He'd rather be there than anywhere on earth. Goes down the middle of May and stays until October."

"Family?"

"Wife and daughter. He ought to buy that neighboring lot, but he's stubborn about it because he thinks the price too high."

"That is the ten-thousand parcel?"

"Ten thousand," said Pudkin with a certain firmness, as though he were talking to Buckingham himself.

"I shouldn't think he'd mind that."

"He's offered eight, and now he's just mad enough to stick to it. But I'll surprise him by getting rid of it this summer, and he won't like that."

"Ten thousand dollars," mused Cotter. "That isn't much for a lot when you consider the advantages."

"Why don't you buy it yourself?" suggested Pudkin in a playful mood.

"I will if you'll make it possible," Cotter came back.

"Eh?"

"I'll pay fifty dollars down, give you a note for two thousand and a first mortgage for the balance," declared Cotter.

"What do you want of it?" demanded Pudkin suspiciously.

"I like the location," answered Cotter.

"But you've never seen it."

"Is that necessary?" asked Cotter. "One-third sky, one-third sea, one-third better class—could anything be more perfect?"

"You aren't serious?"

Cotter opened his leather wallet and drew out five ten-dollar bills—all the money he had in the world. He placed it on the desk before Pudkin.

"I'm that serious," he said. "And that is as serious as it's possible for me to be at the moment."

Under ordinary circumstances Pudkin would not have considered the proposal, but he was influenced just then by two considerations: It struck him as an opportunity to force the hand of that stubborn old tyrant Buckingham, and it would place Cotter in a position where he could be assured of his services for some time to come—and this quite without risk of any kind.

He reached forward and took the five ten-dollar bills.

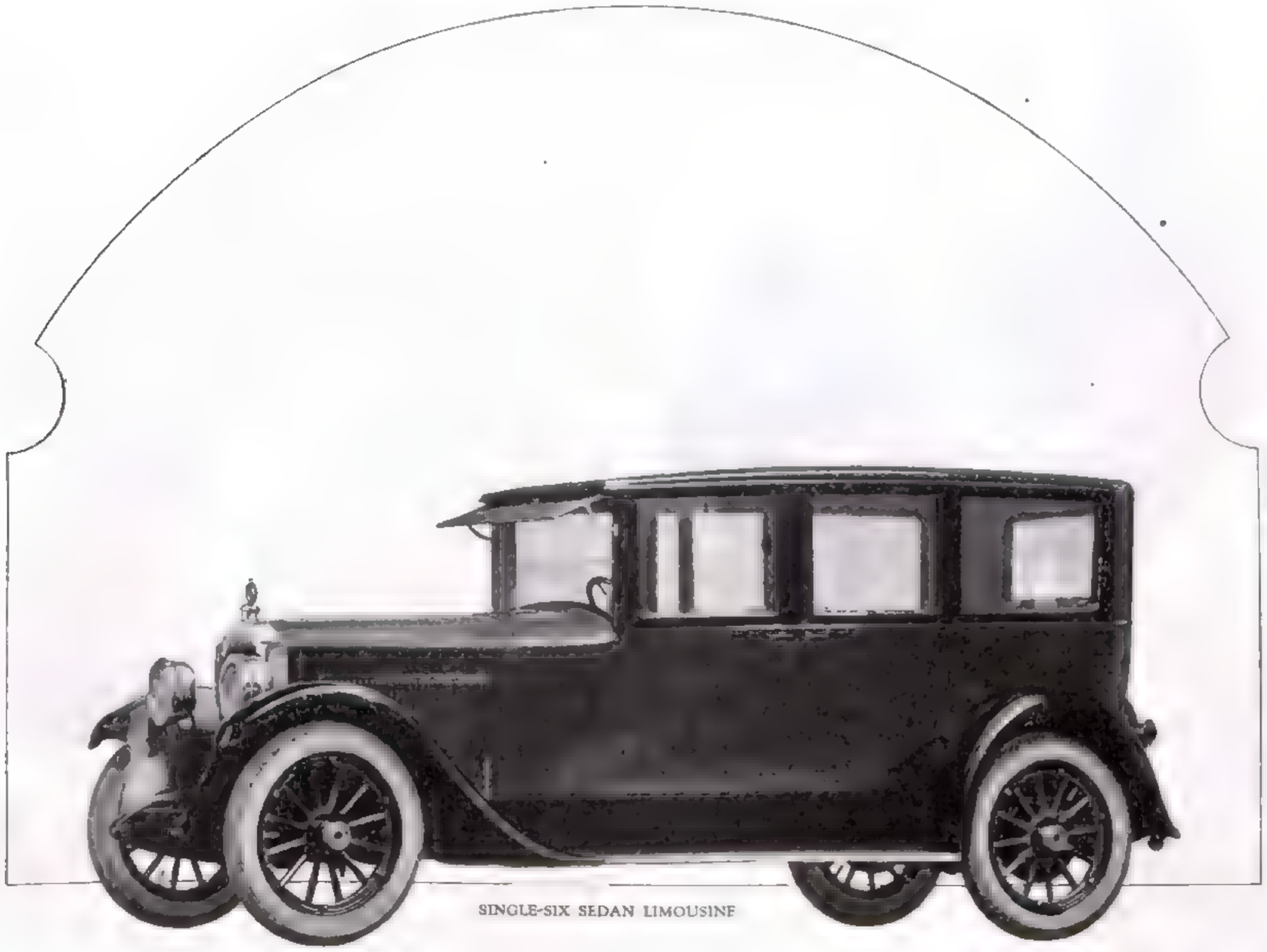
"I'll have the papers drawn up this afternoon," he said.

IV

IT IS perhaps going too far to claim that at this point Cotter had already determined to marry Jeanne Buckingham, but it is certain he had it in mind as an interesting possibility. What he had done and done deliberately was to establish a point of contact. By an investment of fifty dollars he had established himself upon The Cliff as Buckingham's neighbor. That dizzy height, which a few hours before had appeared as inaccessible as Mount Everest, he had scaled in a few minutes without as much as getting out of breath. That it should be so easy seemed absurd even to him. Yet that this was a fact was testified to by the warranty deed which for a few minutes he held in his hand before turning it over as security to Pudkin. The entire Government of the United States, including its armies and navies, stood ready now to back him up if necessary in his just and lawful claim of being a true cliff dweller.

A few afternoons later at the close of work he took a train and went down to look over his property. It was a warm day towards the end of May, and summer was in full swing. The grass was really green and the trees though not fully out had passed the timid sub-deb stage. Though of

(Continued on Page 42)



SINGLE-SIX SEDAN LIMOUSINE

It was inevitable that out of the two basic advantages of Packard experience and Packard equipment should come such a car as this new Single-Six.

In the fabrication of really fine motor cars there has probably been no experience so exhaustive as Packard experience.

So, too, there is probably no equipment in existence, dedicated over a long period to that high purpose, so exact and so effective in its application as the Packard equipment.

With these for the foundation, Packard has built for itself, among cars of its own calibre, a leadership so outstanding as to be unmistakable.

Carried beyond the best and most beautiful in Packard tradition, the new Packard Single-Six also sets itself apart and alone, as the most vivid example of value in its class.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685. Runabout, $2485. Sport Model, $2650. Coupé, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

The Packard Twin-Six is recognized as a superior car, which performs in a superior way. Packard Trucks are recognized as the unequalled hauling investment. Packard standardized service now insures an even lower cost of Packard upkeep

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

His Gift

To children—Bubble Grains

Prof. A. P. Anderson gave to children the finest cereal dainties they have ever known.

It is he who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And every day in summer they bring delights to millions.

Think what the bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, have added to summer joys.

The finest breakfast dainty homes have ever served

Cereal Tidbits

Puffed Grains are food confections. So dainty, so delicious they seem too good to eat.

The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. There was never a dish more enticing.

Yet scientific, whole-grain foods

Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Over 125 million explosions occur in every kernel.

The ideal supper dish—Puffed Wheat in milk

Thus every granule is fitted to feed. All the elements become nutriment.

The supreme foods for summer

If you believe that children need whole-grain foods, this is the way to serve them—morning, noon and night. This is the way to make them tempting—this is the way to get their value to the full.

Mix Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavory, nut-like—in every dish of berries

Puffed Wheat

—

Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 40)

course the season did not officially open hereabouts until after Harvard Class Day, an increasingly large number of summer colonists were breaking tradition, owing to the ease with which their places were made accessible by the automobile, and going down as early as the weather permitted.

Cotter stepped off the train at Cotuate and was obliged to inquire his way to his own place. A bus driver offered to take him there, but he preferred to walk the two miles, and every step he took made him gladder of his choice. Through the mild air, fragrant with salt and filled with the melody of hidden frogs in the marshlands and the twitter of sleepy birds in the bushes, he strode with a high heart. It was like a foretaste of paradise. Even though this was for him a new country, he was here not as a stranger but as a full-fledged citizen. He was now a property owner, and so these roads were as much his roads as they were the roads of the oldest inhabitant. They were as much his roads as they were the roads of Joshua Buckingham. It gave him a friendly feeling towards them and they in their turn seemed to welcome him.

It was necessary for him to inquire his way now and then, and this he did most conveniently by inquiring his way to the Buckingham cottage. It made him smile, but it bred an increasing sense of intimacy. He meant to take no undue advantage, but, after all, it was a fact that Buckingham, whether he knew it yet or not, was now his neighbor. And neighbors were neighbors. They shared the same sky, the same sunshine and clouds, the same view; they were parts of the same community and shared the same corporate interests; they shared, willy-nilly, the sight and sound of each other; they shared a knowledge of each other which enforced an interest whether friendly or hostile. The great barrier was down. Whatever might come of it he was now in the same field of consciousness with Jeanne, and not even Joshua could prevent that except by moving.

In the same field of consciousness—that was a heady thought! Even now he was sharing with her this glorious twilight and, if he chose to remain late enough, might even share with her the stars and the deep breathing of the night ocean. It made him quicken his pace.

The road began to climb. It was not a steep ascent, but it was a very significant one. The country to the right and left was more or less flat, but in this one place it rose to a point where those who dwelt thereon looked down upon all the rest. In five minutes Cotter stood upon the summit and saw spread out before him the mighty Atlantic, saw nearer a group of charming summer residences, saw in their midst one vacant lot. He walked to this with his chin up and passed, in their garden, Joshua Buckingham and his daughter. They both glanced in his direction, but whereas Jeanne immediately went on with her task of poking around among the rosebushes with a light rake, Joshua continued to stare at the intruder. Cotter sat down on the grass—his grass—and calmly lighted a cigarette.

He had sat there perhaps ten minutes when Buckingham came towards him.

"This isn't a park, young man," Buckingham declared sternly.

Cotter rose to his feet. "You're quite right," he agreed with him willingly enough.

"It's private property," Buckingham explained further.

"Exactly," nodded Cotter.

"Therefore you're trespassing."

"In that I think you're mistaken, Mr. Buckingham," said Cotter with his smile. "I've just purchased this lot from Pudkin & Pudkin."

"You—what?" exploded Buckingham.

"The lot is mine. My name is Cotter."

He offered Buckingham a card and the latter accepted it with caution.

"But look here," he sputtered, "I intended to buy this myself."

"Really?"

"It's outrageous of Pudkin to do this! Why ——" He half turned towards his daughter. "Jeanne," he called.

The latter looked up indifferently.

"Jeanne," he repeated while Cotter held his breath.

She came nearer, rake in hand.

"Pudkin has sold us out," he said. "This fellow ——"

"Cotter," the latter reminded him, removing his hat.

"He—he has bought here."

Even in the dusk Cotter could still see the brown in her eyes. They scanned him as impersonally as opera glasses, from head to foot, and there appeared in them a perplexed effort to recall something. Then her lips broke into the trace of a smile.

"It seems, then, you waited too long, father," she ventured.

"Waited!" he stormed. "Waited! I was only waiting for Pudkin to be reasonable, that's all. I'll bet it was the short fat one who did this."

"The stout one of about Napoleon's height," admitted Cotter.

The girl's face brightened appreciably.

"You are planning to build this summer, Mr. Cotter?" she asked.

"My plans are very indefinite, Miss Buckingham," he answered. "It was the situation which tempted me. A house offers some advantages, but as far as the view is concerned—it seems almost too bad to admit the sea and the sky only through cracks, and that's about all windows are."

"Then what in thunder do you propose?" demanded Buckingham, as though he had every right to demand.

"To enjoy as far as possible all the natural advantages the site offers," replied Cotter.

"Of course you know the building restrictions," said Buckingham.

Cotter nodded.

"But if I don't build I'm not restricted by the restrictions, am I? I have so much more room as things are now."

Cotter was almost sure he heard a low rippling laugh—almost but not quite sure. For one thing, the girl had turned slightly away from him towards the open sea. The dusk was deepening and the breaker crests upon the green waves were showing like restless ghosts. He swung away from Buckingham and watched the picture with her.

"Next to fire, there is nothing like the ocean for color and life," he said.

"It's always changing," she agreed.

"There's a difference even between oceans," he said. "I suppose the Atlantic and the Pacific are sisters, but that is all. It's easy to tell one from the other."

"I don't believe I could."

"I was born on the Pacific and know it well, but I'm wondering if there is as much to know about her as about her sister."

A servant came creeping through the dusk.

"Supper is served," she announced to Buckingham.

"Come, Jeanne," he broke in sharply in relief.

But before going she faced Cotter once more. It appeared an inhospitable act to leave him like this. The least she could do to offset such seeming ungraciousness was to be as polite personally as she had any right to be.

"As neighbors we shall be interested even in the house you don't build," she smiled.

"As a neighbor perhaps you will give me the benefit of your advice in planning it."

She did not commit herself further, but with a quick nod and a "Good night" she joined her father. Cotter watched her until she disappeared in the house. Then he sat down again on the grass—his grass—and lighted a cigarette.

V

TO BUCKINGHAM there was something absurd, not to say anarchistic, in a situation which permitted a young man who was a total stranger to camp at will in what was practically his dooryard. During the following week Cotter came down three times, and though he was not in any way objectionable or intrusive he sat there cross-legged like a Turk and stared at the ocean. Buckingham could not go out and putter around among his rosebushes without seeing him. What was worse, neither could Jeanne. What was still worse, she, instead of fussing about Cotter, fussed about her father. Mrs. Buckingham, who kept severely indoors all summer except when she went to ride in a closed limousine in the middle of the afternoon, reported to her husband that Jeanne had gone so far as to say she thought him lacking in common courtesy in ignoring his neighbor so completely.

When he challenged the girl with the quotation, which he should have known better than to do, Jeanne very willingly repeated her words.

"He seems nice enough," she added.

"What of it?" demanded Buckingham.

(Continued on Page 44)

Johns-Manville Asbestos as it comes from the mine

How Asbestos cuts plant upkeep

The whole history of a ton of coal, a pound of steam or a unit of heat in power production is a constant battle against loss.

Here Asbestos is champion!

It cuts fuel losses. It reduces wear and tear and it prevents shut-downs. Three factors that actually determine the price you pay for power.

In developing Asbestos into packings to prevent friction and leakage, in adapting it to furnace cements that improve the efficiency and extend the life of boilers, or in evolving heat insulations that save hundreds of times their weight in fuel per year, Johns-Manville has made possible new records of efficiency for most any plant.

Out of fifty years of constant work and study comes this formidable contribution of Johns-Manville Asbestos in spun, woven, felted or molded form that makes up the list shown on the right.

Here is a powerful aid in the job of getting maximum power at minimum cost from fuel at so much a ton. And what could be of greater importance to many industrials—now; for fuel, lubrication, equipment and labor are still relatively high, while markets are more closely fought for than ever.

So power costs are more than ever being scrutinized. It is vital now to find out whether wasteful plant practices are eating into narrowing profit margins and, if so, to convert these wastes into productive savings.

Right now there are thousands of plants that can economize by using these Johns-Manville Power Plant Materials, and often without loosening a single bolt or disturbing operation, and without a great outlay in money. Expertly applied as advised by Johns-Manville men, these products will transform poor showings into good ones and even raise good records for low cost of power generation into exceptional ones.

We are proving this, in the field, every day.

To men who are concerned about plant wastes

Note:—Not even industrial men realize what the Johns-Manville materials listed below will accomplish in efficiency and economy. To such we will be glad to send literature or arrange a call by a Johns-Manville man.

Packings

Sea Ring Rod Packing
Service and Sergelite Sheet
Universal Piston Packing
Kearsarge Boiler Gaskets
Duplex Rod Packing
Mogul Valve Stem Packing

Insulations

Asbesto-Sponge Felted
Improved Asbestocel
85% Magnesia
Johns-Manville Underground System
Brine and Ammonia Insulation
Johns-Manville Fire Felt

Boiler and Furnace Materials

Refractory Cements
Monolithic Baffle Walls
Aertite Boiler Wall Coating
Vitribestos Stack Lining

Specialties

Johns-Manville Steam Trap
Friction Blocks and Clutch Facings
Transite Asbestos Wood
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JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
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PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

Look at that stack of unanswered letters

UNANSWERED letters have a habit of piling up at a great rate—particularly when there is no social stationery in the house. The way a lot of people manage to answer letters promptly is by keeping a supply of personal note paper on hand.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

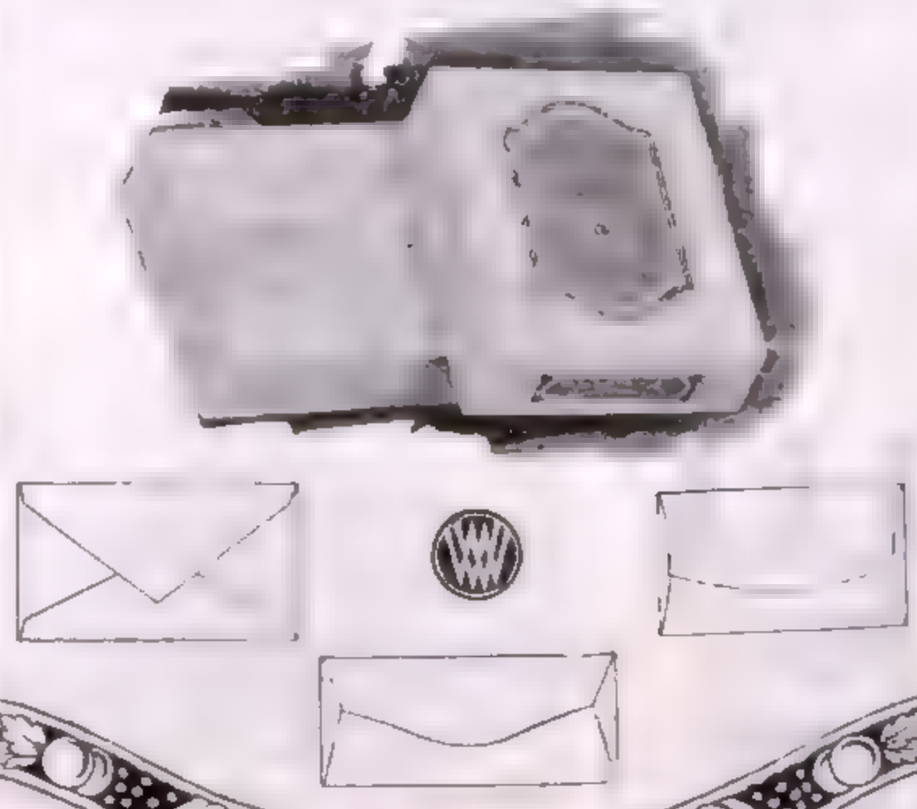
At drug stores, stationery stores, and department stores you can see Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in eight envelope sizes, with sheets to fit. These sizes are for general family correspondence and for men's correspondence. The paper is made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple. The price is from 35c to 75c a box. The same papers are also supplied in writing tablets in all sizes, with blotter and sheet of guide lines.

To make it easier for you to choose the best personal stationery, we will send you samples of different styles and finishes for ten cents (stamps or coin).

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



(Continued from Page 42

"Well, that's something in a neighbor."

"A neighbor?" snorted Buckingham. "We'll see how long he's a neighbor!"

That very day Buckingham wrote a letter to Mr. Stephen Cotter, in care of Pudkin & Pudkin, making an offer of fifteen thousand dollars "for the lot of land adjacent to my summer home, which I understand you have lately purchased."

He received a reply the next day which read as follows:

Dear Mr. Buckingham: You are correct in your understanding that I have lately purchased the lot to which you refer in your letter of May 12. While your offer of fifteen thousand dollars is generous and in all probability more than the land is worth, I have no desire whatever to sell. Very respectfully yours,

STEPHEN COTTER.

"The cub!" snorted Buckingham. "That simply means he wants more."

Intolerable as matters were, however, Buckingham was not prepared at that moment to go beyond this figure.

As a matter of fact, Cotter did want more—but not more money. He wanted more of Jeanne. A lonely dreamer dreaming on a cliff will dream strange dreams. It was not long before this small plot of land took on for him all the identity of a home. This came first with the sense of possession. This little portion of the earth was inviolably his. It was the first time he had ever owned any part or parcel of the globe, and when he stopped to consider what it meant the fact filled him with awe. Down through the ages, a billion years or more, this land had been in the making. In buying this he had bought a bit of creation, and so linked himself up with all the history that had ever been—those terribly silent early years, then the crawling years, then the monster years, then those ghastly white years when the glaciers sullenly ground their tedious way to the sea, then the melting years and the slow genesis of a new life when a million years were but as a single day. Lordy, that was a lot to buy, and it was only the beginning! Man could not count the following centuries when this bit of soil had lain under the sun by day—this same sun; and then under the stars at night—these same stars. It had played a part, a passive part, but a necessary part, in binding the world together, while men abroad were fighting through the dawn of civilization like beasts, and then like men, to the end, as far as he was concerned, that he might sit here cross-legged and undisturbed and call this his.

This was the foundation upon which his house rested. The roof was the sky, which had been even before the earth. A man could not think when he attempted to grasp the meaning of that. His mind was not big enough. He could only blink and say the words. The four walls were the limit of his vision—north, east, south and west.

Living in such a home it is small wonder that Cotter found it difficult to understand the arbitrary boundary lines which Buckingham seemed to establish between the two houses. He did not even try, except as far as his legs were concerned, and though legs are an important and useful part of a man they are by no means all. Yet the law, in dealing with trespass, considers legs alone. It does not bother itself with the eyes, which, with all they connote, are the chief trespassers.

Cotter saw Jeanne often as she glanced at odd times from her window, which overlooked his own windows on the south, as she lounged in the easy-chairs on the broad piazza facing the sea or toiled in the rose garden at the rear. Every time he saw her and she saw him he felt glad. Every such time he felt, too, just that much closer to her. Whether he had a chance to speak or not made no difference. This visual contact alone was establishing them more and more clearly in each other's field of consciousness. And nothing on earth that Buckingham could do—except to carry her off—could prevent that.

Cotter was now taking the affair very seriously. He shoved Buckingham farther and farther into the background. Jeanne herself was all there was to the problem. He was assuming a good deal, to be sure, to suppose that her feelings were at all kindred to his; and yet it is generally what a man does assume until he is given proof to the contrary. It is doubtful, too, if, strictly speaking, he had any right to call himself in love with her. It was more, he felt, that, given an opportunity, love would follow. A man could marry a girl like her and bank on the future. Most any man would take the chance. When all is said and done that is about the best that any man, or any woman either, can do.

In the meantime his business prospects were improving rapidly. Pudkin was not mistaken in the value he had placed on Cotter's appearance and personality. He possessed another quality, to be sure, of which Pudkin was not so appreciative—intelligence; but as long as the young man made his sales the details of how were not important. And sales he did make. It seemed almost as though all that was necessary was to turn a client over to "our Mr. Cotter" and allow the two a day at the shore and a sale was accomplished. And often enough Cotter took it upon himself to add another thousand to the scheduled price.

"It seemed a pity not to allow him to pay more when he was willing," was his explanation.

"Willing?" exclaimed Pudkin. "What do you do—hypnotize them?"

"No," answered Cotter seriously. "But it's a wonderful shore the old Atlantic has made for you, Mr. Pudkin. You don't half appreciate it yourself. I don't know any place on earth where you will find such variety of cliff and marsh, of cove and beach, of colorful rocks and golden sand. There isn't a point between here and Plymouth where a man can't stand and see a hundred pictures. Even on gray days it is wonderful. And when the old nor'easters blow in ——"

"Look here," demanded Pudkin suspiciously, "you trying to sell me?"

"I sat on my porch until midnight last night, Mr. Pudkin."

"On what?"

"Oh, the porch was all there. I didn't have to build it. But—ever see the water at midnight?"

"No."

"You ought to. It's glorious. And it makes you believe in things."

Well, the man might be mad, Pudkin concluded, but as Lincoln said of Grant, he'd like to discover the particular brand he used, and he'd have a dozen such salesmen.

VI

ON THE tenth of July, Buckingham, in order to put an end to the whole affair, made Cotter an offer of twenty thousand. Cotter refused it. He would have refused fifty thousand, because the elements had in the meantime done for him a kindly thing. He had been seated in front of his house watching an interesting gathering of coal-black clouds over the bottle-green waters. The gods were disturbed. They were working themselves into a dark rage. He knew that trouble was brewing, but he did not expect it so soon. It came in a few seconds—wind and rain and thunder. He bent his body against the fury of the elements and held on fascinated until he heard a voice to the left. He glanced in that direction and saw Jeanne beckoning to him. He obeyed her call and a few moments later stood wet and happy by her side on the Buckingham porch.

"Didn't you see it coming?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "but I loved to see it coming."

The wind drove the rain under the shelter of the porch.

"We'd better go in," she said.

He would have much preferred to stay where he was, but as she opened a door he followed her. Mrs. Buckingham, somewhat anxious, was seated before a wood fire—a middle-aged woman with a troubled face and delicate features.

"Mother," said Jeanne, "this is Mr. Cotter—our next-door neighbor."

Mrs. Buckingham timidly bade him welcome. Her husband, it seemed, was in town. Cotter was sorry for that. He did not like to feel that he was in any way taking advantage of his absence. On the other hand he was able to give Mrs. Buckingham a good deal of moral support by assuring her that he did not believe the house would be either struck by lightning or blown into the sea. Concerning the first contingency he could only quote the law of probability, but concerning the second he could speak with authority.

"The wind is the wrong way. It is blowing off the ocean."

"But it might blow the house down!" She shuddered as a particularly violent gust rattled the shutters.

(Continued on Page 46)

Way-Stations for Mileage

ALONG main-traveled highways, the motorist finds well-kept garages and dealers' stores bearing familiar orange and blue signs—Firestone Tires.

Here he knows he may buy mileage on a sound assured basis, free from speculation or risk. In the Firestone Cord he purchases values that protect his purse and insure his comfort and safety.

He has learned by experience not only to expect mileage delivered at the lowest cost per mile, but smooth, easy riding, unmarred by tire troubles. He does not need to be convinced of the superior strength of the Firestone Cord carcass and the wear-resistance of the non-skid tread.

It has been demonstrated to him, too, that the dealer who links his name with that of Firestone stands for the *value principle* in tire-selling—protecting his customers, giving Most Miles per Dollar.

Locate the dealer nearest you, whose store carries this name. Remember it when next you need tires—and all it implies in facilities and experience to give you the best tire ever produced at the lowest price at which true quality can be sold.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

LA FRANCE PATTERN

Unusual Beauty in Moderate Priced Silverplate

Good Silverplate that has long-wearing quality far in excess of its moderate price. Its guaranteed wear value is the manufacturer's obligation to you.

Teaspoons . ½ doz. $1.75 Medium Knives . ½ doz. $9.00
Sugar Shells . each .75 Medium Forks . ½ doz. 3.50
Pickle Forks . each $1.00

Many other staple and fancy pieces on the same modest cost basis.

"THE BEST AT THE PRICE"

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn., formerly by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Also made in Canada by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

(Continued from Page 44)

"Yes," he admitted, "it might. That's where my house has an advantage over yours. The elements can't disturb it."

"Your house?"

He saw Jeanne smile. That was all he desired.

Before he could reply she broke in with, "Mother, it's late, but mayn't we have tea?"

"Yes, dear. Will you ring?"

Tea was served, and though Cotter was conscious of his somewhat disheveled appearance he could not remember when he had ever passed a more enjoyable half hour. By that time the storm had cleared and Buckingham had arrived. He was obliged, of course, to be polite, but by no stretch of the imagination could he be said to be cordial. That, however, was perhaps not to be expected under the circumstances.

In thinking over this new development during the next few weeks, Cotter, himself, oddly enough was not altogether pleased. Up to this point he had been an absolutely free agent. Owing nothing to Buckingham he had been at liberty to act in all respects as he chose. The moment he crossed his threshold as guest, however, there were certain obligations which could not be ignored. And these came at a most inopportune time. If Cotter up to this point had made his approach to the heart of Jeanne with a deliberateness that could hardly be called romantic, once fairly within her sphere of influence he found conditions quite changed. With every passing day it became increasingly difficult for him to reason conservatively or to think sanely. In actual contact she appeared more wonderful than in his wildest flights of fancy he had imagined her. It was easier to keep his head when he dreamed about her eyes than when he was able to look into their brown depths. It was one thing to remember the little that could be gathered from a passing glance of that fine nose and those delicately sensitive lips, and another to have them before him as living realities. Without either design or effort she tempted a man to throw discretion to the winds—as sometimes when he stood on the edge of the cliff the ocean tempted him to jump because he could associate with its amazing beauty nothing but gentleness.

And just because of this newborn emotion he must hold himself steady. Up to this point this had been an amusing adventure; now it was something more. He felt a responsibility towards her as great as Buckingham's—the responsibility of a friend, a gentleman and a lover. He felt it the more as he saw her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush in response to the unspoken secret of his heart. There were other guests in and out—many of them—during the course of that summer. He met them and often became merely one of the group surrounding her. There were perhaps a dozen such upstanding young fellows, with a dozen more on the outskirts—most of them brothers and friends of the pretty young girls who made up the social life of the colony. He was swept into their midst, and though because of his business duties he could not participate so actively as they in their sports, he had enough; more than enough, for they forced him to share what he would have liked all to himself.

He walked with Jeanne and danced with Jeanne, and seated on the broad porch to which the nor'easter had driven him he talked, sharing the ocean with her. And by September he knew she knew what he knew, though he had kept his lips sealed.

He had kept his lips sealed because he realized that at the start he had not been quite honest—that he had tricked himself into her life. Night after night after leaving her he had tried to argue himself out of that belief. He had called his contention quixotic and overstrained, which was all very well until the next time he met those trusting, clear-visioned brown eyes; and then he had to begin all over again.

One evening in September, Cotter came down to his place and found Buckingham alone in his rose garden. He strolled over to the foot-high hedge that separated the two lots and astonished that gruff gentleman with the query, "Do you still wish to buy this lot, Mr. Buckingham?"

"Do you want to sell?"

"No, I don't want to sell; but I think I might sell."

Buckingham thought rapidly; then he put it this way: "I'll pay you thirty thousand dollars and give you five minutes to decide. This is final. I won't offer you another darned cent if you wait fifty years."

"I can't accept, Mr. Buckingham," answered Cotter.

"Then you go to blazes!"

"I can't accept, because thirty thousand is over the market value of the land. My price is ten thousand two hundred dollars—what I paid, plus interest."

"Eh?"

"And I'll give you two minutes to decide."

"Taken!" snapped Buckingham like a sprung steel trap.

"If you'll meet Mr. Pudkin and me in town tomorrow we'll close the deal," concluded Cotter.

With that he turned, walked to the edge of the cliff and sitting down, Turk fashion, lighted a cigarette.

A half hour later he heard in the dusk the shy rustle of skirts, and looking up he saw Jeanne. He sprang to his feet.

"It's true—you've sold to dad?"

"Yes," answered Cotter with a catch in his voice.

"But why?" she exclaimed.

He hesitated only a second, then he said, "Because I love you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

All by itself that did not mean very much, but taken in connection with the fact that instead of being startled away from him she threw up her head almost proudly it meant a great deal. Even so, Cotter continued to hold himself steady. She did not yet know the full truth.

"I bought this lot with the only money I had in the world—fifty dollars," he confessed. "I did so with the sole object of meeting you. The house—it was all a fairy story. I didn't have enough to build a chicken coop."

Her eyes grew bigger, but the words she caught up were these: "A fairy story!"

"I'd seen you just twice—once in New York and once in the train."

"I remember," she said.

"But you didn't even look at me!"

"No?"

"Most of the time your back was turned."

"Yes?"

"At the South Station a brute of a chauffeur dragged you off and lost you in a tangle of taxicabs."

"That was Peter."

"I've forgiven him, but at the time I could have choked him. I thought that was the end of you until Pudkin told me about this. I came here, like an adventurer—just to be near you."

"But why—why did you wish to be near me?" she asked.

"Because you are beautiful."

"That is all?"

"It was all then. Now—there is so much more now! But Jeanne—Jeanne, don't you see I got it all by a trick?"

She did not reply, so whether she saw it or not he did not know.

"There was nothing left for me to do but give it all back."

"To—to dad?"

What, in reality, he asked himself in answer to that question, had he just sold to Buckingham? This strip of earth; but what of the ocean and the sky which made up two-thirds? And what of his dreams embodied in this woman by his side? Surely he had not sold those for this paltry sum. He had particularly refused to accept more than the market value of the land. He had rendered unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's, and so was quits with him. The rest—he must give back to her from whom he received them. That was clear enough. It was simple justice.

"Jeanne," he whispered. "My love—which came from you—it's yours. Will you take it?"

"You—you want to give it back?"

"For you to do with what you will," he answered humbly.

"But, Stephen," she exclaimed, "what are you going to do with mine?"

The dusk had deepened into dark. The waves were singing on the shore and the stars were singing in the sky.

"Keep it forever and forever if God will let me," he said.

Her lips were near to his.

"Jeanne," came Buckingham's voice.

But he was too late. The advance payment which technically and legally seals all bargains had been made.

It is generally agreed that one of the most attractive houses on The Cliff today is the one located next to the Buckingham cottage occupied by Cotter and his wife—Cotter, of Pudkin, Pudkin & Cotter.

"Do You Endure Summer or *Enjoy* it?"

Overland, always a good investment, now the greatest automobile value in America

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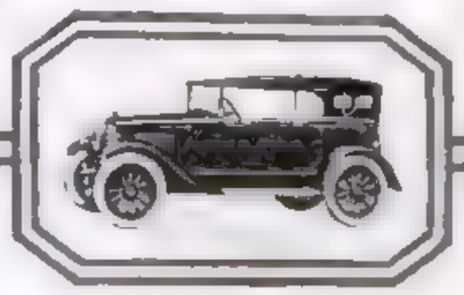

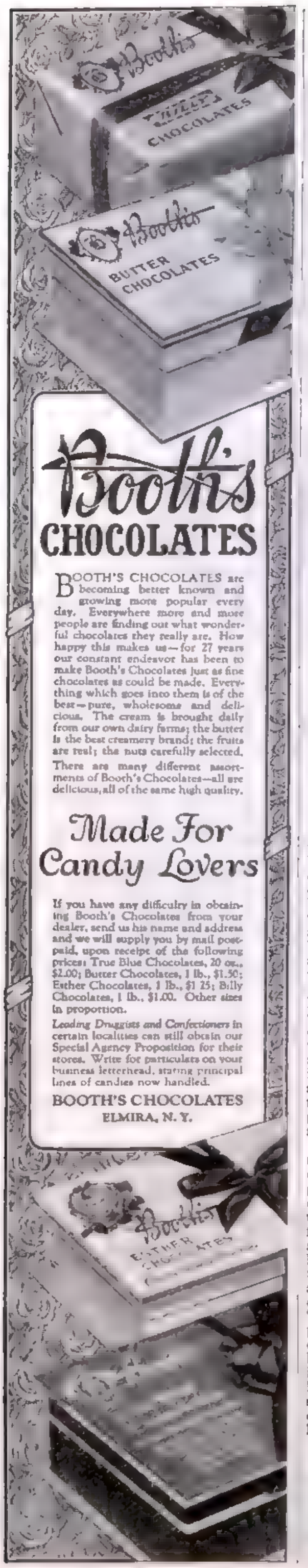
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BOOTH'S CHOCOLATES are becoming better known and growing more popular every day. Everywhere more and more people are finding out what wonderful chocolates they really are. How happy this makes us—for 27 years our constant endeavor has been to make Booth's Chocolates just as fine chocolates as could be made. Everything which goes into them is of the best—pure, wholesome and delicious. The cream is brought daily from our own dairy farms; the butter is the best creamery brand; the fruits are real; the nuts carefully selected.
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If you have any difficulty in obtaining Booth's Chocolates from your dealer, send us his name and address and we will supply you by mail postpaid, upon receipt of the following prices: True Blue Chocolates, 20 oz., $2.00; Butter Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.50; Esther Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.25; Billy Chocolates, 1 lb., $1.00. Other sizes in proportion.
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NO COMPROMISE WITH BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 23)

interest is political. It is not the improvement of the condition of the laboring man. It is a wholly new form of barbarism that he is after. In the last few years there have been strikes in half a dozen of the basic industries of this country, the radicals have tried to get control in nearly every case, and in practically every case the employers have won. Naturally. A vast majority of the people of this country are not radical, any more than they are reactionary or czaristic, and they do not propose to see any soviet experiments tried out here.

The simple fact is that the spirit of American institutions is incompatible with communism, the one big union, the proletarian dictatorship or any other form of dictatorship. The American workman, the American citizen in general does not propose to give up his individual liberty and initiative to any organization stronger than the Government itself, and so vast and powerful that only military dictators can operate it at all. But that is precisely and exactly what those who argue for communism, syndicalism, guild socialism, Bolshevism, and similar radical and revolutionary forms of government are trying to impose upon labor. It has been tried out upon more than a hundred million people in Russia; why should it not be tried here? That in substance is the radical argument.

The Appeal of Bolshevism

Now it must be recognized that, just as many people are willing to burn down houses for the fun of it, so many more are eager to try anything once. Bolshevism naturally appeals to those intellectuals, so called, who have no occupation save that of following one fad after another. It appeals to that comparatively large group of individuals who are unwilling or unable to face the realities in their own lives, who have failed to solve their personal problems and who compensate for this failure by grandiose schemes of world revolution. It appeals of course to a few men of strong mentality who see the opportunity of building their own careers upon the ruins of the old order.

It appeals obviously to the scum of those poverty-stricken and downtrodden portions of Europe which have never known the working principles of this country—liberty, democracy, opportunity. Men come here from the squalid pestholes of Europe and, without ever learning or becoming familiar with the life and institutions of a large majority of our people, attempt to apply to our sound wholesome body politic theories which have arisen on another continent from centuries of misery, tyranny and starvation.

Finally the hideous communistic and Bolshevist doctrine appeals to many of those who because of mental and moral defects are so beaten in the game of life that they can find no hope or attraction in anything except the most desperate and illogical schemes. Such are the forces, such the supporters of revolutionary mania, and though a few thousand have gone back to Europe far greater numbers still remain here to fester and germinate.

But what in brief is this experiment that so inspires these defective and unwelcome elements of our population? Surely the great main facts are known. Lenine secured power when he sent a band of sailors to disperse the Constituent Assembly, fairly elected by the people. He and his associates have tried out many plans, they have many theories and talk glibly of them. But there have been no elections, and there is no safety of person, no freedom of the press, of speech or of assemblage. The government has no authority from a popular representative national assemblage of the people. Large portions of the population have been exterminated, or terrorized into dumb submission Even socialists holding different theories have been persecuted no less than members of the capitalist or middle classes and such intellectuals as did not swallow the program whole. Even labor unions have been suppressed, and workmen forced to labor at the point of the bayonet.

Mr. Gompers has gone so far as to say: "The enslavement of labor is indeed the chief underlying cause of the entire collapse of the Bolshevist system and of the frightful suffering it has inflicted not only upon labor but upon the entire population of the country."

Another representative of labor, former Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, has said: "In the evidence presented to me in the Martens case it was clearly shown that a group of men calling themselves communists had set up a military dictatorship in Russia; that they had camouflaged it under the name of a dictatorship of the proletariat, seeking to convey the impression that it was a dictatorship by the proletariat; that it had by force of arms introduced compulsory labor, in other words, slavery, into Russia; that the proletariat were compelled to work at occupations selected for them at meager wages and long hours imposed under the direction of the military masters."

In other words, the Bolshevik experiment has struck at the foundations of democratic institutions which enlightened men have struggled for centuries to create. Lloyd George, who has sought as much as any man to bridge the gap between Western Europe and Russia, said just before going to the Genoa conference, "There was never a man so complete a dictator as Lenine."

But this is not all. Even while the Russian Government has been seeking political recognition from and the establishment of trade agreements with other countries, it has sought to stir up revolutions in those lands and overthrow their governments. Time and again the soviets have announced that they did not intend to be bound by their own pledges to bourgeois governments. They do not even pretend to recognize ordinary international obligations. Every now and then it is said that the Bolshevik leaders have capitulated to capitalism. But they deny it fast enough themselves.

Waste While Millions Starve

The chief delegate to the Genoa conference stated while there: "The most far-seeing statesmen of the capitalist world hope to tame us by commerce. That is Lloyd George's idea. We have, then, taken the bait. But our way is not that of Lloyd George. Both of us want trade, but we differ on future results. We await the disintegration of the capitalist system. Lloyd George awaits our conversion. We cannot be forced into any abandonment of our communistic principles."

Only a few months ago Lenine himself said that concessions to capital were only temporary retreats and that the true revolutionary applies all means to attain his ends. He still talked of the class struggle, of other governments being bourgeois, and of commerce being merely the main lever "whereby we will surely and quickly found the economic and social basis for socialism. History has closed on an old chapter of bourgeois parliamentarism and is now opening on one of proletarian dictatorship."

"In the United States and in all European countries, as well as China, Persia, India, Turkey, Mexico and even in South America, soviet agents have been repeatedly caught carrying vast sums for the purpose of propaganda," says Mr. Gompers. "While Russian agriculture is degenerating for the lack of plows and even of sickles and scythes; while the laboring class is starving from the degeneration of agriculture; while the railroads are falling to pieces and three-fourths of the children are out of school, the soviet finds ample means for vast expenditures for propaganda. Democratic governments, no matter how large and powerful, have no propaganda funds."

Shortly before his death James Bryce, one of the most sympathetic students and friends in the entire world of the institutions of liberty and democracy, said that the Bolsheviks "are a set of bloodthirsty ruffians." But the vicious and half-baked persons who would like to try it out in this country complain that Russia has suffered from blockade and famine. Now there is overwhelming evidence that under Bolshevism Russian industries have steadily degenerated even where no imports were needed, and under a far more rigid blockade German industry boomed during the war. Nor has there been any evidence of improvement in Russia since the blockade was lifted.

The famine itself has been due to a large extent to the breaking up of large estates upon which scientific farming was carried on, to the disorganization of the grain market through the collapse of the currency system and the decay of industry in the towns, and to the disorganization of the railway system.

Disillusioned Reds

Delegations of labor leaders—nearly all of them socialists and practically none from the moderate wing—have gone to Russia from nearly every civilized country in the world to investigate, and the great majority have come back utterly disillusioned and with a detailed story of incompetence, breakdown and reversion to barbaric misery. As one writer has expressed it vividly but with no exaggeration: "Numerous persons have gone into Russia as fervent soviet advocates, only to come out running, hands over their faces, like fugitives from a scourge."

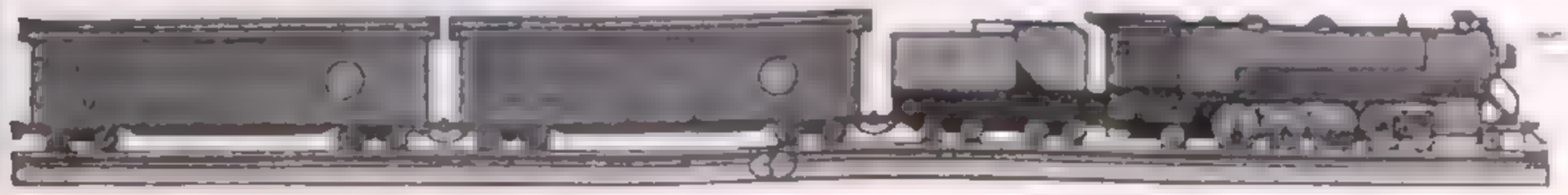
Indeed the Russian experiment has gone so far as to deny any worthwhileness in existing science as well as art and literature. It has been proposed in Russia to create a new astronomy which should be a "projection of the workers' efforts" instead of that of the bourgeois as at present!

This is the sort of mental disease, this is the softening of the brain which inspires the revolutionary movements of the day in this country as well as in Europe. The Russian people have suffered much, and vast sums are needed to rehabilitate that country. But as Secretaries Hughes and Hoover have so often said, the basis for credit must come from within and not from without. No lasting good can come from relations between this country and Russia, according to their view, "so long as the present causes of progressive impoverishment continue to operate. It is only in the productivity of Russia itself that there is any hope for the Russian people. Productivity is conditioned upon the safety of life, the recognition of firm guarantees of private property, the sanctity of contract and the rights of free labor."

Even before the war only 1.3 per cent of our foreign trade was with Russia. In her present broken-down condition it is a question whether commercial relations could attain any substantial volume for many years.

She has few goods to exchange, and, as Mr. Hoover says, goods do not move in an economic vacuum. But certainly in the eyes of decent Americans the profits to be made in Russian trade are of no importance, whether they be large or small. It is of infinitely more moment that the American people should be alert to learn of and vigilant to repel the attacks made upon its institutions of freedom, democracy, opportunity and prosperity, in whatever guise, by those who take as their ideal the communist experiment in Russia.

In a measure Europe's troubles are our own—but in a much smaller measure than foreign propagandists and interested American ones would have us believe. Our present business revival is proof positive that we are much more independent of Europe than they tell us. Even if Russia's trade were important to us—which it is not—no decent, liberty-loving American can view a compromise with the blood-stained crew in charge of Russian affairs, with anything but loathing and disgust.



Vigilance that forestalled impending ruin

"Since we covered your paper stock for $50,000," said the insurance agent, "paper values have depreciated. It is safe to reduce the insurance to $30,000.

"On the other hand, I must remind you again that your building is insured for only $200,000. Based on present building costs you should carry $350,000. Otherwise, in case of fire, you could recover only about one half of your loss."

Due to the vigilance of the insurance agent, this printer saved the premium on $20,000. Moreover, he safeguarded his business against ruin by fully insuring his property.

Responsible insurance agents and brokers everywhere are earnestly striving toward the end that all property may be adequately protected. And the service that they render is of great benefit to industry and to civilization.

Confer with your insurance agent as you would with your lawyer. He can help you quite as much—and he will.

Any insurance agent or broker can get you a North America policy.

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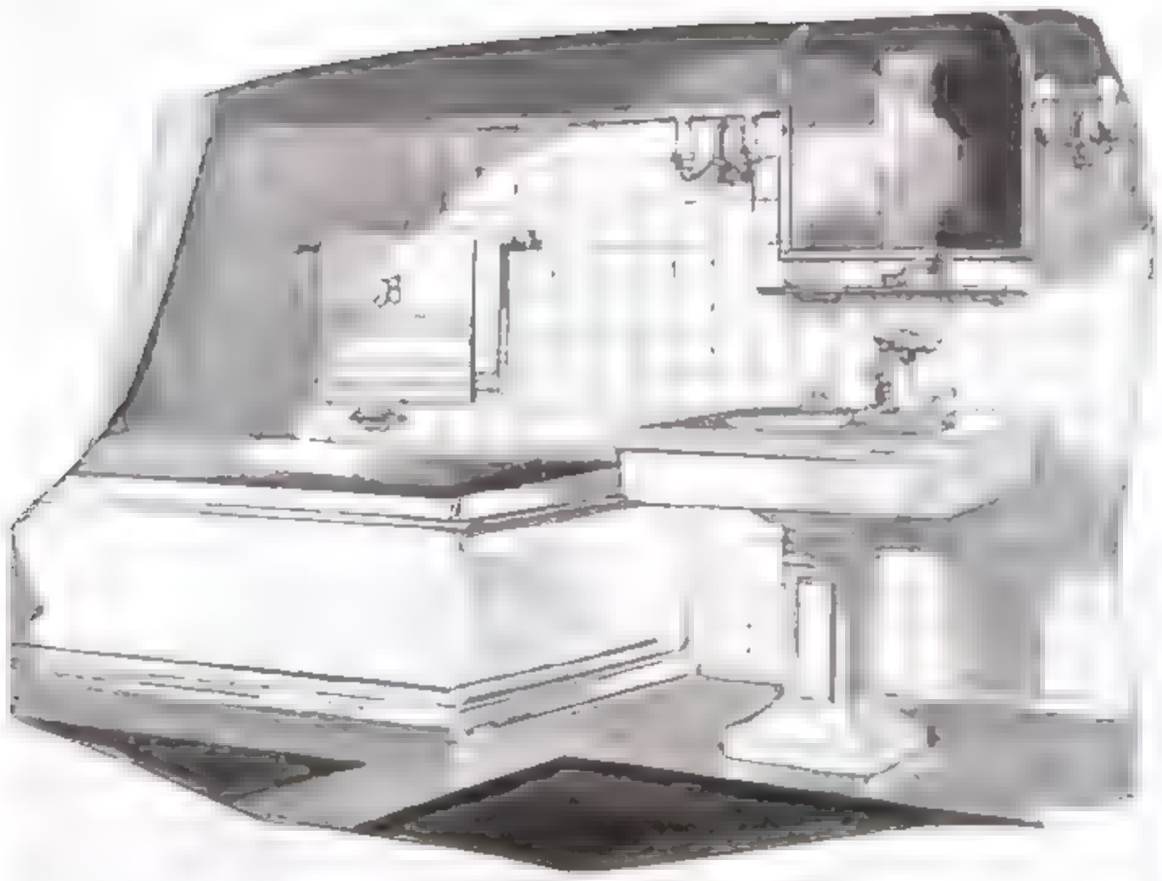
"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Capital $5,000,000 PHILADELPHIA Founded 1792

The Insurance Company of North America and the Indemnity Insurance Company of North America write practically every form of insurance except life



Find the Lead in this Bathroom

WHERE, in your bathroom, would you expect to find that common and useful metal, lead?

In the pipes leading to your tub and wash basin? Very likely you would find it there, for water-pipes of lead are to be found today in many well-built houses.

But when you had found these pipes of lead, you would have just begun to discover the articles into which lead enters. The glossy surfaces of your tub and basin contain lead—so does the glaze on the tiled walls. There is lead in the rubber stoppers. The collapsible tube that holds your shaving cream contains lead. The solder that seals the joints of all the plumbing is composed largely of lead. The paint on the woodwork is made of white-lead and oil.

The electric-light bulb is made of a kind of glass in which lead is a necessary ingredient, because lead gives clearness, brilliance, and heat-resistance. Little pieces of lead wire, called fuses, prevent damage when wires are overcharged.

These are just a few of the ways in which lead enters into your daily life. There are dozens of others, and of them all the most important is the use of white-lead as the essential ingredient in good paint.

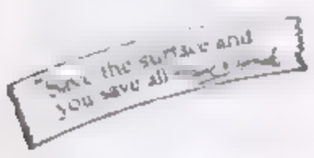
"Save the surface and you save all" means that paint prevents decay—and the more white-lead any paint contains, the greater its protecting power and its durability.

Paint manufacturers use white-lead in the paint they make. Most painters prefer, for all outdoor work, "lead-and-oil," which is simply pure white-lead thinned with pure linseed oil. For interior walls and woodwork, white-lead mixed with flatting oil gives a beautiful and lasting finish.

National Lead Company makes white-lead of the highest quality, and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of

Dutch Boy White-Lead

Write our nearest branch office, Department A, for a free copy of our "Wonder Book of Lead," which interestingly describes the hundred-and-one ways in which lead enters into the daily life of everyone.



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Dutch Boy Red-Lead	Sheet Lead
Dutch Boy Linseed Oil	Soldering Flux
Dutch Boy Flatting Oil	Lead Pipe
Dutch Boy Babbitt Metals	Bar Lead
Dutch Boy Solders	Litharge

Lead Plumbing Materials

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 19)

medium-size lawyers is plenty costive persons to hire for an important lawsuit, and naturally in the biggest town of all, where the lawyers run bigger, they'd cost a mighty heap more.

When he gets through specifying the situation to my understanding I gets another notion.

"I wonder," I says, sort of casual like—"I wonder, Mr. Dallas, w'y it wuz 'at Mr. H. C. Raynor should 'a' picked this pertic'lar moment fur callin' on you fur a big bunch of cash, specially w'en ef he'd 'a' kept silence you'd 'a' prob'ly gone on wid him, never suspicionin' anything wuz wrong?"

"Oh, I'm not so stupid but what I can figure that out," he says. "He's afraid so much of my money will be spent soon in another direction that he'll be deprived of the lion's share of what is left. He wants to strip me down close while the stripping is good."

"In 'nother direction?" I says, kind of musing. "I wonder whut 'at other direction kin be?"

"Can't you guess?" he says.

"Yas, suh," I says, "I kin; but I didn' think 'twould be seemly fur me to start in guessin' along 'at line widout you opened up the way fust."

"Jeff," he says, "I feel like a low-down dog to be dragging in a woman's name, even indirectly; and so I guess the best thing I can do in that direction is to keep my mouth shut and take my medicine. It appears that here lately I've acquired the habit of committing myself to serious obligations at times when I'm not exactly aware of what I'm doing. At the moment I don't seem to remember how it all comes about; then I wake up and I find I'm signed, sealed and delivered. I may be the damndest fool alive, but at least I'm an honorable fool. I was raised that way. Where my sense of personal honor is concerned I'm going to stick, no matter what the costs may be. I've been fed fat on flattery; now it's time for me to sup on sorrow a while. Do you get my drift?"

"Yas, suh, I think I does," I says. "Mr. Dallas," I says, "acuse me fur persumin' to keep on 'long 'is yere track, but is you right downright shore 'at you solemnly engaged yo'se'f in the holy bonds of wedlock to the lady in question?"

"I suppose I did," he says. "I must have. She assumes to think so; everybody else assumes to think so. And yet, as heaven is my judge, I never intended to lead anybody to believe that I wanted to make a marriage up here. It—it just happened, Jeff; that's all. I can see now how a lot of things have been happening, and why. But what can I do to clear myself from either one of these two tangles? I've asked myself the question a hundred times since noon to-day, and there's no answer. I can't lick Raynor at his own game. He's too wise; he's covered his prints too well. When I hinted at a lawsuit this afternoon he laughed in my face and told me to go ahead and sue. And as for the other thing—well, unless I go through with it, against my will and my better judgment, it means a breach-of-promise suit or I miss my guess. Besides, I still have some shreds of self-respect left. I can't deliberately try to break an engagement which I suppose I must have made in good faith."

"S'posen' the lady herse'f wuz to up an' brek it on her own 'sponsibility?" I says.

He laughed kind of scornful.

"No chance," he says; "no such luck for me! I've walked blindfolded into every trap that was set for me, and now it's up to me to play the string out till the last penny is gone. At the present rate that shouldn't take long. But see here, Jeff, I wonder why I sit here unburdening my woes on you? I know you would help me if you could, but what can you do? What can anybody do?"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "you can't never tell. Sometimes the humblest he'ps out the greates'. Seems lak I heared tell 'at oncet 'pon a time 'twuz the gabblin's of a flock of geese w'ich saved one of these yere upstate towns—Utica, or maybe 'twas Rome. I don't rightly remember now whut 'twas ailed 'at town. Mebbe 'twuz fixin' to go fur William Jinnin's Bryant—somethin' lak 'at. Anyway, the geese gits the credit in the records fur the savin' of it. An' ain't you never read whar a mouse come moseyin' 'long one time an' gnawed a lion loose frum the bindin' snares w'ich helt him? So, ez I says, you can't never tell. . . . But I wonder would you do me a li'l' small favor? I wonder would you read a piece out of a suttin' book ef I wuz to bring it to you out of the liberary, an' w'en you'd done 'at, ef you would go on to baid and try to compose yore min' an' git some needful sleep?"

"What's the idea?" he says.

"Nummine," I says. "Wait 'twell I fetches you the book."

So I goes and gets it down from the shelf where it belongs. It's the furtherest one of a long row of big shiny black books which all of 'em has got different names. But the name of this one is: Vet to Zym.

He takes a look at it when I lays it before him and he says, "Why, this is a volume of the encyclopedia! What bearing can this possibly have on what we've just been talking about?"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "you's no doubt offen seen ole Pappy Exall, w'ich he is the pastor of Zion Chapel, struttin' round the streets of Paducah in times gone by. Well, the Rev'n Exall may look lak one-half of a baby elephant runnin' loose, but lemme tell you, suh, he ain't nobody's bawn fool. One time yere some yeahs back he got hisse'f into a kind of a jam wid his flock 'count of some of 'em bein' mos' onhighly dissatisfied wid the way he wuz handlin' the funds fur to buy a new organ fur the church. Nigh as they could figger it out, he'd done confisticated the organ money to his own pussonal an' private pupposes. Try ez they mout, they couldn't nobody in the congregation git no satisfaction out of him reguardin' of it. So one evenin', unbeknownst to him, a investigatin' committee formed itse'f, an' whilst he was settin' at the supper table they come bustin' in on him an' demanded then an' thar, how 'bout it? Wid one voice they called on him to perduce an' perduce fast, else they gwine start yellin' fur the police. Wid that he jes' rise up frum his cheer an' he look 'em right in the eye an' he say to 'em very ca'm like:

"'My pore bernighted brethren, in response to yore questions I directs yore prayerful considerations to Acts, twenty-eight an' seventeenth; also Timothy, fust an' fifth; lakwise Kings, sixth an' fust. Return to yore homes in peace an' read the messages w'ich is set fo'th in the 'foresaid Scriptures, an' return to me yere on the morrow fur fu'ther guidance.'

"Well, they-all dashes off fur to dig up they Bibles an' see whut the answer is. Bright an' early next mawnin' they comes back to say 'at w'ile them is mighty fine-soundin' verses w'ich he bade 'em to read, still they ain't nary one of 'em which seems to relate in ary way whutsomever to a missin' organ fund. Then he smiles sort of pitiful-lak an' he reaches his fat hand down in his britches pocket an' he hauls out the money to the las' cent. The trick w'ich he had done played on 'em had give him a chanct to slip out an' borrow 'nuff frum a couple of w'ite gen'l'men frien's of his'n fur to mek up the shortage. Whut he needed wuz time an' time wuz whut he got.

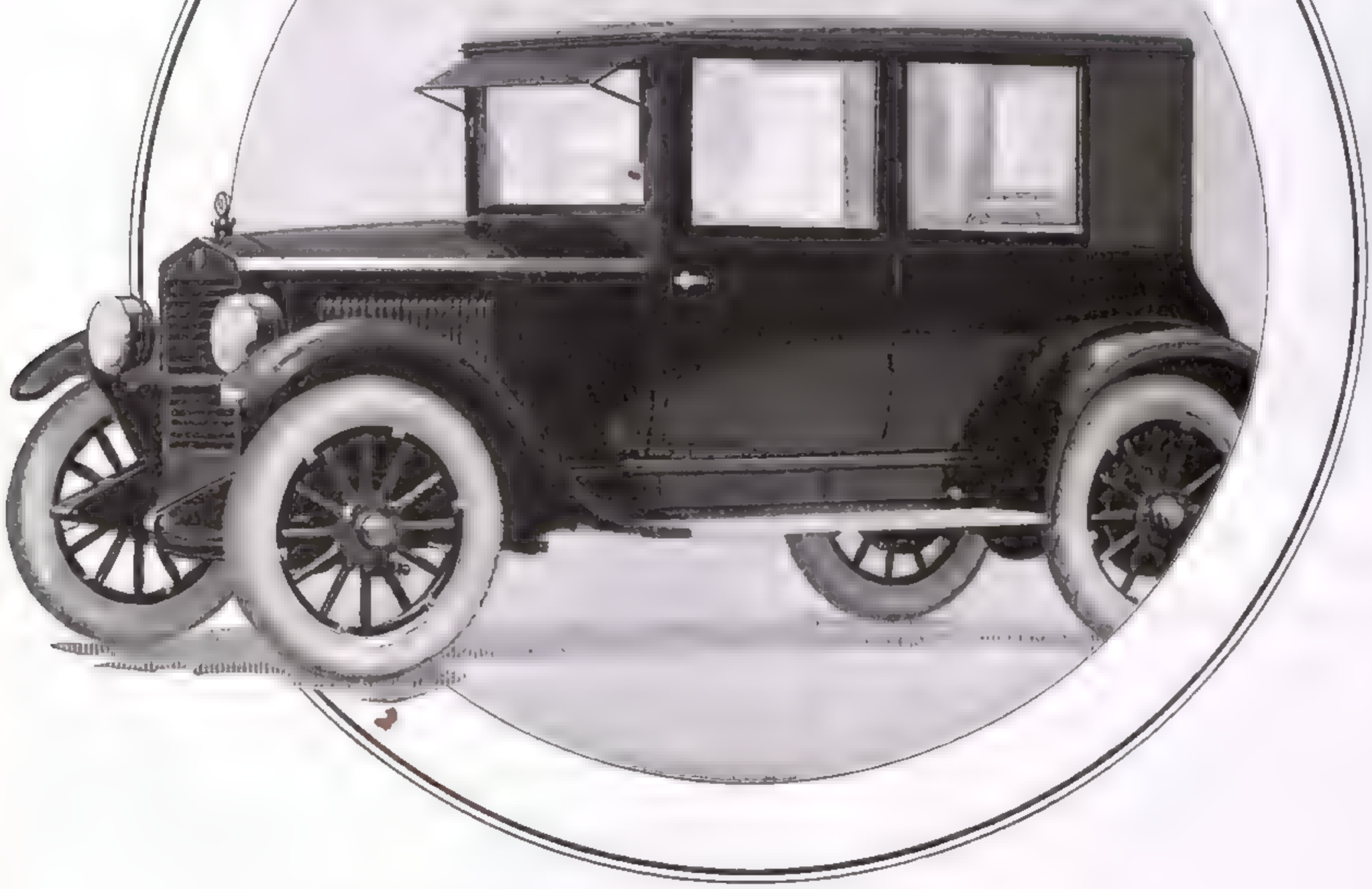
"Now, Mr. Dallas, I aims to borrow a lesson frum the example of ole Pappy Exall. I asts you to set yere an' read a chapter out of 'is yere book. It don't mek no diff'ence to me w'ich chapter 'tis you reads, jest so it's a good long one. I done looked th'ough 'at book the other day, an' most of the chapters in it is long an' ail of 'em is tiresome. You jes' read twell you gits good an' sleepy, an' 'en you go on to baid an' refresh yo'se'f in slumber. An' in the meanwhile I aims to steddy right hard over these yere pressin' matters of yourn an' see ef I can't see the daylight breakin' th'ough somewhars."

I can tell by his looks that he ain't got no hope of success on my part, but he's so plumb wore out from worrying that he ain't got the spirit for to resist me. He says to me he won't promise to read the book, but he will promise to try to lay aside his botherments and go to bed early, which that is sufficient for me.

I leaves him there and I goes back to my room, after telephoning to 'Lisses Petty that something important has come up at our place which will detain me away from him for the time being. And then when I gets to my room I sets down and takes off my shoes. It seems like I always could

(Continued on Page 52)

ESSEX COACH $1345



Its owners like it—the best test of all

Driving an Essex is so free of fuss and effort that every owner praises that remarkable difference. The hours they spend in their cars, above all, are comfortable hours. Controls are easy and natural. One is hardly conscious the hand directs them. Gears shift as easily as lifting a fork at table. Light-steering as a bicycle. Light pressure operates brakes and clutch.

And so reliable that thousands go out from the salesrooms and serve for thousands of miles without returning for even a minor adjustment. That, too, is an experience not common to motor car owners.

Drive the Essex. It is altogether different from any car you have ever driven. It will delight—and tempt you. Any dealer will be glad to arrange such a ride.

A Few of the Many Who Praise It

"This little Coach is a revelation. Handles easier, runs smoother than any car I ever owned. I don't think I will ever want to drive a big car again."

F. CODA, Jenks & Muir Mfg. Co., Detroit

"We are highly pleased with the Essex Coach. We like, especially, its simplicity, ease in operation, gas mileage, and price. I do not know of a car where you get as much for the money invested." FRED E. BODIE, Lincoln, Nebraska

"After owning various multi-cylinder cars, I was a bit skeptical whether I could be satisfied with the four-cylinder Essex Coach. Have had ample opportunity to test its worth, and must admit everything is on the favorable side of the ledger. Economical in upkeep, satisfactory gas and oil mileage, and power and speed aplenty. In short a 'delight' from every standpoint."

F. O. HANSON, 253 W. Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Touring Car, $1095 **Cabriolet, $1295** **Coach, $1345** ***Freight and Tax Extra***

ESSEX MOTORS—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A Bigger, Better Thermal Jar—Holds Full Gallon

YOU can carry eight times as much lemonade, iced tea or hot coffee in the Aladdin Thermalware Jar as in the ordinary pint thermal bottles. 16 big cups! Enough for the whole crowd!

Or use it interchangeably for food. Big four inch opening admits fried chicken, potato salad, baked beans, ice cream—whatever you choose.

Unusually sturdy. By a new process of **sealing glass to metal,** we use a thick, heavy, special strength glass inner. Further protected by extra outside steel shell. Sanitary insulated glass stopper—no cork. Easy to clean. High thermal efficiency. Capacity, usefulness, sanitation and durability considered, the lowest price thermal container you can buy.

For motorists, sportsmen, at picnics, in the home, office, sick-room, hospital, on the farm—everywhere.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You the New Aladdin Thermalware Jar

Call for it by name at leading **Department Stores, Drug, Hardware, Jewelry, Sporting Goods and Auto Accessory Stores.**

If your dealer hasn't received his supply, write us.

A Three Purpose Thermalware Dish for the Home

—Cooking
—Serving
—Heat Retaining

Enables the busy housewife to prepare the food in advance, set the table, and have everything **piping hot** at mealtime. Keeps the food **hot through the entire meal.**

You can cook soups, stews, vegetables, puddings, desserts, in the insert dish on stove or in oven in usual way. Place insert dish in insulator and put on cover. **The three parts instantly seal by vacuum.** Released by touch of air-vent valve. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Aladdin Thermalware Dish.

If your family is late or irregular at meals, all can enjoy hot food from the Aladdin Thermalware Dish.

For luncheons or afternoon parties, prepare such foods as chicken à la King, flaked crab meat, etc., in advance. Steam as hot when you are ready to serve. In Satin or Polished Silver, Polished Nickel and Copper. 3 Pint Capacity. A most acceptable gift.

To Dealers—Write us or your jobber at once for prices on Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes.

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ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc., 621 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me full information about Aladdin Thermalware Jars and Dishes.

My Dealer's Name is _____

Name _____

Street _____ City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 50)

think better when my feet was been freed from them binding shoes. When a nigger boy is fixing to run his fastest he's got to snatch his hat off and sail bareheaded, and I'm much the same way about my feet when I craves to think. So, my shoes being off, I just rears back and sets in for to give the problems before me the fullest considerations.

XI

THE way it looks to me, here is Mr. Dallas Pulliam, one of the most free-hearted, good-willingest young white gentlemen that ever lived, about to be throwed to the raveling wolves. He's elected to be the live meat, with a two-sided race on to see which one of the contesters can pick and clean him the quickest. And so, if he's going to be saved for future references, something is got to be done, and done mighty speedy, too, else there won't be nothing left but the polished bones.

I therefore splits up my thinking into two parts. First I studies a spell about the one proposition and then I studies a spell about the other. To tell the truth, though, I don't need to have so very many concernings over the case of Mr. H. C. Raynor. I did not let on to Mr. Dallas what was passing through my mind, but at the very same instant when he turned to me for help after telling about the row downtown at the oil offices with Mr. Raynor I hit spang on what might turn out to be proper medicine for what ails the gentleman. It ain't so very long, setting there in my room by myself, before the scheme begins to sort of routine itself out and look like something.

With regards to him I'm going mainly on the facts that he's like a lot of these here Northerners which ain't never been down South to speak of, and is therefore got curious ideas about the South in general. Long time before this I has took note that he thinks a colored person naturally enjoys being called a dam black rabbit or a worthless black scoundrel whilst he's waiting on white folks. Also he can't seem to get over my failing to say "Yas, massa" and "No, massa," when Mr. Dallas asks me a question; and I can tell he's kind of put out because I don't go round speaking of myself as dis nigga this and dis nigga that and dis nigga the other thing. In other words, I ain't living up to the character of the imaginary kind of a Southern-raised black man which he's been led to expect I'd be from reading some of these here foolish books which they gets out up here from time to time.

I knows full well what his sensations is in these matters, not only from the look on his face but from one or two things which I has overheard him saying in times past. So now I just puts two and two together and I says to myself that if he's entertaining them misled ideas about my race he doubtless is also got the notion in his head that every quality white gentleman from down South, and more especially them which hails from Kentucky, totes a pistol on the flank and is forever looking for a chance to massacrete somebody against which they've took a disfancy. I remembers now that he asked me once how many feuds there was going on in our part of the state at the present time. Rather than disappoint him I tells him several small ones and one large one. And another occasion he wanted to know from me whether they ever tried anybody in earnest for shooting somebody down our way. Secretively, at the time, I pities his ignorance; but I ain't undertaking to unlearn him from his delusions, because if that's his way of thinking it ain't beholden on me to try to educate him different. Looking back on it now, I'm mighty glad I didn't try, neither, because in the arose situation I figures that his prevailing beliefs is going to fall right in with my plans.

Inside of half an hour I is through with him and ready to tackle the other matter, which is a harder one, anyway you look at it. I takes my head in both my hands and I says to myself, what kind of a lady is this here one we got to deal with? With her raisings, what does she probably like the best in the world? What does she probably hate the most in the world? What would scare her off and what would make her mad, and what is it would probably only just egg her on? What would she shy from and what would she jump at? Where would she be reckless and where would she be careful? And so on and so forth.

All of a sudden—bam!—a notion busts right in my face. Casting round this way and that for a starter to go by, I recalls to mind what I heard Judge Priest norrating years ago touching on a funny will which a rich man in an adjoining county to ours drawed up on his deathbed, and how the row over it was fit out in court; and with that I says to myself, I says, "Hallelujah to my soul, ole problem, I shore does believe Ise got you whar the wool is short—dog-gone me ef I don't!"

It's getting on towards eleven o'clock when I puts my shoes back on and slips in to see what Mr. Dallas is doing. He's still setting right where I left him, with the book in front of him. But his eyes, seems to me, is beginning to droop a little. Well, there ain't nobody living could linger two hours over them Vets to Zyms without getting all drowsied up.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "I thinks the daylight is startin' to sift in th'ough the cloakin' clouds. I seems to see a bright streak—in fact, a couple of streaks. But, even so, I is got to be lef' free to wu'k things out my own way. Is you thus agreeable, suh?"

"Jeff," he says, "I'm in your hands. There's no one else into whose hands I can put myself. What do you want me to do?"

"Well, suh," I says, "fust I wants you fur to go tek off yore things an' git yo'se'f settled in baid fur the night. Tha's the starter."

"Agreed!" he says. "And then what?"

"Well, next," I says, "I don't want you to go downtown a-tall to-morrow. I want you fur to stay right whar you now is. In the mawnin' keep 'way frum the telephone. Ef I ain't yere to answer it jes' you an' Koga let it ring its haid off an' don't pay it no mind. In the afternoon you may have a 'portant visitor answerin' to the entitlemints of Mr. H. C. Raynor, Esquire. Befo' he gits yere I'll tell you whut's to come off betwixt you two, purvided the perliminary 'rangemints, ez conducted by me, has wukked out all right. But I ain't aimin' to tell you the full plans yit—too much is got to happen in the meantimes. To-morrow is plenty time."

"Just as you say," he says. "I'm going to my room now."

"Wait jest one minute, please, suh," I says as he gets up. "Mr. Dallas, you ain't ownin' no pistol, is you?"

"What would I be doing with a pistol?" he says, sort of puzzled. "I never owned one in my life. I don't believe I ever shot one off in my life." Then a kind of a shamed smile comes onto his face. "Why, Jeff," he says, "you aren't taking seriously what I said early to-night about suicides, are you? You needn't worry. I'm not thinking of shooting myself yet awhile."

"I ain't worryin' 'bout 'at," I says. "I ain't figgerin' on you shootin' yo'se'f. I ain't figurin' on yore havin' to shoot nobody else. Never'less, though," I says, "an' to the contrary notwidstandin', sence you ain't got no pistol, you's goin' to have one befo' you is many hours older—a great big shiny fretful-lookin' one."

"What am I to do with it after I get it?" he says.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "please, suh, go on to bed lak you promised me. I got a haidache now clear down to the quick, jest from answerin' my own questions."

I speaks this to him just like he is a little boy and I is his nurse, and off he goes, just like a wore-out, desponded, onhappy little boy.

XII

AS I LOOKS back on it now, after the passing of two weeks, about, it seems to me I never traveled so fast and covered so much ground in all my born days as I did on the next day following immediately along after this here night before. For a while you just naturally couldn't see me for the dust.

In the first place, right after breakfast time I glides out and I scoots uptown and I puts up ten dollars for security and thereby I borrows the loan of one of his extra spare revolovers off of a yellow-complected person named Snake-Eye Jamison, which it is his habit to go round the colored districts recommending himself as being the coroner's friend and acting very gunnery towards parties that he gets dissatisfied with. I don't know how many folkses he's killed in his life, but he must bury his dead where they falls, because I ain't never had none of the gravestones pointed out to me. But, anyway, he goes heeled on both his hips at all times; but I makes him onload her before he turns her over to me, because I is not taking no chances of that thing going off accidental

Continued on Page 54

Output Doubled Prices Reduced–

An Important Announcement to Tire Dealers and Car Owners

ONE of the most important announcements in the history of the tire industry was made a few weeks ago, when prices on HYDRO-TORON tires were reduced. Having begun work in our new factory, which had made possible a daily output more than double the plant's previous capacity, we announced as follows:

20% reduction on all Ford sizes (30x3, 30x3½, and 31x4 Clincher Type) and
10% reduction on all sizes of straight-side tires.

Such savings mean much to the tire buying public, because HYDRO-TORON tires—notably successful in service as the result of distinctive processes—are now available at prices not only lower than cords, but lower than the prices of many of the fabric tires.

All Previous HYDRO-TORON Values Remain:

The Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process, whereby hidden defects in the course of tire building are prevented;

The Toron chemical process of treating fabric, which seals the tire against moisture and decay, and increases the tensile strength and holding power of the tire's various parts;

The unusual guarantee of 10,000 miles against stone-bruise, rim-cut and blow-out;

The oversize feature,

And now the lower prices, for tires that represent values which are really conspicuous in this industry

Dealers: Open territory is available. Our proposition is uncommonly attractive. Write for information regarding discounts, and for proof of what other dealers think of HYDRO-TORON as a money-making line.

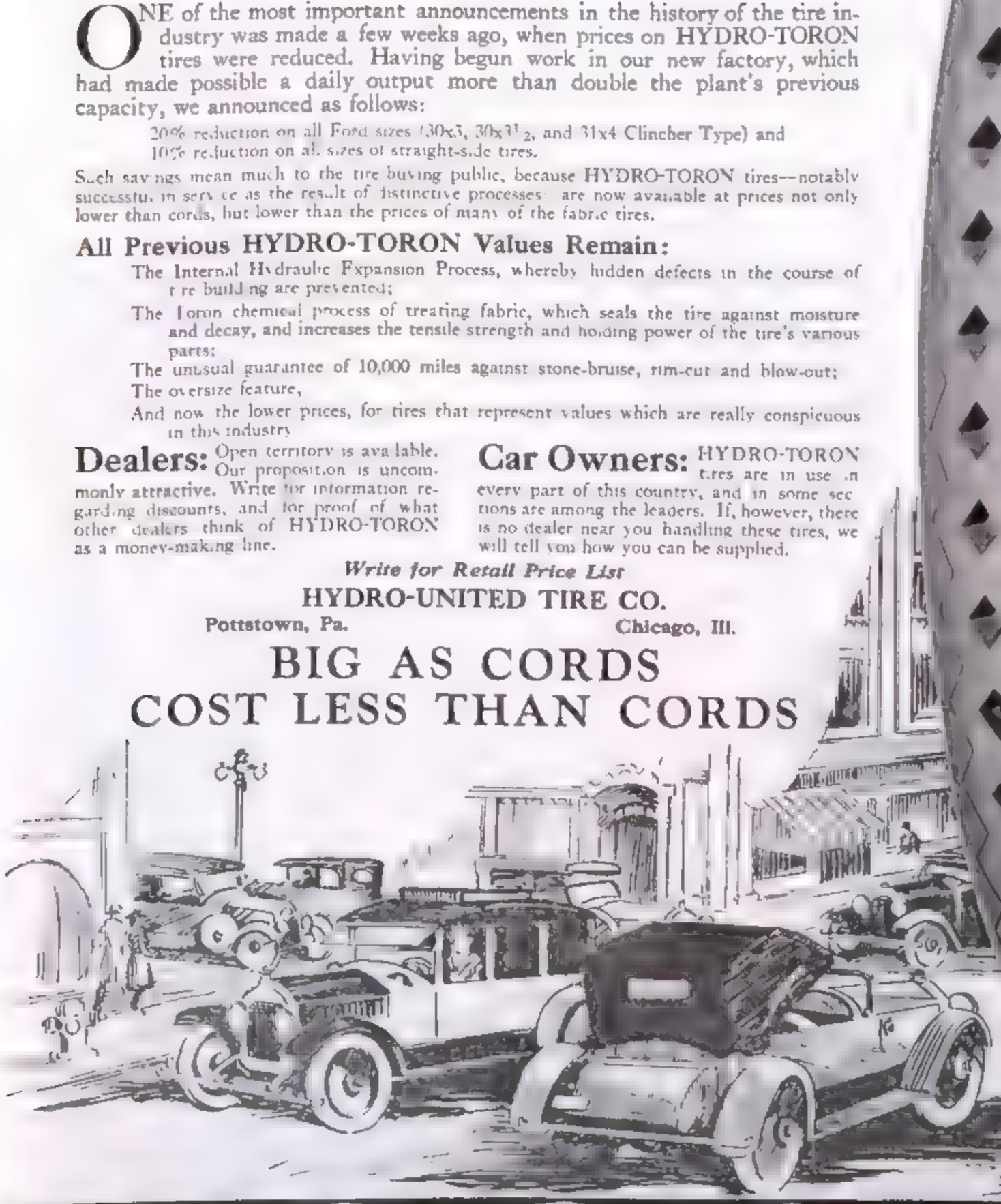
Car Owners: HYDRO-TORON tires are in use in every part of this country, and in some sections are among the leaders. If, however, there is no dealer near you handling these tires, we will tell you how you can be supplied.

Write for Retail Price List

HYDRO-UNITED TIRE CO.

Pottstown, Pa. **Chicago, Ill.**

BIG AS CORDS
COST LESS THAN CORDS



HYDRO-TORON

Guaranteed **10,000 Miles** *Against Stone Bruise Rim Cut–Blow Out*

How much per month?

MARMON maintenance has been reduced to a remarkable minimum. Nation-wide records disclose new economies.

For example, the maintenance of all Marmons purchased during the past year in the Kansas City territory, where much is demanded of a car, shows the average to be only $4.28 per month per car.

But minimum maintenance is not the only attraction. The price of the Marmon has been reduced to $3185!

Such attainments have won for Marmon its rank as The Foremost Fine Car, and the preference of graduate motorists.

MARMON
The Foremost Fine Car

Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY (A)
Established 1851
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Continued from Page 52)

and maybe crippling somebody. I totes this here large and poisonous-looking chunk of dark-blue hardware back to the apartment and stores it in a safe place where I can put my hand upon it on short notices. Then I waits until Mr. Dallas is in the bathroom with the water running so as to hide the sound of my voice and I goes to the telephone and I calls up Miss Bill-Lee's* number over on Riverside Drive. She must've rose early so as to have her complexion laid on so it'll get set good before she comes forth for the day, because it's her which answers my call instead of the maid. I tells her it's me on the wire, and I asks her as a special favor can I run over to her flat soon as it's agreeable to speak with her on a very important matter. She says yes so eager like it must be she's expecting I'm fetching a present from Mr. Dallas same as I has done quite often before this. She says I can come at ten o'clock.

Ten o'clock and I'm at her door. She's in her setting room waiting for me. She looks sort of disappointed when she sees I ain't brought along no flowers nor no candy nor no jewelry box nor nothing with me; but she welcomes me very kindly. I don't lose no time getting going.

"Miss DeWitt," I says, making my voice as winning as I can, "now 'at you an' Mr. Dallas is fixin' to git married to one 'nother I been wonderin' 'bout whut's goin' become of me in the shuffle. I 'preciates 'at he laks me fust-rate; but he idolizes you so deeply 'at I knows he wouldn't keep on keepin' me nur nobody else round him widout he wuz shore 'at you laked 'em too. Tha's whut's been worrying me—the question of whether you felt disposed agreeable to me. An' so, after broodin' over the matter fur goin' on it's nearly a week, I finally is tuck the liberty of comin' to speak to you 'bout it—yas-sum!"

"Jefferson," she says, kind of indifferent and yet not hostile, "I have nothing against you; in fact, I rather like you. If your services are satisfactory to Dallas I shall have not the slightest objection to his keeping you on as his servant."

"Thanky, ma'am," I says. "Hearin' you say 'at frum yore own lips suttinly teks a big load offen my mind. I strives ever to please. 'Sides, I got a mighty winnin' way wid chillen. I'll come in handy w'en it comes to he'pin' out wid the nursin' an' all lak 'at."

She sets up straight from where she's been kind of half laying down and some of that chain-gang jewelry of hers gives a brisk rattle.

"Children!" she says, plenty startled. "What in the world are you talking about?"

I answers back like I'm expecting, of course, she'll understand.

"W'y," I says, "the chillen w'ich enshores 'at Mr. Dallas don't lose out none in the final cuttin' up of the estate," I says.

By now she's rose bolt upright on her feet. All that languidsome manner is fled from her and her voice is sharper than what I ever has heard it before.

"What's that?" she says, quite snappy. "What's that you are saying? Do you mean to tell me that Dallas has been married before—that he has a child—or more than one child—hidden away somewhere?"

"Oh, nome," I says, very soothing, "nothin' lak 'at. Course Mr. Dallas ain't never been married. Up twell now he's practically been heart whole an' fancy free. Yas-sum! I wuz merely speakin'—if you'll please, ma'am, scuse me—of the chillen w'ich natchelly'll be comin' long ez purvided for under the terms of the ole gen'leman's will, you know. Tha's all I meant."

"Will!" she says. "What will? Whose will? Here, you, give me the straight of this thing! I haven't the faintest idea what it's all about."

"Now, thar!" I says, acting like I'm overcome with a sudden great regret. "Ain't that jest lak me—puttin' my big foot in it, gabblin' 'bout somethin' w'ich it ain't none of my affairs? Most doubtless, Mr. Dallas he's been savin' it all up ez a happy surprise fur you. An' now, in my innocence an' my ign'ance, I starts blabbin' it fo'th unbeknownst. Lemme git out of yere, please, ma'am, 'fore I gits myse'f in any deeper 'en whut already I is in!"

She comes sailing across the floor right at me. Them big floating black eyes of hers seems to get smaller and sharper until they bores into me the same as a pair of sharp gimblets.

"You stay right where you are!" she says, commanding as a major general. "You don't leave this room until I get this mystery straightened out."

"Please, ma'am, I'd a heap ruther you spoke to Mr. Dallas 'bout it," I says, pretending to be pleading hard. "No doubt in due time he'll confide to you all 'bout the way the property is tied up, an' 'bout his paw's views ez 'pressed in the will, an' also 'bout the way the matter stands betwixt him an' his twin brother, Mr. Clarence, an' all the rest of it."

"Twin brother!" she says, and by now she's been jolted so hard she's mighty near to the screeching point. "Where is this twin brother? I never heard of him—never dreamed there was such a person. Say, are you crazy or am I?"

"W'ich 'at do settle it!" I says, very lamentful. "Ef Mr. Dallas ain't told you 'bout his twin brother neither, it suttinly is a shore sign to me 'at he wuz aimin' to purserve ever'thing ez a precious secret frum you fur the time bein'. I spects he'll jest more'n snatch me ball-haided fur this, Miss DeWitt. Please, ma'am, don't say nothin' to him 'bout my havin' give you the tip, will you?"

"I don't want tips," she says. "I want facts, and I'm going to have them here and now—and from you! If you want to get out of here with a whole skin you'll quit your vague mumblings about wills and children and estates and twin brothers that I never heard of before, and you'll tell me in plain words the entire story—whatever it is—that has been held back from me so carefully. You tell it, beginning to end!"

"Yas-sum," I says, "jest ez you wishes, ma'am." I tries to make my voice sound like I'm scared half to death, which it don't call for no great amount of putting-on on

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*Note: It has just dawned upon Jeff's volunteer amanuensis that through the preceding pages of this narrative Jeff's more or less phonetic rendering of this word was an effort on his part to deal with the Gallicized pronunciation of an English diminutive for a common proper name; to wit: Billy.

"Mr. Dallas," I Says, "I is Your Frien' an' Yore Desperit Well-Wisher Besides"

5¢
Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious
Refreshing
The answer
to thirst
after play
The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga.

From a painting by L. V. CARROLL. © ARCO. 1922

Three tons saved for Mr. Haller

MR. FRANK HALLER of Dayton, Ohio, heated his home with stoves. Many a winter night he got up in the dark to pour on more coal.

Yet with all his care the house was merely hot in spots, never really warm. Besides which the stoves were dusty.

So Mr. Haller installed ARCOLA in his kitchen, connecting it with small pipes to an American Radiator in each of the other rooms. Now he has the same hot-water warmth which American Radiators give to the finest homes and buildings throughout the world.

ARCOLA requires no night attention; *and it saved Mr. Haller the first winter more than three tons of coal.*

Hot-water warmth is ideal warmth —worth having even if its cost were high. But the fine thing about ARCOLA is that its cost comes back to you.

It pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

This is ARCOLA; send to either address below for the illustrated book describing it.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

AMERICAN RADIATORS IDEAL BOILERS

104 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK Dept. 57 816 SO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 54)

my part, neither, because she has done shed all her laziness and all her silkiness and all her smoothness same as a blue racer sheds his skin in the spring of the year, and she's done bared her real het-up dangersome self before me. "Jest ez you wishes," I says, "only I do trus' an' pray 'at you'll purtec' me from Mr. Dallases' wrath w'en he finds out I done spilt ever'thin' so premanture lak."

"Forget it!" she says. "It strikes me I'm the one who needs protection if anybody does. Now without any more dodging or ducking you give me the cold truth, understand? No original embroidery of your own, either—the cold truth, all of it! And if I find out afterwards that you've been holding back a single detail from me ——"

With that she stops short and pins me with them eyes of hers. I can't hardly keep from flinching back from before her. If she was a hornet it'd be high time to start one of the hands off to the nearest drug store after the soothing ointments, because somebody certainly would be due to get all stung up. Rejoiceful though I is inside of me to see how nice she's grabbed at all the hints which I has flung out to her like fishing baits, one after another, I'd be almost as glad if I was outside that room talking to her through the keyhole. But it's shore dependent on me to set easy and keep on play acting and not make no slips. Things is going well, but they has got to go still better yet if she's to swallow down the main dose.

XIII

SO I SPREADS out both my hands like as if I'm plumb cowed down and licked, and then I starts in handing out to her the yarn which I'd spent half the night before piecing it together in my mind. It's a mighty nice kind of romancing, if I do say so, and full of plausibleness, specially that part of it which is built up on what I remembers the old judge having told me about the curious case which come up that time in one of the adjoining counties. But the rest of it, including the most fanciest touches, such as Mr. Clarence and the old maiden-lady aunt and the two sets of triplets and all, has been made up right out of my own haid, and I asks credit.

But now, whilst I'm setting there telling it to her and watching her close to see how she's taking it, I'm praying to the good Lord, asking Him will He please, Master, forgive me for onloading such a monstrous pack of what-ain't-soes on an onsuspecting and worked-up lady. And at the same time I'm hoping the spirit of Mr. Dallases' dear departed father, which he was one of the nicest, quietest old gentlemen that ever breathed, won't come ha'nting me for low-rating his memory so scandalous. I knows full well he must be turning over in the grave faster and faster every minute which passes. I only can trust he don't see fit to rise from it.

"Miss DeWitt," I says, "lissen, please, an' you shall know all. You see, ma'am, ever'thing in 'is connection dates back to the time w'en Mr. Dallases' paw made his dyin' will some six or seven yeahs ago. 'Course, as you doubtless has learned befo' now, he lef' the bigges' part of the estate tied up."

"I don't know any such thing!" she says, breaking in again, and even more savage like than before. "Do you mean to tell me Dallas is not the sole master of his own property?"

I sort of stammers and hesitates like I'm astonished that she don't know that part of it neither. My hanging back only makes her yet more fierce to hear the rest.

"Well'm," I goes on to say when finally I sees she's liable to blow clean up if I delays further, "the real facts of the case is that he ain't actually got no property a-tall ez you mout say. He only draws down one-ha'f the intrust frum it. He don't get nigh ez much income, neither, ez whut folkses mout think frum his free way of spendin' his money right an' lef'. Ez a matter of fact, an' in the strictes' confidences, Miss DeWitt," I says, "he is mos' gin'elly alluz in debt to the trustees by reason of him bein' overdrawed. But 'course," I says, "'at part of it ain't neither yere nor thar, is it? Ef Mr. Dallas wants to slather his money 'bout so fast that ever' dollar he spends looks to outsiders lak it's ten or twelve, tha's his bus'ness. Lemme git back on the main track. Le's see now: I wuz specifyin' to you 'bout the will, wuzn' I?

"Well, it's lak this: W'en folkses down our way heared the terms of the will they wuz a heap of 'em said ez how the ole gen'elman's mind must 'a' went back on him in his last sickness fur him to be layin' down any sech curious 'quireminta ez them wuz. Yas-sum, some even went fu'ther 'en 'at; some went so fur ez to say it wuz the streak of onsanity w'ich runs in the Pulliam fambly croppin' out agin in a fresh place."

"Oh, so it's insanity now!" she says. "The longer you talk the more interesting things I learn. Go on—go on!"

"Yas-sum," I says, "I'm goin'. Yas-sum, they wuz quite a host of folkses w'ich come right out an' said Mr. Dallas and Mr. Clarence, ary one or both of 'em, would be amply justified in contestin' the will on the grounds 'at the late lamentable wuz out of his haid at the time he drawed it up. But no, ma'am, not them two! I figgers they knowed they own dear paw well 'nuff to know the idee w'ich he toted in his mind. 'Sides w'ich, all the members of the fambly is sort of techy on the subjec' of the li'l' streak of onsanity 'at flows in the blood—w'ich I reckin they natchelly is to be acused fur that—an' ef one or the other of 'em went to the big cotehouse tryin' to bust up the will on the claim 'at the ole gen'elman didn't rightly know whut he wuz doin' to'des the last it'd only quicken up the talk 'bout the craziness strain. An' so, on 'count of the Pulliam pride an' all, they jest left it stand lak it wuz. An' 'en on top of 'at Mr. Clarence he turned sort of onsatisfactory in the haid an' he strayed off an' wuzn' heared of ag'in till yere recently. An' 'en, soon as Mr. Clarence wuz found, Mr. Dallas he come on up yere an' you an' him met an' ——"

"In heaven's name, quit drooling and get somewheres!" she says, making her words pop like one of these here whiplashes. "What did the will say?"

"Yas-sum," I says, "yas-sum, I jest has reached 'at p'int now. The will say 'at the estate is to be helt in trust fur the time bein', an' 'en w'en the two sons comes of age they is free to marry, only they is both bound to marry somebody or other befo' they reaches they twenty-fif' birthday. An' the one w'ich has the most chillen to his credit at the end of five yeahs from his weddin' day, he gets the main chunk of the property, whilst the other is cut down to jest ——"

"The most children?" she says, only by now she's saying it so savigrous that she practically is yelling it. "The most ——"

"Yas-sum," I says, "tha's it—the most chillen. You see, ma'am, they seems to run to chillen, someway, the Pulliamses does. When a Pulliam gits married—look out fur baby carriages, tha's all They don't seem to have chillen by driblets, neither, lak some people does. They is more apt to have 'em by triplets. They is two complete sets of triplets on record in times gone past, and ever' generation kin be depended on to perduce at leas' one set of twins, or even more!

"Now, f'rinstances, you tek Mr. Dallas an' Mr. Clarence—both twins. Tek they father befo' 'em an' they maiden aunt, Miss Sarah Pulliam, deceasted—twins some mo'. Only you never heared much 'bout Miss Sarah in her lifetime owin' to her bein' kep' onder lock an' key fur spasms of a kind of wildness comin' over her now an' then. Then ag'in, amongst Mr. Dallases' own brothers an' sisters, tek his two little twin sisters, not to mention the four or five singles w'ich come 'long right stiddy an' reg'lar, but alluz, in they cases, one at a time. Yas-sum, it's been 'at way in the fambly fur ez fur back ez the oldest inhabitant kin remember.

"But the gineration w'ich Mr. Dallas belongs to, it turned out sickly fur the most part, an' so by the time the old gen'elman come to die all his chillen had died off on him, 'scusin' Mr. Dallas an' Mr. Clarence, w'ich them two wuz all they wuz left out of a big swarm. Oh, I jedges the paw knowed whut he wuz 'bout! I reckin he craved 'at the Pulliamses should once more multiply freely an' replenish the earth wid a whole multitude of li'l' Pulliamses. An' so he purvided fur a healthy competition betwixt his two sons to see ——"

"Wait!" she says. "Let me see if I understand you. You say that by the terms of that old maniac's will the bulk of his estate was tied up so to go eventually to the son who had the most children five years after marriage. Well, then what does the remaining son—the loser—get?"

"He gits a hunderd an' fifty dollars a month fur life—I think tha's whut it come to," I says. "Mebbe it mout be a hunderd an' sebenty-five, I won't be shore. An' he also draws down fifty dollars a month extry fur each chile he's got livin.' But tha's all. The home place an' the tobacco bus'ness an' the money in the bank an' all else, they goes to the winner, onlessen each one, at the end of them five yeahs is got a ek'el number of chillen, in w'ich case the estate is divided even-Stephen betwixt 'em. Yas-sum!"

"Then why didn't both brothers marry as soon as they came of age?" she asks me, sort of suspicious. But I was expecting that very question to come forth sooner or later, and I is now prepared beforehand for it.

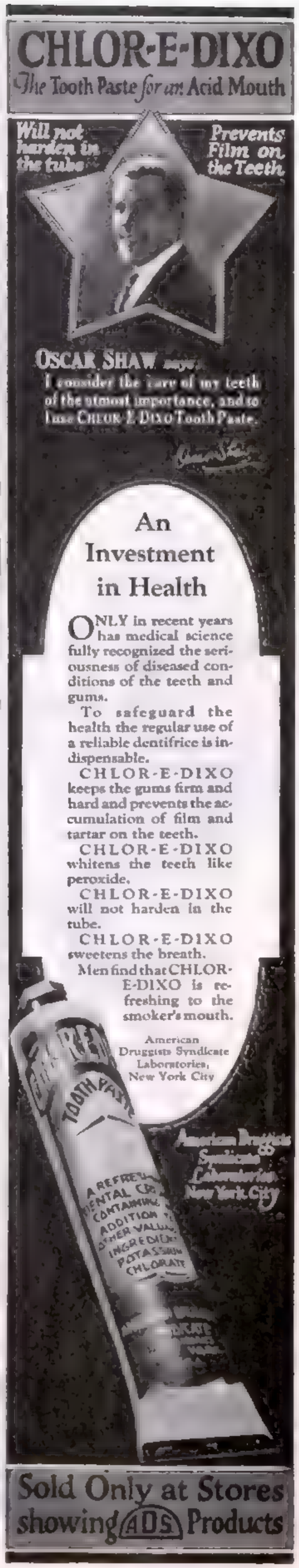
"Well'm," I says, "you see, I reckin Mr. Dallas figgered they wuzn' no need to be in a rush, seein' 'at Mr. Clarence wuz so kind of ondependable. Ef the truth must be knowed, Mr. Clarence wuz downright flighty. He had spells w'en he'd furgit his own name an' go wanderin'. Yas-sum! An' right after he come of age he took a specially severe spell an' he sauntered so fur away they plum' lost track of him. It wasn't twell last July 'at he wuz located ag'in. It seems lak he'd been detained somewhars out West in a sort of a home whar they keeps folks w'ich is liable to fits of chronic uneasiness in the haid. But now, suddenly, his refreshed memory had done come back to him, an' the doctors pernouced him cured and turned him loose ag'in; an' the latest word wuz 'at he wuz thinkin' 'bout gittin' married down in Texas or one 'em other places out yonder-ways. So Mr. Dallas must 'a' realized 'at 'twuz up to him to stir his stumps an' git hisse'f married off too; specially ez he had done passed his twenty-fo'th birthday the month befo'.

"Well, seemed lak he couldn't find no young lady down home w'ich wuz suitable to his fancies, although some folks did say quiet lak 'at they wuz a local prejudice springin' up on the part of parents ag'inst havin' they daughters marryin' him. But betwixt you an' me, ma'am, I never tuck no stock in 'at, 'cause most of the time Mr. Dallas is jest as rationable ez whut you an' me is. It's only w'en he gets excited 'at he behaves a li'l' peculiar lak. Well, anyways, Mr. Dallas he come on up yere an' he met you. So now it looks lak ever'thing is goin' turn out all right, an' mebbe we'll beat out Mr. Clarence after all, in w'ich case Mr. Dallas won't have to be worryin' at the end of five yeahs 'bout whar he's goin' to rake up the cash to pay back the money which he's overdrawed out of the estate, nur nothin'.

"So that's how come me to mention chillen w'en I fust come in, ma'am. An' I trusts you understan's."

And with that I smiles at her like I'm expecting that now, seeing she knows all the tidings, she'll be jubilated over the prospects too. But she ain't smiling. I lay she ain't got a smile left in her entire system. She's mighty nigh choking, but it ain't no happy emotion that she's choked up with. If you was a blind man you could 'a' told that much from the sounds she's making. She's saying things fast and furious. Remarks is just foaming from her; but the trouble is she keeps on getting her statements all jumbled up together so they don't make good sense. And yet, notwithstanding, I still can follow her thoughts. I catches the words "most children"—she duplicates that several times—and "twins" and "triplets" and "insanity" and "one hundred and fifty dollars a month." And all mixed in with this is loose odds and ends of language which seems to indicate she thinks somebody has been withholding something back on her or trying to take an unfair advantage of her or something. She certainly is in a swivit. A little more and she'd be delirious—she would so!

All of a sudden she flings herself out of the room, with her necklaces and things clashing till she sounds like a runaway milk wagon, mighty near almost, and she makes for the telephone in the hall and I can hear her trying very frantic to get our number rung up. For a minute my heart swarms up in my throat—anyhow, some of my organs swarms up there where I can taste 'em. I'm so afraid Mr. Dallas may forget his promise to me and come to the phone! If he does the whole transaction is liable to be busted up just when I've strove so hard to fix everything nice and lovely. That's why my heart climbs up my windpipes. But after a little bit I can breathe easy some more, because it's plain, from what I overhears, that Central tells her she can't get no responsives from the other end of the wire. So then, after one or two more tries, she gives up trying and she comes back into the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setting room still spilling mumbling words—but "children" continues to be the one she seems to favor the most—and she says to me that she has a message to send to Mr. Dallas which she wants me for to take it to him.

Still playing my part, I says to her I truly hopes there ain't going to be nothing in the message which will put Mr. Dallas in a bad humor with me. But she don't appear to hear my pleading voice. She's already set down at a little writing desk in the corner and she's got a pen in her hand and she's writing away like a house on fire. The pen is squeaking the same as if it was in torment, and them five or six bracelets on her arm is clinking sweet music to my ear. I ain't no seventh son of a seventh gun, which they tells me they has the gift of prophecy laid upon them at birth; nor yet I ain't no mind reader; but, even so, I says to myself that I don't need but one guess at the true nature of what 'tis she's writing.

She gets through quite soon—there's only just one single sheet of paper—and she folds it up and creases it hard like she's trying to mash it in two, and she jams it in an enveloper and seals the enveloper and shoves it into my waiting hand.

So doing, she says to me, "There! Now you take this note to the man you work for—immediately!"

"Yas-sum," I says. "Is they any answer to come back?"

"Answer?" she says. "No—no—no—no!"

So I goes right out, leaving her still saying it at the top of her voice. It seems to me it's high time to go, if not higher. Besides, it's mighty hard trying to carry on a conversation with an overwrought-up lady which she has only got one word left in stock, which that one is a little short word like no.

So I takes my foot in my hand and I marvils thence from there fast as ever my willing legs can take me. And as I goes along on my way, speeding 'cross town, bound for our quarters, I'm trying to think of a stylish word which in times gone by I has heard some of the white folks use as a pet name for a note from one loving soul to another. Presently it comes to me—*billet-doux!*

I stops right still where I is at.

"Bill-Lee do, huh?" I says to myself. "Yas, sometimes Bill-Lee do. But this time—glory, hallelujah, amen!—Bill-Lee do not!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Poets' Corner

The Sailor

HE WHISPERED a word or two, an old gray man,
Dying, alone and poor, on a summer day,
In the county poor farm, in rags. I heard him say
One word; and a smile came into his eyes,
And his look was odd;
As though, in a pleased surprise, he had met with God.
His face was furrowed and lean
And his skin was tanned;
And he murmured, "The things I've seen —
She was undermanned; but we brought her through."
Ere his old eyes closed, smiling, he looked at me,
And "Ships" was the word he murmured; "Ships—and another sea."
And it seemed, as he died, that I heard
A far-off cry,
The ring of a sailor's song; and his parting breath
Was joined to that distant singing, as though, in death,
He had leaped to the windlass bar and heaved again,
Rousing an anchor up, to an old refrain.
They buried him there in the potter's field
By the side of the railroad track
Down which he had slowly wandered with his blanket pack
Strapped to his bowed frame.
There is no name there, but a ship flies by,
With a murmur of roving song, on the midnight sky;
And again I hear his voice as he says to me,
"Ships—thank God! There are ships—and there is another sea."

—*Bill Adams.*

The Lady Spring

THE Spring, like a lovely lady,
Creeps into the world's sad heart,
Touching it with new magic,
Healing its hurts in part;
Thrilling dim streets with glory,
Sweeping dark ways with mirth;
The Spring, like a lovely lady,
Sings to the waiting earth:

"I am a gypsy person"—
This is the song she sings-
"I am the love of living,
I am youth's eager wings,
I am the lute's soft sighing,
I am the foe of age,
I am a lyric written
On an untarnished page!

"I am all dreams of beauty"—
This is Spring's vivid lay—
"I am the charm of color,
I am the dawn of day,
I am the pale arbutus
Kissed by an early dew,
I am the romance stirring
Deep in the soul of you!"

Over the land she dances,
High on a hill she stands,
Holding a mass of blossoms
In her white, outstretched hands;
Singing—because she wants to—
Filled with a glad surprise,
And, like a lovely lady,
Laughing into life's eyes!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Morning

I LAY in bed. I heard the sun
Cry out, "Today—today's begun."

I lay in bed. I kept my eyes
Tight closed. I knew that all the skies

Were washed in pale pink soapsuds there,
But I thought that I did not care.

I lay in bed. A little breeze
Came hurrying among the trees,

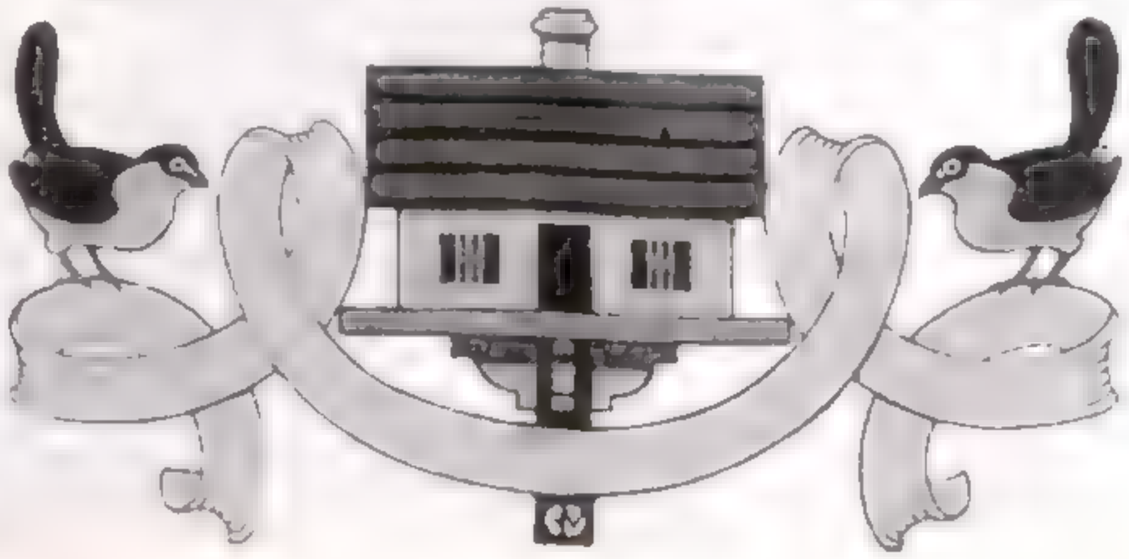
And, leaping o'er the window sill,
Crept close beside me and was still.

And then a bird began to sing
"Wake up! Wake up! You lazy thing!"

I tumbled out of my warm bed—
Oh! The sky was as red—as red!

And the world trembled, every bit!
I laughed. And kissed my hand to it.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*



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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Continued from Page 13)

It was an article telegraphed from London saying that all British cricketers were looking keenly forward to the trip of the two American ball clubs, and that it was doubted that the big leaguers could prove a match for the best of the English cricket clubs.

"I thought," added Schnitzler, "that we was going to play baseball."

"Sure we are!" I said. "When you read something in the papers about why you bat the way you do, or why you did something or didn't do something in a game, what do you think?"

"I think it's bunk," says Bab.

"Well, bunk isn't confined to this town," I says. "You'll get just as much in London. That's what this article is—bunk. That's all."

That was just where I was wrong. But I didn't know it at the time, and maybe it was just as well for this guy Pratt. In fact, I know it was.

"What is cricket?" asked Schnitzler.

My policy has always been not to let a ball player know that you don't know anything about everything.

"Cricket," I says, "is like baseball, except the pitcher throws the ball with a stiff elbow."

"A stiff elbow! Is that so?"

The Bab stretched himself, and I saw right then that there wasn't any human power was going to keep him from trying to show those English guys up at their own pastime.

But at the time I had other troubles on my mind. Old Wolverton developed his favorite malady—sciatica at the last minute—and howled with pain every time he thought of the damp Atlantic breezes. The result was I was put in charge of the trip. The ball players would have been bad enough to handle, but there were four newspaper guys along with us. To say that much is to say enough.

We left the last week in October, a fine warm day; and the send-off, what with flowers and speeches and handshakes and a tug filled with fans following us out to sea, was all that heart could desire.

That is all of a favorable nature that can be said about that trip. Not a one of us had ever been across before, and the way the ship began to act as soon as she had lost sight of land made me think someone had tipped off the old boat to that effect. The captain was heard to remark that it was fine North Atlantic autumn weather. I think he was a liar; but if he really liked it, then he was the easiest pleased man the world ever produced.

Bab Schnitzler passed out first. He was in the saloon at dinner the first night, waving his knife over a fillet of beef, when suddenly his eyes began to stare and his face turned green. The next minute he was gone. It took four stewards to carry him to his room. It was a good joke to the rest of us—for about an hour. Then we stopped laughing suddenly. Thereafter the only thing to prove that there was any big leaguer on the boat was the list of names in the purser's office.

It wasn't until the last day of the run that I got out on deck, and at that I was a good twelve hours ahead of the rest. And when the ship tied up at Liverpool the outfit that came down the gangplank looked more like convalescents from a Louisiana fever camp than a selected bunch of the world's greatest athletes.

It was then I first met Cephas Pratt. He was at the pier in undertaker clothes—plug hat, skirt coat, gardenia and all. With him was a committee all dressed up like a horse, with faces as serious as though we were the President and cabinet of the United States. You can't beat an Englishman for acting up to an occasion.

"Yes, we're the ball players," I says to Pratt, in answer to his question, adding that old Wolverton was sick and that I was in charge.

"Quite so, quite so," smiled Cephas, raising his lid. "Then perhaps you're the famous Mr. McGann."

"Quite so," I counters. And then didn't he become the pop-eyed little live wire of that particular dock? He waved up the bunch who had stood by looking on and introduced them as the members of the Royal and Honorable Cricket Club of London, appointed to make us welcome. They hadn't spared nothing collecting that committee, I'll tell the populace. There was Lord Duffle, Lord McQuarrie, Lord Chichester-Burke, Col. Fittington-Watts, Sir Michael Finucane and a lot of other top-liners that don't come to mind.

They tried to be nice, and in their stiff up-stage way they were all right enough. But they didn't speak our language at all; that is, none except Sir Michael Finucane. He was a sure regular guy. I knew him well by reputation because of the labels on his Scotch and Irish whisky bottles you used to see in every barroom in America.

"Have ye had a pleasant trip?" he asked.

"Look us over and take a guess," I says, not feeling in especially good humor.

"Well, well," Cephas Pratt butted in, "we'll have to see that you get your land legs, eh, Sir Michael? Fortunately there will be nothing on hand for you until Saturday, today being Thursday. You'll have a good chance to rest. Sir Michael has graciously requested the honor of entertaining four of you at his country place, Faugh a Ballagh."

"The name sounds good to me," says I, brightening up.

"Excellent! Then if you will be good enough to select your companions"—Cephas rubbed his fat little hands—"the other gentlemen will be put up at the Royal and Honorable Cricket Club, where I'm sure they will be comfortable."

"They'll be comfortable any place that doesn't move up and down."

I brought up the invalids and introduced them round, at the same time doing a lot of quick thinking about this guest business. Most of the Grays and the picked team were clean-cut young fellows, several of them college men, and I knew they could season the cricket-club bunch; that is, they could if I kept Bab Schnitzler away from them. For as soon as the Baboon got his appetite and his spirits back I knew what would happen.

So I picked him as one of the men to go to Sir Michael's place; then choosing Judge Connolly, the ump, a quiet little chap, and Tim Holliday, of the Plaid Sox, who was captain of the team we'd brought along to play against us.

Reporters? Sure, shoals of them; a snuffy-looking bunch, very serious and earnest. I made a few modest statements; and then, having no time to bother with them, turned them over to the Baboon, Rats Finnegan, Bill Pitt and the rest. At the time I didn't pay much attention to what the ball players said to the newspaper mutts, but I found out all right when I read the newspapers next morning.

When we reached London most of the bunch got into automobiles and were taken out to the cricket club, while Sir Mike and his four guests piled into his big limousine. As I have said, this big distiller was a regular guy. He was known all over the world, including the United States, and not only because of his whisky either. For there never was an advertiser like Finucane. I figured this stunt of entertaining me and the other three was merely a part of the game he was playing to keep in the public eye. He was one of the Rockefellers of England and one of the P. T. Barnums of the world, who had improved upon the circus man's famous dope to the extent of making it read that a souse and a sucker are born every minute.

After about an hour's ride we rolled into a big gateway, with a little stone house standing beside it, and drove a mile or so among trees and bushes, until finally we stopped in front of a castle.

"What armory is that?" asked the Baboon.

"Faugh a Ballagh," says Sir Mike, with a wave of his hand. "It's your home while you're in England."

At the door was the butler and a couple of movie guys in short pants and velvet coats, with white stockings, who grabbed our bags and started for the stairs. Sir Mike said he suspected we'd like to team up in rooms, although there wasn't any real necessity if we wanted to park by ourselves. I told him it was fine the way he had doped it, and picked Bab as a roommate, figuring he'd need more watching than the other two.

The man who carried up our bags unpacked them as we loafed around watching him work, and then he told us that there would be tea in the drawing-room at 5 30, with dinner at eight. Both propositions made a hit with Bab, who hadn't had any heart for lunch.

"This is a fine country," said Schnitzler as we came up from tea about 6:30 and began to climb into our soup-and-fish suits for the dinner. "They feed the way a man likes to be fed. Say, what was them little fishes they had on toast down there?"

"The way they went down your throat," I says, "I think you'd call 'em disappearing smelts. And say, did you have any idea that when that plush-pants fellow passed you the dish of cakes he wanted it back again?"

"Did he?" grinned Bab. "Well, he got it back, didn't he?"

"Yes, he got the dish. But I wanted one of those cakes myself; so did the rest. If you don't want to be called a baboon don't act like one."

Bab only grinned. He was feeling fine about being off the ocean and living in a castle, with all the food and drink he could stow away. In fact the way he strutted about made me think he had had something stronger than tea. But no.

"Did you see that blond pippin?" he asked when I put my suspicions up to him and demanded to know the cause of his good humor.

"You mean the one that had you off in the corner, laughing at everything you said?" I asked. "Where do you get the pippin? She's a dame of forty."

The Baboon looked at me big eyed.

"I forgot to ask her how old she was. It didn't make no difference, anyway. Did you get the color in her face?"

"The point is, where did she get it?" I laughs, but Schnitzler missed that one.

"And," he goes on, "her yellow hair. I always liked the yellow-haired ones. She's a regular lady, believe me, bo! She's more than that; she's a duchess—the Duchess of Bonnicastle. I don't know what that means, but I know it goes big in this country—just like a queen."

"Bab!"

"That's straight, chief; the absolute goods. I knew she was something as soon as I gave her the eye and she batted right back at me. I guess I wasn't the baby doll of that party, no?"

I couldn't come back on that. Sir Mike had had quite a party of men and women sitting in on that tea, and before five minutes Bab Schnitzler was the center of attraction. He was so American, they said, but beyond that he was such a great, powerful-looking block of humanity that the women especially couldn't seem to take their eyes off him. He was just what a great athlete ought to look like, they said. And laugh? He got a hand every time he opened his mouth for food or to say something. That was before this duchess carried him off to a corner. They stayed there until Sir Mike pried them loose and set Schnitzler up for everyone to bowl at again.

"Say, chief"—the Baboon strutted and stretched—"I guess I didn't make no hit, what? Why, just as I was coming upstairs I made the duchess along in the back hall. She received me fine, chief. Everything is certainly jake between me and that dame. She says the only thing in life for her is men of action. I got a date to walk with her by moonlight tonight over the downs." Schnitzler grinned. "Say, chief, what is the downs?"

"You'll find out if you go monkeying with Sir Mike's friends," I said. "It will be over the down-and-outs for yours."

"Is that so?" says Bab.

I let him get away with his come-back because, since dinner was to be at eight, I figured on an hour and a half to get Bab into his banquet clothes, let alone mine.

Bab's suit being ready-made was just a little tight for him, and brought out his Sandow build like a bathing suit. He was as much a hit when he came into the dining room as he was at the tea. Sir Mike put him next to the duchess at the head of the table, and me and Judge Connolly way on the other side, where we couldn't help him none. In fact, looking at the eating tools, I figured I'd have all I could do to help myself. There they lay beside the plate like bats in front of a dugout. The judge whispers for me to work from the outside in, and whether he knew what he was talking about, or guessed, I don't know. Anyway he was right.

As for the Baboon, he grabbed one fork and never let go of it no matter what came and went. Once when it looked as though one of the short-pants guys was going to insist Bab gave him a look and told him to beat it. I suppose he figured if he held onto one he couldn't make as many mistakes as if he tried all the possibilities. And, do you believe, he got away with it!

Otherwise, aside from his fork specialty, Bab surprised me. I mean the way he held onto himself. He had got the fact into his bean that he was in with real people, and he had sense enough to do what Connolly and I was doing—that is, watching what someone else did before we performed and then give a correct imitation.

That showed the stuff that was in the big farmer. Why, back in the States he could do everything but make music with a dish of peas, an ear of corn or a plate of lettuce! Asparagus? Say, they were alive when he grappled with them! As for the soup orchestra and his sword swallowing stunt, we had kidded him out of them before he'd been with the Grays a week.

The duchess—she was really a duchess, all right; I found that out from Sir Mike—had the time of her life. She just kept her eyes on the Baboon, waiting for him to make a crack, and then she'd laugh and blush and put a flower in his buttonhole and act like an old cat that's gone cuckoo and thinks she's a kitten again.

There was about twenty at the table, and they were a nice crowd. They were what Sir Mike called the hunting set of the county, rosy-cheeked women with big feet and ankles, and fine big men. Later, Tim Holliday, who wouldn't come to dinner, and ate out with Jaggers, the butler, told me that the butler had told him Sir Mike was a bachelor. He said this duchess of Bab's was known as the sporting duchess, a widow with a pile of jack, both of which Sir Mike was looking to annex.

This made clear to me what I had suspicioned at dinner; that Finucane wasn't relishing the comedy between Bab and the duchess. Of course he played the game, laughing at the right time and tossing remarks around the table and from time to time butting in on the merry duet going on at his side. But all he got was a smile over the shoulder, while Bab never paid any attention to him at all.

Even at the time, I decided Bab was not acting in a way to earn Finucane's gratitude. Well, anyway, Bab and the blond-haired old dame went off for their stroll over the ups and downs, and me and the rest sat in at games of bridge. I win four pounds, but Judge Connolly was stung proper. I'd have enjoyed the game more and slept better if I hadn't been fussed up over the Baboon and his butting in on the love affair of a 100-per-cent good fellow like Sir Mike. Bab came in long after I got asleep, and in the morning there he lay, pounding his ear, with a bunch of grass clinched in his big right paw.

"What's the idea of the weeds?" I asked, shaking him awake.

"Weeds? This is heather bloom. Gwendolyn picked it for me."

"Gwendolyn?"

"Why, the duchess!"

I wouldn't flatter him by telling what I thought. But I hadn't any sooner than got downstairs than I found other things besides Bab and his duchess to stew over. Pratt had showed up bright and pop-eyed, plug hat, gardenia and all.

"Well," he says, rubbing his hands, "everything's set. You've seen the papers? You're to play at the Lords' Grounds tomorrow."

"Sure!" I says. "But you won't see much baseball. We're over here to give the best we've got and we'll do it. But with the shaking up these boys have had for six days past there wouldn't be a sand-lot team in the U. S. couldn't beat us."

"I understand," says he. "I suppose you are referring to baseball. Now, old bean, you are not going to play baseball. You are going to play cricket against an all-England eleven. It is ——"

He hesitated.

"Go on," says I; "your mouth is open, but you're not saying anything."

He went on, all right. Do you know what that little, fat, four-flushing pen pusher had done? He had subordinated the baseball angle of our visit to the zero notch and had got all England roaring over a cricket match between the best ball players in the

(Continued on Page 64)

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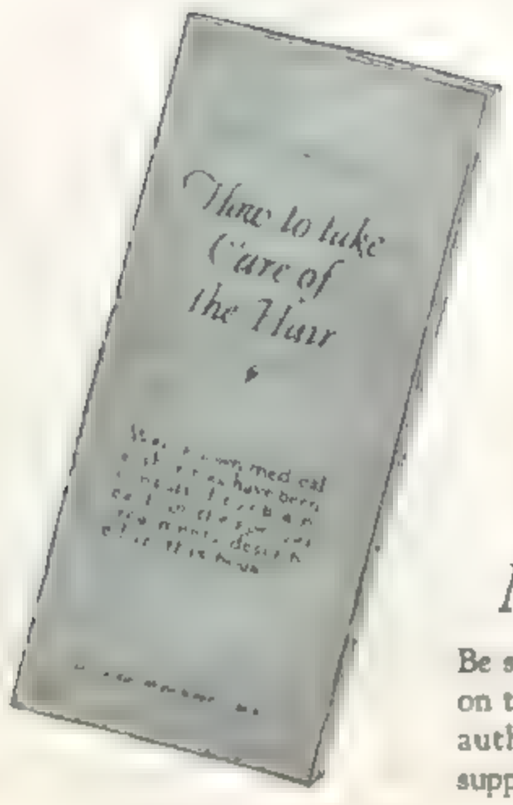

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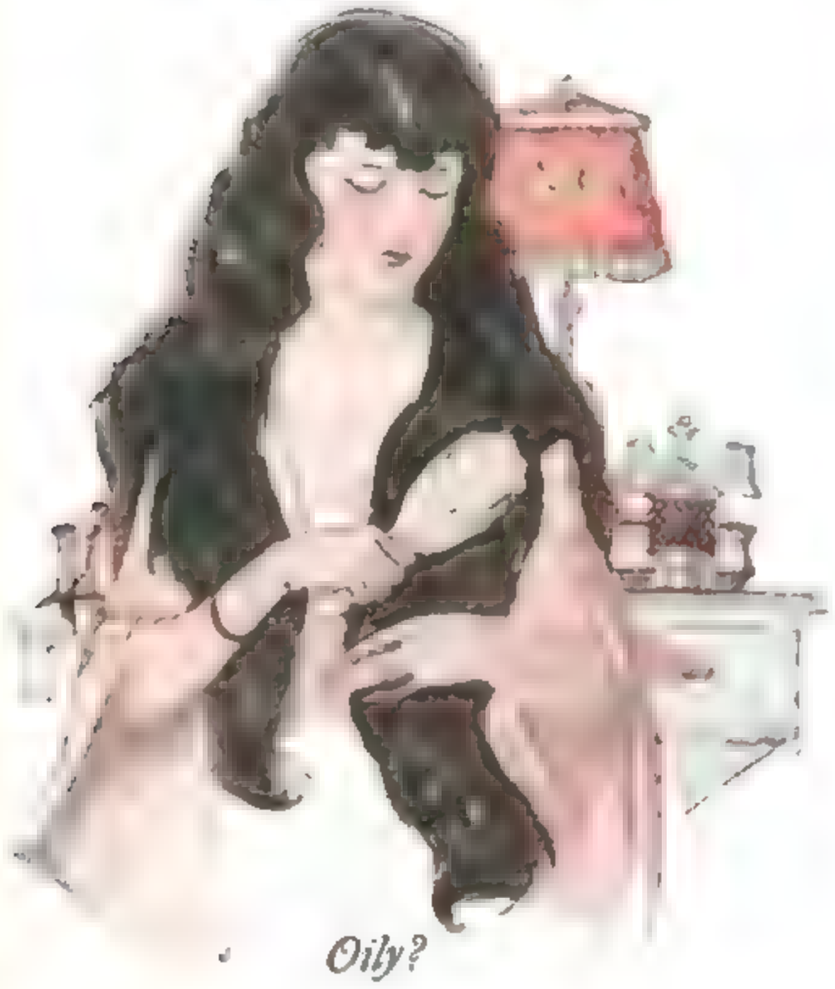
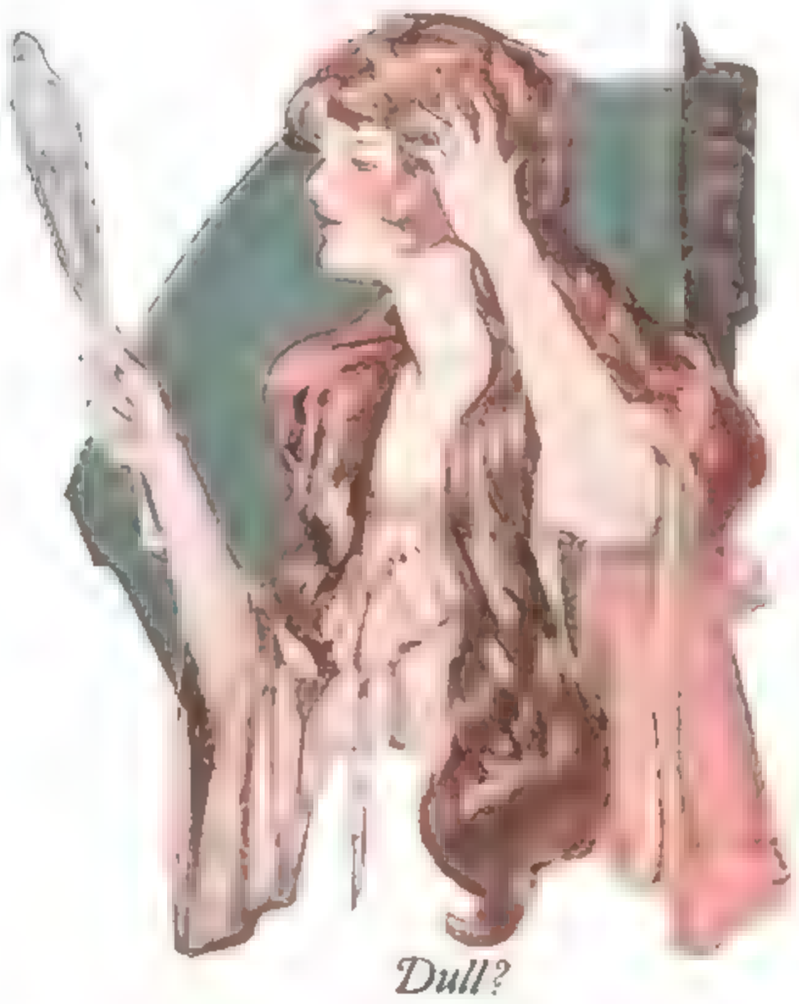


Oily?



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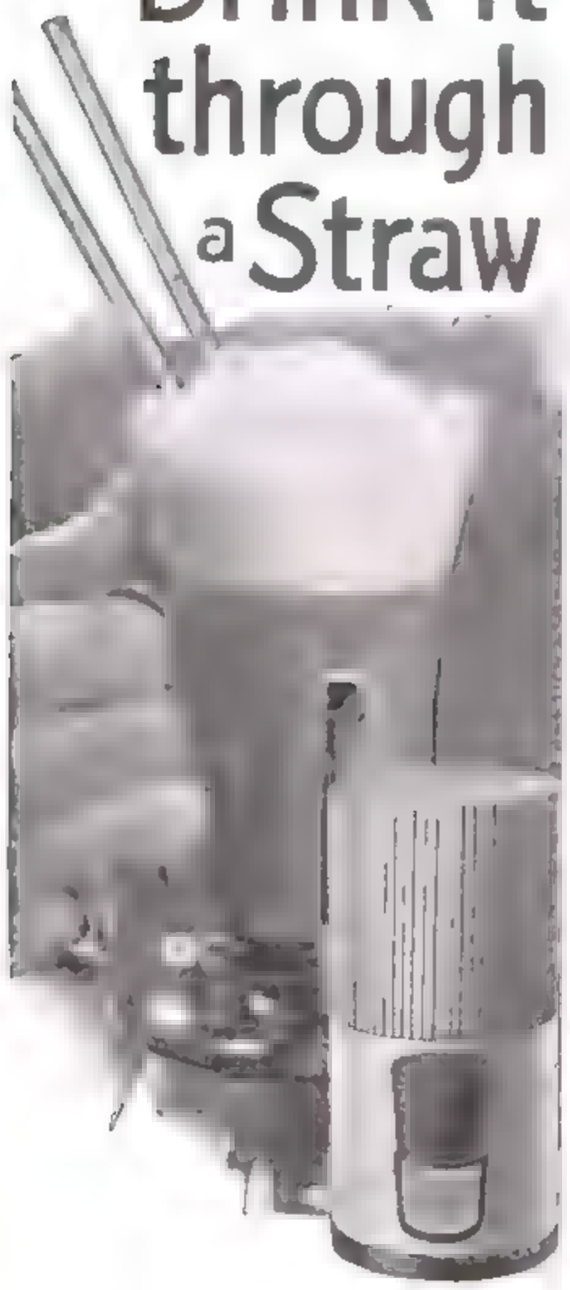

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(Continued from Page 60)

United States and the best cricketers in England. He had filled the papers after we boarded the steamship with speculations as to how we would make out, and every Britisher had swallowed the stuff whole. Their experts had got off a ton of leather-headed opinions in their serious British way; and, as I learned later, even the American papers had fallen for the slant.

Why, the morning papers I had in my hand—I hadn't looked at them before I talked with Pratt—was full of our arrival, saying not more than a paragraph about baseball and a mile of type about cricket. The interviews that Bab and the rest had given out hadn't helped the cause of baseball any either.

All Bab knew about cricket was what I had told him, and he had to get that off, of course. The papers quoted him just the way he talked.

"All I want," he said, "is to stand up there against them stiff-elbow tossers of yourn and lean against a few of their dewdrops. I don't know how many balls they bring to a game, but they'd better fetch a motor truck full the day we play."

And more of the same stuff from Rats Finnegan, Trott, Pitt and the rest. Of course, a lot of it was kidding—not from Bab, but from the rest—but did the British squills get it? Ask me!

But getting back to Pratt.

"We'll play no cricket," I says. "We came here principally to play baseball, and if baseball ain't what they want we'll go home."

Pratt came close to me.

"You're in pretty soft here, ain't you?" he asked. "You're at the prize country house in England, with all the food in the world and a cellar where, if you stood in it and saw all the bottles, you'd think you was in heaven. The rest of the boys are living high at the Royal and Ancient Cricket Club."

"They'll be hanging high after they try to play cricket," says I.

"Hangin' nothing!" smiled Pratt. "Do you know anything about cricket?"

"I can spell it."

"Well," Pratt laughed, "it will be as much of a cinch for you big leaguers as one old cat. All you have to do is to learn the fundamental rules."

"Do you mean to say they think we are cricket players?" I drew back my hand waiting for his reply.

"No, but they got the idea somewhere that you play it on the side, and that baseball is closely related to it anyway. As a matter of fact, your men at the cricket club went out last night and did a little practicing. Lord McQuarrie, who was present, said their form was awfully American, but they certainly could hit and field, especially considering they had drunk as much as they had."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it's so." Pratt backed away. "You play the game, McGann, and you'll be on velvet. As for me, my services have ended. I've closed the Anglo-American Sports office, drawn my remuneration and am leaving for Paris this afternoon. All sorts of luck, old top."

He ducked out the door just in time to miss a right-hand wallop. I'd have followed it up, but Sir Mike appeared at the time, and so I had to turn the final stages of the punch into a good-by wave to the fat-faced little shrimp. It hadn't taken me a minute to see that whatever bed Pratt had made for us we had to lie in it. There was no chance for crawfishing now. All we had to do was play cricket and then look up the next steamer home.

I returned Sir Mike's good morning cheerful as I could register, and while it may not have sounded as cheerful as it might, yet it was like a thousand laughs compared to the tone of his greeting.

"Mr. McGann," he said, coming to the point at once, "your friend Mr. Schnitzler, you know ——"

He paused and I filled in with a low-comedy laugh.

"Yes, Schnitzler. I been meaning to speak to you about the Baboon, Sir Michael. He's harmless. He's just a big what we call busher, who doesn't know anything but how to play baseball—and cricket. Don't worry about him at all. Him and the duchess, that's nix, understand."

"Quite so, quite so," he comes back, forcing a laugh. "I am not worried about my dear friend the Duchess of Bonnicastle. She patronizes freaks as a fad. In fact, just at present one of her protégés, the heavyweight champion prizefighter of England, Joe Plunkett, is training at a cottage on her estate, which adjoins mine, for his next month's fight with Australian Jack Timms."

I nods and he goes on:

"I am speaking because I don't want Mr. Schnitzler's head turned or anything like that. The duchess is a very intriguing woman—what we call a madcap. And your friend, I judge, has not a keen brain, what?"

"I get you."

When I dealt that card I was holding back a lot. In other words, I would 'a' had to be thicker than I was to miss the fact that Finucane was jealous and scared. The thing that rocked me was why he should turn a hair over that big orang-utan that was providing a quick-witted, temperamental woman with a little amusement. Then a big thought landed square in my mitt. Even before he left the United States, the Baboon had been getting jake with himself, what with the adulation of the fans, the janes running after him, and so forth. There wasn't anything I could think of that would do him more good than the well-known sock about four inches below the ear on either side. In other words, I saw a way to put myself jerry with the great distiller and at the same time get Schnitzler down to a point where he'd accept something less than a seventy-five-thousand-dollar contract for his next season's play.

"Don't you suppose, Sir Michael," says I, "that you could arrange so's Bab could walk over the ups and downs with the duchess while this fighter, Plunkett, was sitting on his front steps?"

Finucane started as though I had hit him and then grinned a little.

"It might be arranged," says he, scratching his beard, "unless, ye mind, something better doesn't offer."

With that he choked off short, but he didn't have to tell me that something better had offered already.

By this time, feeling hungry, I went into the breakfast room. While Sir Michael and I had been talking the duchess' big blue car with its coat of arms had swung into the drive and gone around to the side of the house. And there was the duchess in the room, having the time of her life, watching Bab eat!

You see, over in England they straggle in to breakfast any old time, at least out in the country where the castles are. And there is the food on the sideboard, resting on little heaters, keeping warm. Ordinarily I would be strong for the idea. But let a hornpout like Schnitzler get into the room first after a good night's sleep and it was the poorest dope in the world. For all the breakfast the rest of the household would get would be only something that didn't happen to appeal to his taste.

"What do you think of my cave man, Michael?" says the duchess. "I love to see little chaps turn up bright-eyed with an appetite in the morning."

Sir Michael grunted, while I lifted up the cover of a silver dish that looked as though it once might have held sausages. All I can say about it is that it wasn't any emptier than the rest.

"Anyway, Sir Michael," I grinned, "you had ought to be thankful he left the dishes."

Finucane grunted again, then called the butler and ordered him to tell the chef to bring up his reserves.

The duchess laughed, casting an admiring glance at the Baboon, who sat there up-ending the coffeepot and looking like a million dollars in his light belted Norfolk suit, red tie and soft collar.

"Bab and I," she announced, "are going off on a little motor trip into Surrey unless you have some plans for him today, Mr. McGann."

"Of course I have plans," said I. "The last thing I did last night was to telephone over to the cricket club ordering the boys to practice cricket today. If I don't guess wrong Bab will need it more than anyone."

"Oh, dear!" The duchess wrinkled her brows and glanced at the Baboon, whose face told me without words that there was going to be insubordination in a minute. "Bab and I had planned a little motor trip. Must he really practice, Mr. McGann?"

As a matter of fact, I didn't care much whether he practiced or not, figuring that he had better have all his beginner's luck the day of the match. So I said it was up to him. If he wanted to make a monkey of himself on the field, all right.

They went on the trip. After they had gone Sir Michael took me and Tim and Connolly up to the Lord's Grounds, where the cricket game was going to be played. There we met a bunch of dukes and kings who were running the show. It didn't take me two minutes to wisen up to the fact that cricket and baseball had some points in common and a lot that wasn't. Connolly, who had been named as one of the umpires for the morrow's game, didn't waste three minutes in resigning the job. He had a touch of lumbago, he said, and might be compelled to remain away from the game altogether.

As for me, there's something in my system that has worked me harm, but I guess in the long run has done me more good. I mean being game to take a chance. I could see that so far as hitting the ball was concerned we might get by, and the fielding looked to be a cinch; so much so that I didn't even worry about having no bowlers. I would stick Norcross and Jones in what they called the creases and let them bounce the ball up to the wickets with whatever they could put on it.

I felt even better when I ran down to the cricket club with Holliday and Connolly. The boys was waiting, and I could see at once that cricket didn't mean anything out of the way to this bunch of Indians. They didn't care what they played so long as they could go on living at the club where there was individual bottles of Scotch and rye at every meal, and plenty of meals at that.

"Boys," I says, "you've read the papers and know what you've got to do. We didn't look for what we was going to get — "

"So far as that goes," interrupted Baldy Trott, captain of the Grays, "the English will feel the same way tomorrow night. We had practice yesterday, and I guess we would all be on our way home now, except that the club members who watched us never got onto the fact we were practicing cricket."

"I guessed as much," says I dryly, "from what I read in the papers. The reports said you were warming up by playing the South American game of fungo. Who told 'em that?"

"We all did," Trott grinned. "We had to tell them something."

"All right. I knew I made no mistake in leaving you in charge, Baldy. Well, now get out there and practice to your heart's content. I've given orders to the club manager here that it's secret practice; all outsiders excluded."

Sir Michael, who watched the work-out with me and walked around giving the boys helpful pointers, admitted later that it was just as well I had decided to hold the practice secret. I agreed with him.

"So far as I'm concerned," he said when we left the club, "tomorrow's going to be rich. I wouldn't miss it for the repeal of your Volstead Act."

I let that remark go for a strike. But, as it turned out, the proceedings next day were rich in a way old Finucane had not expected. However, I didn't mean to steal a base on this story, so I'll go back to first.

When we got back to Faugh a Ballagh after the practice Bab hadn't turned up yet; and Connolly, who was a modest, retiring little guy, went upstairs and packed, saying he had an old aunt in Ireland who would die if she didn't see him. He told me to wire him in Dublin after the cricket had stopped and we was ready to play baseball. But from the way he spoke I knew he never expected to get no wire—not about baseball anyway. What he looked for was a telegram asking him to use his influence with the American ambassador to get us out of jail.

Bab blew in just before dinner. The duchess stayed in the car and went away with it.

"Hello, McGann!" he said. "Isn't it time for us to go up and get into our evening things? My word, old fellow, it's late!"

I looked at him hard. But he wasn't kidding; he was serious. His chin was up in the air and he was tamping a fresh cigarette on his wrist like Faversham. His voice sounded as though he had the whole pack of eating tobacco in his mouth instead of the usual amount.

"So it's time to get into our evening things is it, you big hick?" I says. "Well, tomorrow you'll get into your baseball things and play cricket, and every error you make you'll get a fine plastered on

(Continued on Page 66)

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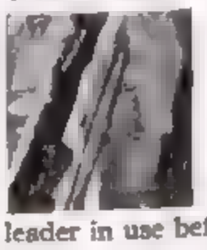
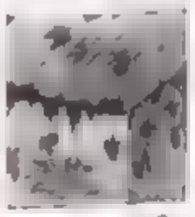


In Roof Drainage—Close-up photographs of rusted leaders and gutters. Take in portion of wall, showing paint spoiled, if any, by rust water from leaking leader or gutter. State kind of metal and how long gutter or leader in use before rust caused it to leak.

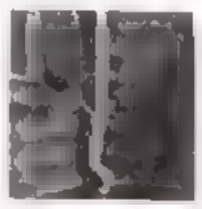
In Plumbing—Close-up photograph of section of rusted pipe removed from a plumbing system, showing hole or holes eaten by rust. Photograph showing a pipe closed, or nearly closed, by rust accumulation inside it. Close-up of bathtub, washbowl or sink stained by rust in water from rusty pipes.



Interior Damage—Photographs of wall paper, painted or kalsomined wall or ceiling or other decorations, badly stained, or perhaps of plaster destroyed, by rust leaks resulting from failure to use Copper gutters, flashings, etc., on roof, or Brass pipe and Brass fittings in plumbing system; photograph of a wall, partition, floor or ceiling torn open to get at rusty, leaking pipes, or a similar operation, made necessary by failure to use Copper or Brass, which do not rust.

In Building Hardware—Close-up photograph of a door hanging on rusted fragment of a hinge, or a door pried open because a lock rusted shut; a rusted door-knob, rusted letter drop, rusted mail box, rusted hinge, rusted screw, or a rusted example of one of the many other items of merely plated hardware which rust as soon as the thin plating has worn off, become unsightly and perhaps mar paint and injure woodwork with their rust—a condition that is avoided by the use of all-Brass or Bronze hardware instead of the dipped, short-lived article.

DURABILITY OF COPPER AND BRASS—



In Drainage—Photograph of an old Copper leader still in place or an old Copper gutter still doing duty after many years of service without upkeep or repairs. Do not fail to give date the Copper leader or gutter was put up. Must be at least 35 years old to qualify.

In Roofing—Photograph showing example of the everlasting life of the Copper roof. State number of years the Copper has been in service without upkeep or repairs. Photograph must of course show the roof clearly and cannot qualify unless the Copper has been in place 35 years or more.

In Plumbing, etc.—Photograph of a section of Brass pipe or a brass fitting *still in place* that has been in service 35 years or more without upkeep or repairs.

In Other Uses—Photograph of an item of Brass or Bronze hardware with a long service record, a Brass or Bronze plate, a building ornament of Brass or Bronze, a Copper or Bronze window screen, a Copper cooking utensil, or other Copper, Brass or Bronze article of utility or ornamentation. Must be at least 35 years old.

Get out your camera and look about you for subjects. You will find them everywhere.

Rules of the Contest

Photograph must have been taken by person entering it in the contest. A contestant may enter one or more photographs.

Name and address of contestant and all descriptive matter to be written on the back of the photograph.

Statements as to age and condition of object photographed will be verified before prizes are awarded and contestant should furnish with his or her entry information that will facilitate verification.

The subject need not be the contestant's property, but contestant must have the owner's permission to photograph it for entry in the contest unless the subject be public property.

By "best" photograph in the metals-that-rust class is meant the photograph of a subject which by reason of its condition, short life and interest is believed by the judges to furnish the most interesting object lesson in the error of using other metals where Copper, Brass or Bronze should be used.

By "best" photograph in the Copper-Brass-and-Bronze class is meant the photograph of a subject which by reason of its condition, long life and interest is believed by the judges to furnish the most interesting object lesson in the economy of using Copper, Brass and Bronze, which do not rust.

Where the subject is a part of a building or other structure the contestant may send also a photograph of the structure in which the subject is or was installed if the contestant feels such a photograph, in combination with the subject itself, will lend additional interest to the subject. Every such photograph should carry on its back information identifying it with the item entered.

Contest closes Sept. 1, and all entries must reach the address given below on or before that date. Every photograph received will be promptly acknowledged. Prizes will be awarded within sixty days after closing date.

Prize-winning pictures will be used in a publicity campaign to inform the public on the economy of using Copper, Brass and Bronze, and in entering a photograph the contestant agrees to such use of his entry.

Wrap your photographs carefully, protecting with cardboard, and send to Contest Committee, Copper and Brass Research Association, 25 Broadway, New York.

Copper, Brass and Bronze are cheaper because you pay for them only ONCE.

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The attractive Blabon floor of genuine inlaid Linoleum in this Atlantic City Drug Store resists the wear of thousands of feet season after season at the popular seashore resort.

Why not a durable floor that's beautiful?

In Blabon Art Linoleum you not only have material that lasts, but a floor whose bright, cheery, harmonious appearance makes it a big asset to a store, office, hotel, club, theatre, or home. Its pleasing colors make an office, especially, a more "liveable," restful place for the workers. Customers also are drawn more readily to a store that radiates hospitality, comfort, and neatness with an attractive Blabon floor.

The beautiful inlaid patterns and plain colors in a Blabon floor go through to the burlap back, and continue to look bright and colorful during the entire life of the linoleum.

A Blabon floor is sanitary; it is easy to keep clean. Its resiliency makes it quiet, and comfortable to walk or stand upon. Waxing and polishing once in a while keeps it in splendid condition. A Blabon floor has a cool, refreshing appearance in summer. Fabric rugs may be thrown over it in winter.

When cemented down, Blabon plain or inlaid linoleum becomes a permanent floor. Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to lay Blabon Art Linoleum.

For genuine linoleum, look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Have you seen Blabon Rugs?

They are genuine linoleum. Beautiful, long-lasting, mothproof, and sanitary. Moderately priced. Ask your dealer for them.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia

Established 71 years

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BLABON ART Linoleums Guaranteed

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 64)

that'll make your salary look like a hole in the wall."

"Really!" he says, raising his eyebrows and walking out of the room.

Really! I could see what had been happening. The duchess had been working on the rough edges of her cave man. And, as has already been noted, give Bab one thing at a time and he could learn anything. If you could only have sat there with me and heard that cactus crusher talk that afternoon you'd have been willing to hand that merry, yellow-haired, painted-up buzzard even as much as I did.

That night Sir Michael didn't have any company in at dinner; that is, outside of me and Bab and Tim Holliday. The old man was in a great mood.

"Mr. Schnitzler," he opens, "have you ever met Joe Plunkett the prize fighter?"

"Yes," replied Bab, "I seen—sawn—him on the road this morning. Gwendolyn pointed him out."

"Gwendolyn!" I could see Sir Mike chewing his under lip.

"The duchess, you know."

"Of course!" Finucane nodded. "What do you think of him?" As he spoke he tipped the wink at me.

"I never seen—sawn—him work. Looks kind of heavy-footed."

"He can hit," frowns Sir Michael.

"What's the use of being able to hit if you can't find nothing in front of you to wallop?" the Baboon grins. "In the States they'd be hitting that bird from behind."

"Oh, you're a fighter yourself?" asks Finucane.

"Not a professional," says I, climbing aboard. "He's beaten all the members of the Grays, one and two at a time."

"I could 'a' been a pro at that if I hadn't liked ball playin' better," announces Bab, sticking out his chest, and doing the thing he could next best to bat, which was throwing the bull.

"I see." Finucane bats his eyes. "I been wondering, Mr. Schnitzler. Perhaps if I arranged a ring in the ballroom Sunday night and invited a lot of friends you might be willing to go through a little bout with Mr. Plunkett—just scientific, you know. The duchess would enjoy seeing you, I am sure."

At the minute a pickled peach had skidded from under Bab's fork. He caught it with his left hand just before it reached my shirt front and then nodded to Sir Michael.

"Anything that suits you I'd be plumb crazy to do. You certainly been giving me a jake time."

Knowing the Baboon, and being as anxious as was Finucane to cinch the bout, I pulled a serious face.

"Is Plunkett going to have one hand tied behind him, Sir Michael?"

Finucane laughed.

"Plunkett suggested it. Said he wanted to be sure not to hurt the American. I said I'd speak to Mr. Schnitzler."

The Baboon's face was red. He was thick-skinned, but at that he was no rhinoceros.

"Is that so? Who is this guy Plunkett? He's only the champion of England. What's England? Why, I went clean across it in the automobile to-day. It's like the champion of New Jersey. You tell this hombrey Plunkett that he'll need all the hands he's got Sunday night."

And, as the duchess used to say, that was that.

Then next day came the cricket match. The newspaper guys, who were not so thick as I had sized them, had tumbled to the affair, but had decided to be cagy. They said that everyone who missed this great international test would be sorry. There was columns about it, and all of it done in a serio-comic way that made me want to lick the persons who had ever told me that Englishmen had no humor. Of course among the real cricketers the fact had leaked around that what we didn't know about the pastime would fill one of those eight-volume dictionary sets. But that didn't hurt the attendance. The whole idea was to show us up good and proper and give us such a trimming that whenever baseball was mentioned in England thereafter it would draw a horse-laugh.

There was no World's Series crowd, but that was only because the grounds wouldn't hold that many. An hour before the game the fence was bulging out and they were turning them away at the gate in droves. There were members of the royal family the Prince of Wales was there and dukes and earls and marquises and marks and counts and no-accounts until you couldn't rest. The Duchess of Bonnicastle was in a prominent place, Sir Michael at her side. So was Joe Plunkett, the prize fighter. You could see the duchess was all for the pug, which didn't seem to bother Finucane any. It bothered the Baboon all right.

"For two cents," he said to me, "I'd walk over there and bust that third-rater right now. Do you know what he said when the duchess tried to introduce us? He wrinkled up his pig eyes and asked if it—meaning me—was alive."

I didn't have time to laugh. I was nervous and had been spending most of my time looking for a hole in the fence. So I told Bab he could show whether he was alive in the cricket game, and then went over to Lord Abercrombie, who was beckoning to me. He asked how many innings we should play.

When I says "Oh, the usual number—nine" he gave me a look.

"Are you aware," he says stiffly, "that an inning in cricket is likely to last an entire afternoon, if not longer?"

Seeing I had booted one, I bowed and told him to pick the number, and he said he thought one each would do. I told him I thought so too. All right, out of courtesy he would let us take first at bat. I thanked him, and then when he placed his men I watched and drew down a diagram, which I gave to Trott to use in the field.

There came a silence just like when the ump steps out with his hat off to announce the batteries. Two pitchers—or bowlers, as they called them—Lord Umpty-Something and someone whose name sounded like Sir Rollover Bunn, went to the wickets. Not knowing what else to do, I decided to start our regular batting order, Finnegan up. Now Rats had disappeared a few hours after we landed. I think he was made temporarily insane by the shock of the discovery that all one had to do to get a drink in London was to turn right or left from the sidewalk, according to the direction you were going. The shock was the harder because Rats had had the idea that prohibition was world-wide. They say good news never kills, and Finnegan proved it; but only by a squeak. He came to the grounds straight from the hospital.

Finnegan went to one wicket first and Bill Pitt to the other. Finnegan batted first. As the bowler raised his arm and twisted himself and let go the ball Rats just stood looking at it as it struck the ground, and then bouncing up knocked the tops of the wicket behind him.

Knocking the wickets is the great bowling stunt. It was like striking out a batter in baseball.

"Why, the ball was on the ground!" yelled Finnegan when they told him he was out. He went over and interviewed the ump while the crowd booed. When the ump explained, Rats dashed his cap to the ground and stamped on it. This seemed to hit the crowd as funnier than Charlie Chaplin. One fat man was carried out to an ambulance.

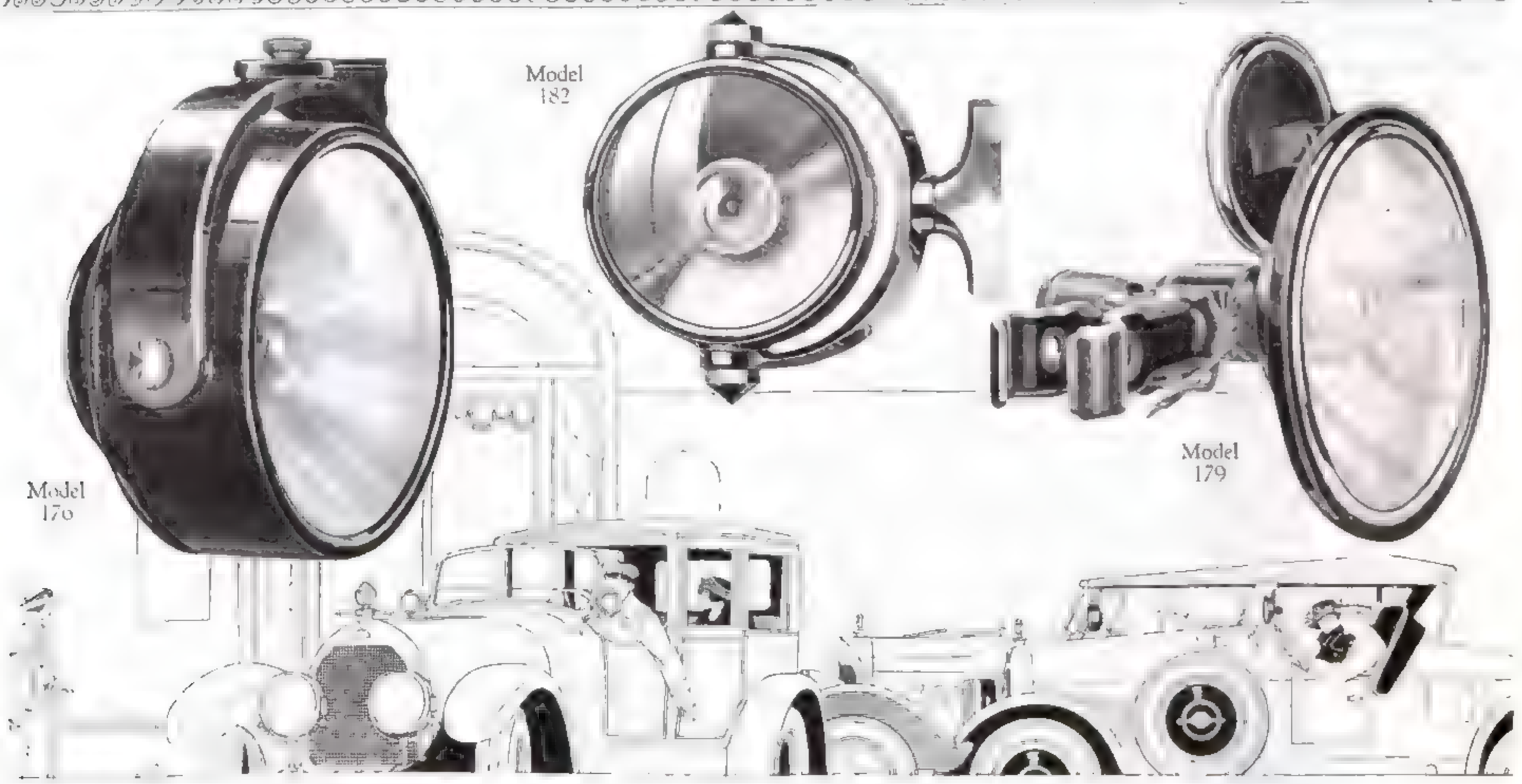
Trott replaced him at the wicket. He stepped out to meet the ball and before he could get back the wicket-keeper took the ball and knocked the wickets down. "Stumped!" yelled the crowd with delight. So he was out and there was another argument. Then Boyle went in. The first ball struck him below the knee. He turned to the ump, asking what he got out of that. The ump said he got an out because he was standing in front of the wicket when the ball hit him. It took half our team to pry Larry away from the umpire.

Now it was the Baboon's turn. I leaned forward, hands upon my knees, and gave him a line of Cincinnati-coaching talk; for, if he and Bill Pitt flivvered, this game was going to be more of a joke even than I had thought. Three of our most consistent batters had already gone down on three pitched balls, and while we had seven more outs to go, ten in all, I couldn't see many runs in the offing.

I must say Bab looked like a million dollars as he stood there in baseball pose. There never was a finer picture than the big fellow in action. His bowler let go one wide of the wicket. Bab never blinked at it. Now, in cricket the good form is to hit at the wide ones and merely block off the ones that are coming straight for the wicket, just the opposite to baseball.

"What's the matter? Are you yella?" Bab asks the bowler, who, I think, was a duke. "Put one over!"

Continued on Page 68



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Model 176 is given a beautiful black enamel finish

Model 176-C, for open cars.
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All Models are priced at.....$7.50

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Model 179-A, for open cars.
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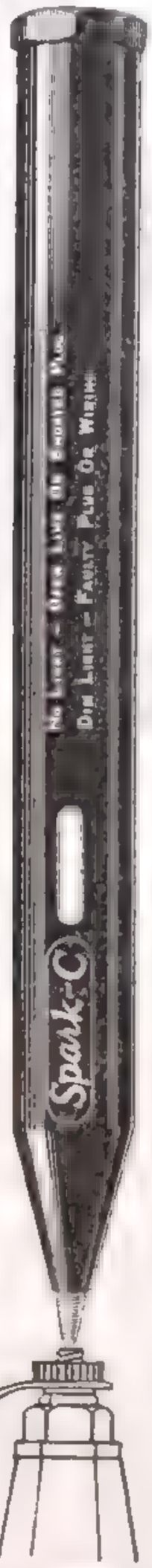

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(Continued from Page 66)

The duke smiles in a superior way and pours one straight down the groove. If it had got past Bab it would have made those wickets look like an explosion in a bale of toothpicks. But the Baboon didn't let it go by, and he didn't block it. He took a toe hold and swung like a windmill. With the flat paddle he had in his hand he couldn't have missed the pill with his eyes shut. While the crowd gave a flutter of anguish that ball began to travel. If it ain't floating somewhere in the English Channel today I'll eat the mate to it.

Well, Bab and Pitt started to run between the wickets, as the custom is in cricket, touching the stakes with their bats to count the runs, when the ump said they needn't tire themselves. He gave Bab six runs.

"All right, old boy!" yells Pitt, who now got a chance to bat in the second 'over.' "Slip it to me!"

Pitt was a chop hitter, like Willie Keeler. Cricket hitting was patented for him. He choked the first ball where no one was, and he kept on doing it.

He made eight-five runs, more or less, before he was bowled out. Harrigan took his place. But as for the Baboon, he never got out. If the game had lasted till now he would still be in there walloping, I reckon. After each five balls pitched the bowlers would reverse their stations and try again. The fielders, who were set in all sorts of ridiculous places, would reverse with the bowlers; but it wasn't any use. Anything that came within reaching distance Bab leaned against and it was good-by ball. Harrigan hit for sixty runs, and then he was called out on some technicality. But they weren't catching Bab. Evidently he had learned all there was to learn about the hitting rules from the duchess. In fact she had taken him down to Oxford to practice.

His hundred-and-ninth run came when he hit a liner straight at a guy they call the long-off. This fellow was game, but foolish. He tried to catch it. It went through his hands and hit him in the stomach. Everybody stopped for tea, and they changed bowlers while the ambulance was taking him away.

This gave the duchess a chance to summon Bab to her box. The Prince of Wales was passing at the time, and the duchess, putting one hand on the Baboon's shoulder and the other on Plunkett's, smiled her two-reel-movie-vamp smile at His Highness.

"My two champions!" she simpered.

The Prince smiled then, acting like he could just recall Gwendolyn, while Bab gave the English champ a scowl.

"Sunday night," he says, as though to himself, "there'll be only one champ. And it'll be alive, all right," showing how little it took to get my star batter all cheated up. Because he was busting cricket balls he'd got the idea he could bust anything, even a champion box fighter.

Well, anyway, when the umpire called it a day they had eight outs on us, and Bab was still filling England with lop-sided cricket balls. The scorer had got cramps counting what we'd made, but it was something over three hundred-odd runs, if I recall; anyway it was something record-breaking.

The all-English team had used up all its bowlers and a lot that had no pretense to being such, while the fielders had run themselves ragged, their tongues hanging out, trying to shag such balls as remained within the grounds. So they requested that the rest of the inning, as well as their inning, be put over until Monday. I agreed. In fact I'd have agreed to putting it over until next week, and you won't blame me when I ask you how you'd like to sit at a ball game lasting five hours, with nothing but home runs by one side.

The hero of course was the Baboon. The Prince of Wales finally remembered he had known the duchess and let her present the big fellow, and the two kidded each other like a couple of pals. In fact Bab and he had their picture took standing together, with the duchess between. And you could see that Joe Plunkett, sitting alone with Sir Michael, liked the incident just as well as he would like a wooden leg.

That night there was a dinner at the Royal and Honorable, with the American ambassador, who for some reason or other had been off us up till then, making a speech, and then a British cabinet member, and then a lot of other guys, who told us that while our form was rotten we were 100 per cent efficient. It was large, that evening.

I don't know when I got home, or how. All I know is that when my head ached me back to consciousness next morning and I lamped Bab there in the next bed his appearance didn't tout him as an odds-on bet that he would stick four rounds with the champion of England that night.

About ten o'clock up come a bunch of flowers to Bab from the duchess' own hothouses. They might as well have been a stack of carrots for all the Baboon knew or cared. He was in, that bird.

Toward noon Sir Michael, Tim Holliday, myself and a couple of guys walked over to the duchess' place, or at least to the cottage where Joe Plunkett was training. The dame herself showed up just as we got there, and we all went in and watched the champ punch the bag. He looked O.K. to me. Of course, he had shown he didn't class with, say, Dempsey; but he worked good, and was about as well built for his trade as any man in the world.

The duchess treated him different from the way she handled Bab. She was the great lady all the time down in the cottage, and Plunkett was as polite to her as one of her servants.

"You understand, of course, Plunkett," she said, "that this bout tonight is merely friendly and for the pleasure of Sir Michael and his guests."

"Certainly, yer gryce," says Plunkett, and hits the bag an extra hard wallop.

Sir Michael tips the wink to me and I tips it back. Then he leaves us watching the fighter while he and the duchess strolls off through the deer park, she leaning on his arm and Finucane with his chest out and head up as though he was keeping a date with the Queen of England.

When we arrive back at the house, there is the Baboon up for air.

"For a man," I says, "that's aiming to box with the champion of England tonight, you look like a sardine."

"That's so; I have got to box tonight, ain't—haven't I?" Bab looks thoughtful. "Well, it's only four rounds, and this bird Plunkett won't last one."

I gave the hick a long look.

"Bab," says I, "are you only kidding or do you mean what you say? This guy, Plunkett, is a champion."

"Of England—sure! Say, chief, I want to put you wise to something. I've got the rep of being the best scrapper in the big leagues, ain't—haven't I?" I admitted it, and he went on: "Well, you don't know it, but when Jack Dempsey was touring with the burlesque last winter I went on with him for three rounds out in Peoria under a fake name—of course the champion knew who I was—and he said I gave him the best workout he had had in a year. He said I could be as big a fighter as a ball player. I told him sure I could, but I liked to hit something as a regular business that couldn't hit back—meaning of course the old apple. Well, this leather pusher, Plunkett, would drop dead if he sat in the same ring with Dempsey."

"He promised the duchess," I says, "he would make it a friendly bout."

"So will I," laughs Schnitzler. "I'll knock him for the circuit right off quick, and not carry him along, punishing him until I get ready to put on the crusher the way a lot of mean-natured champs do."

I saw it was no use to talk to him. Anyway, there was a lot of newspaper men, American correspondents, waiting to get his views on cricket and Lloyd George and the King and everything, so Tim and I walked away and let him rave.

The duchess sat in at lunch. She kept looking at Bab the way a woman looks at a man that is going to the electric chair. But when she talked she was sprightly enough, evidently figuring to keep up the Bab's confidence.

"But there is one thing I don't quite understand," she says. "Did you challenge Plunkett to this bout, Bab, or did he challenge you? Just what did happen? I am really curious."

The Baboon grinned.

"Oh, Sir Michael asked me would I go on if he could arrange the entertainment, and I says, 'Sure! Always ready to oblige, you know.'"

The duchess didn't say anything, but she shot a glance at Finucane that I didn't get the meaning of; nor did Finucane, I guess. Anyway he looked thoughtful the rest of the meal.

She asked Bab what he was up to that afternoon, and he said a little training. He was in good condition, barring last night's shindig, and he thought he would run that out of his system and then step a round or two with Tim Holliday, who was a pretty hefty lad himself.

Sir Michael had a date to drive somewhere for a musical afternoon at some place, so that left me and Bab and Holliday alone. We got in a roadster that Sir Michael had left for us to use—that is, Tim and I got in and let Bab run after us a mile. Then we picked him up out of the road and drove him home. When I say "picked" I mean picked.

"Well," he says later in the day, after he had punched Holliday all around the stable, done some shadow stuff and wound up with a hot-and-cold bath, "I'm fit and ready."

"You mean you're ready to be fitted," I says. He swings at me, then laughed.

"Quit your kidding, chief. Honest, when Gwendolyn sees me step tonight there'll be a new duke running her castle, and you can take that from me. The janes all fell for me in the U. S. A., didn't they? But you never seen me fall for them, chief." I'll hand it to the Bab that I never did. "Well, that's because they wasn't the class I was waiting for royalty and I already told her so."

"The helyadid! What did she say?"

"Oh, she laughed—the way a woman would, you know, when she gets the genuine up-and-up."

"Sure I know!" I says, winking at Tim.

That night there was a big crowd in to dinner, and after it was over Tim and I, who had been nominated as Bab's seconds, went upstairs with him to prepare him for the funeral. I'll hand it to the Baboon to the extent of saying he wasn't any more nervous than he would have been was he getting ready to go up against a bush-league pitcher. But then, nerves was something you'd have to dig pretty deep into the Bab to find.

He had bought a ring outfit in London the previous day, before the cricket game, and when he was rigged up you can put it down he looked like a fighter, even if Tim and I didn't take him to be one. Above a pair of white running pants he was stripped to the buff, and I'll hand it to him that he had about as fine a body as Nature ever built onto a pair of legs. And, speaking of legs, the Baboon was there, also. In fact, looking him over, I began to lose my original idea of wanting to see him beat up.

"Bab," I says, "you've got a chance against that English stiff, darned if I don't think you have!" Then a bright thought came. "Bab, you boxed right-handed against Tim. Can you box from the port side?"

"No; why?"

"Nothing, only it's too bad."

"Leave it to me, bo!"

"All right, I'll have to. Remember, you represent the good old U. S. A., and go in and knock this guy for a string of Wienerwurst."

"Watch me!" grins Bab.

"Well, come on then."

Down we went. The bout was to be put on in the ballroom. It was an eyeful, that place. In fact it hit me so sudden and so hard that I pulled up in the doorway, stepping on the Bab's foot and getting a jolt and a growl from him. I had sat in at lots of fights; in fact occasionally I had officiated as third man in winter out home; but never had I seen a sight like this.

There was a ring with brass posts and silk ropes, surrounding a stretch of canvas, a big chandelier overhead. And all around in gilt chairs were about fifty top-liners, the men in full dress and the women in low necks and no sleeves. The duchess sat right back of Bab's corner, with Sir Michael at her side. And flunkies in plush and silk were passing cigarettes and cigars.

There was handclapping as Bab and Tim and I stepped through the ropes, and a regular uproar a minute later when Plunkett and his handlers appeared. Some gent with one eyeglass and a lisp was the referee and Sir Michael held the watch.

Plunkett peeled off his bath robe first, and appeared in a blue jersey and long blue tights. Evidently he wasn't figuring on hard work. Right after, Bab shucked his robe. Then there was a roar, I can tell you. Even Plunkett started back as he saw the moving-picture build of that guy he intended to walk over.

Take it from me, Bab looked the part he was playing. His big rugged face was set on top of a body and limbs that the birds who carve statues would have paid money to copy. I took a slant at the duchess, and if she didn't give a picture of a

(Continued on Page 71)

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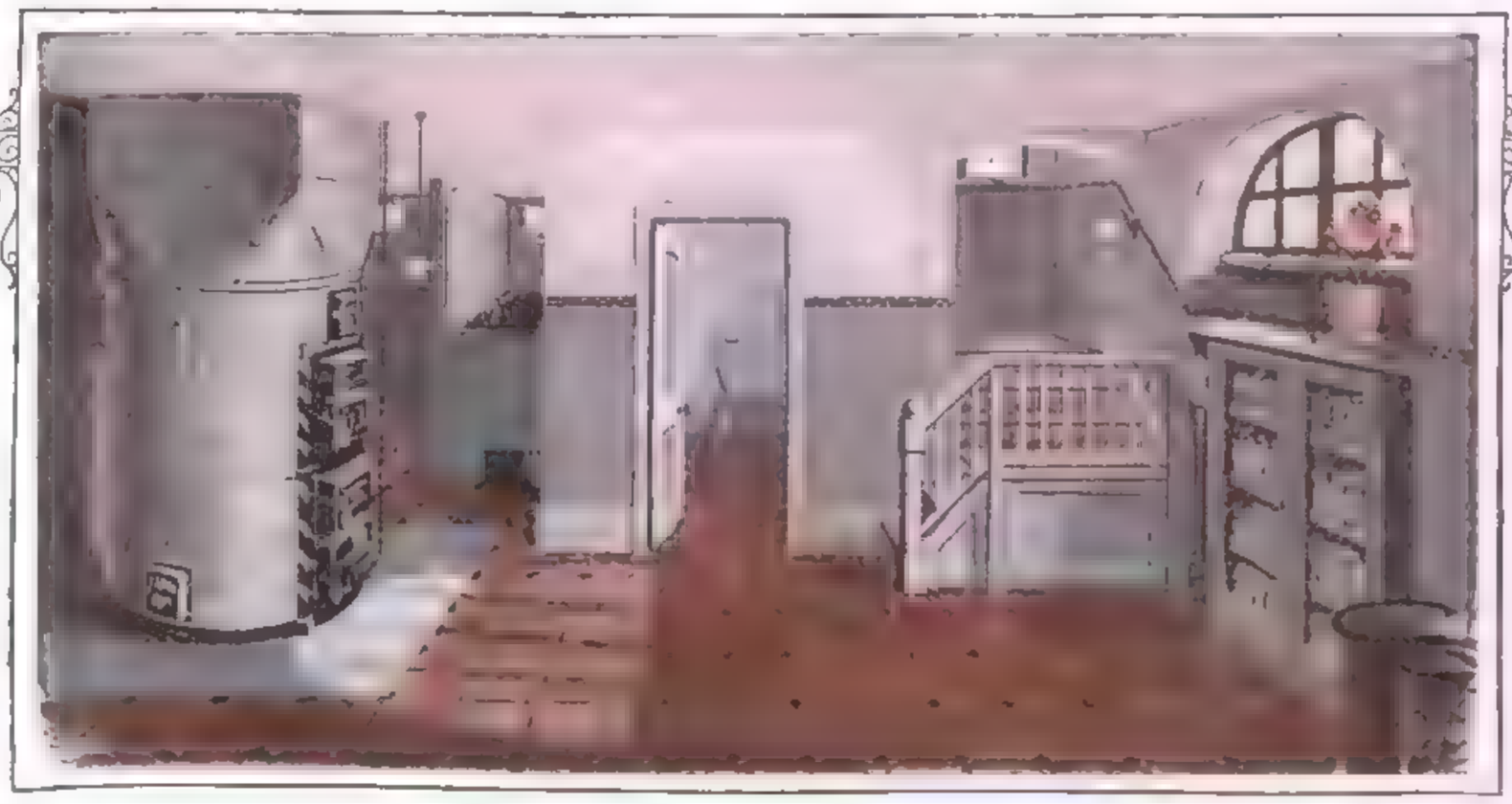

LOW in price, quickly installed, easily operated and remarkable for fuel economy, the Mueller Convector offers advantages not obtained by other methods of heating, no matter what their cost.

You see all of this compact, efficient system in the basement illustrated. Note the absence of unsightly, heat-wasting pipes. The entire house is heated, upstairs and down, through one register. Living rooms are wholly free of heating apparatus.

Can any home owner afford to overlook the following Convector advantages?

The Convector Ventilates Your Home While Heating It

Ventilates it—just as modern hospitals are ventilated—by their great ventilating systems. They use exactly the same principle as the Convector, excepting that they must have pipes and fans to circulate the warmed air because of the size of the buildings.

Without a single pipe or fan, the Convector gives you the same practical results. Fresh, warmed air is constantly circulated to every room in your house. There can be no spotty heat, no corners filled with stagnant, stuffy air.

How can you have healthful ventilation in winter, unless it is provided by your heating system? Open windows give uneven, haphazard ventilation that wastes fuel and causes cold drafts. Demand a heating system that furnishes positive, **natural** circulation of air with even heat—demand the Convector.

The Convector Provides Healthfully Moistened Air

All air that is warmed in your rooms in winter should be immediately moistened. The drying effect of warmed, unmoistened air is harmful to almost every object in your home. Natural moisture is removed from floors, woodwork and furniture, causing them to warp and creak. Fine finishes are marred, wall-paper is loosened, musical instruments and even fabrics may be harmed.

Unmoistened, heated air dries the lining of nose and mouth, throat and lungs; makes you susceptible to colds, bronchitis and headaches; causes you to be nervous and irritable. Ask your physician.

The Convector automatically moistens all the warmed air in your home. The amount of moisture is self-regulating—the air naturally taking the proper amount.

The Convector Keeps All Radiant Heat Out of Your Living Rooms

Two forms of heat are used in heating homes and buildings: **radiant heat and heat of convection.** Radiant heat is that thrown off by an open fire and, in great degree, by the hot metal of stoves. **Heat of convection** is the heat absorbed by air moving over a hot metal surface.

Every home should be warmed by **heat of convection.** Radiant heat always makes the temperature uneven. It is wasteful, for it passes readily through windows and is rapidly absorbed by walls.

From 40% to 60% of the heat from some systems is radiant heat. In the Convector, all radiant heat is changed to heat of convection, used to warm the air, and sent to every room in the house. This is one of several reasons the Convector saves ⅓ to ½ on fuel. It is also the reason for the name, CONVECTOR.

The Convector Operates in Any Weather Without Fuel Waste

In fall and spring, when many systems waste fuel and are hard to regulate, the Convector never falters in its economy. A quick fire, a little fuel, and the chill and damp are gone from a cool October day. No waiting for the Convector to "warm up"—it responds at once.

You regulate the temperature **directly by the amount of fuel you burn.** What satisfaction on mild days to know that you are trimming your fuel bills—that you are not burning more than is necessary.

This direct fuel burning regulation makes the Convector the universal system. Alaska to Mexico, fall to spring, it will keep you comfortable every day, without trouble, without fuel waste.

"Our home is just like summer everywhere, at all times, day or night. Any cold evening in summer or fall we can carry a little fire without trouble and be comfortable. We never bought anything and got as much for our money as when we bought the Convector."

MR. HENRY KORPORAL, Van Buren, Ind.

The Convector Burns Any Fuel With Greatest Economy

The Convector burns hard or soft coal, screenings, lignite, oil, wood or gas. Thousands of practical tests have proved that it saves ⅓ to ½ on fuel. However, not all this saving is due to the efficient way the Convector burns fuel. Much of it is the result of correct ventilation and proper moisture in the air, and the way the Convector changes wasteful, uneven radiant heat into useful **heat of convection,** using it to warm the air throughout the home.

The Convector Frees All Your Living Rooms of Unsightly Heating Apparatus

The Convector is a simple, self-contained, easily operated system, installed in the basement where a heating system belongs. It heats every room upstairs and down through **one** register on the first floor.

It leaves all your rooms perfectly free of stoves and pipes, valves and radiators. No fuel dust, gas or ashes need ever get into your living rooms.

The finer your home, the more it demands this unobtrusive method of heating—a system that is silent, that cannot freeze, that cannot leak, that can never streak walls and furnishings with dust and dirt.

SALESMEN: We have places for several proved men who want an excellent product to back their ability. Write us.

DEALERS: Write now for details of exclusive sales plan. This is an unusual opportunity for good business.

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Positively Guaranteed

The Convector is positively guaranteed to heat all your home comfortably in any weather.

It can be installed in any home, new or old, usually in less than one day's time.

Sizes for homes of four to eighteen rooms. Will heat store buildings, theaters, churches, etc. Takes small space in basement. Never heats basement. Not necessary to have full-size basement for installation.

Heats ample supply of water for kitchen and bath.

Lasts a lifetime.

You can secure the correct size for your needs, ON EASY TERMS IF DESIRED, from a dealer near you. Send now for complete information about an installation, whether your home is old or new—whether or not you have another system. Use the request form below.

Send for Your Copy of "HEAT"

This book is an interesting discussion of **scientific facts** about heat and its use in homes and buildings. It is of especial value to architects, builders, home owners and those who are about to buy or build a home.

The information in this book will be of great value to you. It will enable you to save fuel and get greater comfort and efficiency from your present method of heating. **Send for it No obligation. It's worth having.**

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246 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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☐ Please send me complete information about the CONVECTOR.

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STANEREK

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT MAN HAVE BEEN GIVEN FIRST REGARD IN DEVELOPING THE STANEREK.

IT SUCCESSFULLY TONES DOWN THE FIGURE AND INFLUENCES AN ERECT APPEARANCE. ACCREDITED FASHION PARK AGENTS NOW HAVE IT.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

Continued from Page 68

woman who approved of Bab's build I'll never again try to outguess a rival manager. He was about fifteen pounds heavier than the Englishman and an inch or so taller. Any lady would have bet five to one on Bab's chances; but I—not being a lady, and knowing what the English bird's heavy sloping shoulders with the big back muscles meant, not to mention his thick neck, long, well-built arms and strong if not particularly handsome legs—knew better.

He had one of these square, high-cheeked faces with stone-blue eyes and a head partly bald, but neither from age nor from thought. He wasn't paying much attention to anybody, just businesslike, whereas Bab, sensing the admiration of the women, especially of the duchess, was grinning around and, in a way of speaking, shaking hands with himself the way Carpentier did before Dempsey handed him his fadeaway.

The referee made a little spiel, saying that this was a friendly exhibition designed to show the progress of Mr. Plunkett in his preparations for his great coming battle with Timms at the London Sporting Club, and then referred to the Baboon as a great American athlete who had had the choice of greatness in two sports, and chose one—namely, baseball.

"I do not have to add," says he, "that Mr. Schnitzler's name is a household word in England today, after his 'stronery exhibition at the wickets yesterday afternoon."

Then he told the two fighters to go to it.

You could see at once that Bab wasn't going to waste any time boxing. What he was looking for was an opening for one good-night right wallop, and not knowing enough about the game to know how to pry things open with his left he just waited around, as you may say.

As for Plunkett, he was just a little suspicious. He wasn't any too sure that big guy in front of him wasn't Dempsey in disguise. His aim was to feel the Baboon out. Seeing at last that Bab wasn't going to offer anything in the way of a lead, the Englishman started a light left, then pulled it halfway and jumped back. He wanted to see what Bab would have done had he really finished the lead. He saw. Bab's right flew over in what would have been a cross counter had Plunkett stayed within shooting distance.

It came hard all right, but it came slow. It was what you might call a ponderous blow. Plunkett's eyes lightened. He danced in with his left, catching Bab on the forehead, ducked Bab's right hook and slammed his own right into the place that Bab had been treating so well ever since he had been in England—namely, his stomach.

The Baboon's grunt was the kind of sound you hear at the zoo at feeding time, but I'll hand it to him enough to say that he took it otherwise like a man. In fact Plunkett, expecting Bab to drop, didn't get away as quick as he should have. This gave Bab the chance to raise his right a mile high and bring it down on the Englishman's neck in a hundred per cent pure rabbit punch while Plunk was still stooping.

You'd have thought the chandelier had fallen on the Englishman when that Gunboat Smith landed. The first thing that hit the floor was his nose, quickly followed by the rest of him. The referee began to count. But Plunkett wasn't out by any means. I saw him move his head to make sure it was still fastened on all right, and then he jumped to his feet. Bab rushed him like a bull. Plunkett ducked and the Bab did a dive right over his head and under the ropes. He slid back into the ring, climbed to his feet and rushed in with windmill wallops, Plunkett backing up and straightening up his man at every rush with as nifty a left as you ever saw. Talk about noise! No fight club in the States, in a last-round mix-up, ever did any better than this gang of high-lifes was doing. The round ended in a clinch.

Bab came back to his corner, fighting for wind and mad clear through.

"Bab, you're doing great!" I said. "Play him more with your left. I mean hook him as he leads. Don't you lead. Let him force it. He's the champ!"

"Champ!" Bab glared at me. "I'm going to make that guy jump out the ring next round, and when he gets out there I'm going to chase him out the window. I'll show him who's alive!"

"Be careful, Bab," I warns. Tim Holliday chimes in in the same vein.

"Oh, I'll be careful, sure! Say," he says, suddenly, grinning, "did you see Gwendolyn's face when I had the sparrow on the floor. She was beating Sir Mike on the back like he was a cab horse."

"All right; you watch your man, not Gwendolyn," I says.

The bell rung. As they squared off I could see that Plunkett had learned what he wanted to know about his man. He advances, feinting with two hands, but not hitting, until he had the Baboon tied up all in knots in his own corner. Then with a cold grin he slips back to the middle of the court. He had been finding it hard to get in with his right because Bab was using the Jeffries crouch, his jaw well covered up by his shoulder.

The answer of course was to get him out of it. He fiddles around for about thirty seconds, everyone holding his breath, and then after some beautiful feinting he opens Bab up and comes in with the well-known one-two. Both blows landed, landed hard—left to chin and right to ribs. Bab windmilled with both hands and then clinched.

"A couple more wallops like that and it will be lights for our hopeful," I whispers to Tim.

Tim nods just as the ref rushes in to break the clinch, Bab doing the hanging on. He had no more than got there when Bab releases his right from around Plunkett's neck, jumps away and starts a roundhouse wallop. Then, as the English would say, a 'stronery thing happened. As Bab starts his haymaker Plunkett steps in with an awful right hook and lands it square an instant after Bab's windmill cops the referee square on the jaw. Just blim! Blam!

Honest, I grabbed Tim's shoulder to see if I was awake. There on the floor lay the referee, the rim of his broken monocle over his nose, his shirt front busted out and mouth open. Otherwise he looked almost as natural as life. Then, draped across him, the champion batter of the universe—at peace; absolutely at peace. In fact there was a smile on Bab's face, as though the prize canary of the world was singing a duet with the champion nightingale.

The ballroom was a riot—of laughter. Men were slapping each other on the back and the women was pawing at them. Sir Michael was standing up, holding onto his sides and hee-hawing like a Georgia mule. The referee, Sir Thomas Somebody, was coming to as I lifted Bab off him and me and Tim pulled him to his corner.

Slowly the ref got to his feet and then tottered up to Plunkett, who had been standing in a daze.

"Plunkett, did you strike me?"

At that the roof came down again, while the English bird tried to explain just what happened to his lordship. In the meantime we was doing the smelling-salt act to Bab. Suddenly his eyes open.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Nothing," says I, "except it's all over."

"What's all over?"

"The fight," says Tim.

"The fight!" Bab struggled to his feet. "It ain't begun yet."

With that he starts for Plunkett, and we tackle him and force him down to his seat. More laughter.

Then something happened. I saw Sir Michael, fighting for breath, grab the duchess' shoulder. Like a flash she pushes him away, then rises and comes to the ropes. Reaching through, she grabs Bab's heaving shoulders.

"You poor boy!" she shrieks. "You poor dear boy! So they've been making a fool of you, eh? And of me! Of course, you thought that great brute was only going to box with you!"

With that, like an empress, she turns to me.

"Will you be so good as to take Mr. Schnitzler out of here? Have him dress. I shall be waiting in my car for him. Hurry, my good men—at once!"

There was a silence as we led out the Baboon, and no one spoke upstairs as Tim and I patched him up and got him dressed. He was punished pretty bad, especially about the body, and was sort of dazed.

Then down we came, bored through Sir Michael's guests and delivered him over to the duchess. That was the last I saw of my circuit clouter for a long time.

Later that week, after we had played a ball game at Marylebone in the rain before about a hundred and fifty spectators, we got word that Bab and the duchess had been married at high noon that day, very quietly, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and had gone to Switzerland.

Last month, after the Plaid Sox had beat us in a Saturday game, a peanut seller called me into the stand. There sat a faded-out blond lady, rigged out like a movie queen's bus, and a great big fellow in a light suit that needed a haircut, purple necktie, spats and a plumber's kelly. He had three chins, sleepy eyes and a paunch like a grizzly.

"Surely, Mr. McGann, you remember me, the Duchess of Bonnicastle? And my husband, your old friend, Bab?"

"Bab!" I was so paralyzed I didn't have the sense to be polite. "Bab Schnitzler!"

"Harya, McGann?" he yawned, and reached out a pudgy hand. "Thought I'd sort of look in on the place, doncher know. Bally well had to. Couldn't be in the States without a dip into the old grounds. Team punting a bit badly? Rawther! Going's just a bit thick, eh? What? What? Look us up some time when you're in London, dear boy." He rose slowly. "Now, dearest," he says to the duchess, "we mustn't keep the motor waiting, you know."

Away they went. A fan standing by taps me on the arm.

"Wasn't that Bab Schnitzler?" he asks.

"It was," says I.

"Harris is the man for the Job"

"He thinks ahead. He puts in his spare time studying."

A group of executives were conferring about the filling of an important position.

It wasn't strange that they picked for the place an employe who had the foresight to prepare for bigger responsibility. The vote was unanimous. And yet they did only what employers usually and gladly do for the man who gets ready for opportunity.

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Marking and mailing the coupon below will not obligate you but will bring a copy of a stimulating booklet, "Head and Shoulders Above the Crowd—How to Get There," and our friendly counsel.

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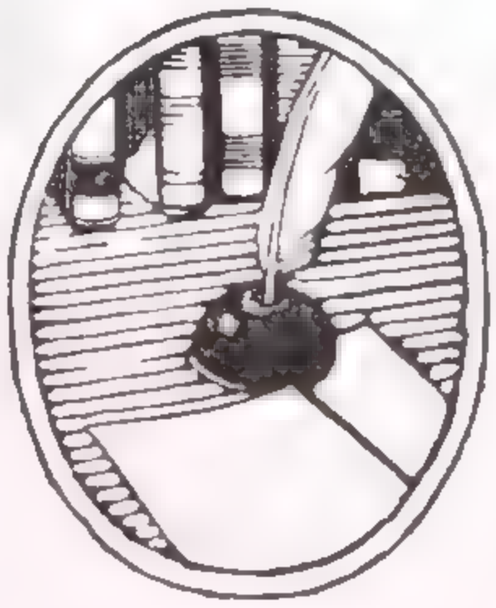

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The signature, Wilson Bro's, is not only a guaranty of quality but it is also an unfailing index of fashion and correct dress. Look for this signature on hose, shirts, pajamas, belts, underwear, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, nightshirts, mufflers, suspenders, knit gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

Sense and Nonsense

Peroration

A JUSTICE of the peace in a small Maine town was called upon to perform his first marriage ceremony. After he had the knot safely tied, the young couple continued to stand before him as if expecting some further rite.

Whereupon the justice stammered out, in a desperate attempt to round off the ceremony with something of a religious turn, "There, there, it's all over! Go and sin no more!"

The Bostonian's Bull

A BOSTON man was on his way West on important business. In the opposite section of the Pullman sat a sweet-faced, tired-appearing woman with four small children. Being fond of children, and feeling sorry for the mother, the Bostonian soon made friends with the kiddies.

Early next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear" of the mother as she tried to dress them; and, looking out, he saw a small, white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite:

"This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried 'Wee! Wee!' all the way home."

The foot was suddenly withdrawn, and a cold, quiet voice—that of the mother—said, "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

A Grave Mistake

A CALIFORNIA artist sold to a Pasadena lady two years ago one of his landscapes. The lady after she had had the picture a few weeks tired of it, and to another artist, who dined with her one night, she said, "I think that new picture of mine lacks animation. It needs life in it. Would you be willing to paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle?"

"Why, surely!" he replied. And he took the landscape home with him, made the addition and returned it the next morning.

Later, meeting the painter of the picture, he said, "I had the audacity to alter a picture of yours the other day. It was the landscape you sold the Pasadena lady. She wanted a figure in it, and, to oblige her, I painted an old peasant walking down the road."

"Walking down the road!" exclaimed the painter. "Why, that wasn't a road! That was a river."

Scattered

PAT was employed on an engineering job a few miles out of Los Angeles, and was carried to his work by an express train, which accommodatingly slowed up near the scene of his labors.

One morning, however, the train rushed through the cut without reducing speed, and the superintendent of the job looked in vain for Pat. At last he saw a much-battered Irishman limping back down the ties.

"Hello, Pat!" he cried. "Where did you get off?"

Pat turned stiffly, and waving his hand toward the steep embankment sighed, "Oh—all along here!"

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

EVERYBODY in the movie world knows that Cecil and William De Mille, the prominent directors, are brothers.

Cecil has a charming young daughter. At a Hollywood tea recently she was introduced to a lady who asked if she were related to the "great De Mille."

"And did you say he was your father?" asked Cecil proudly, when she told him of the incident.

"No," replied his daughter; "I said he was my uncle."

Not Passed at the Time

A NEW YORK salesman was staying at a Texas hotel where he observed an old-fashioned roller towel.

"Say," he asked of a man in the washroom, "doesn't the owner of this hotel know that it's against the law of the state of Texas to use roller towels now?"

"He knows it all right enough," said the man addressed, "but I reckon that law wasn't passed when this towel was put up."

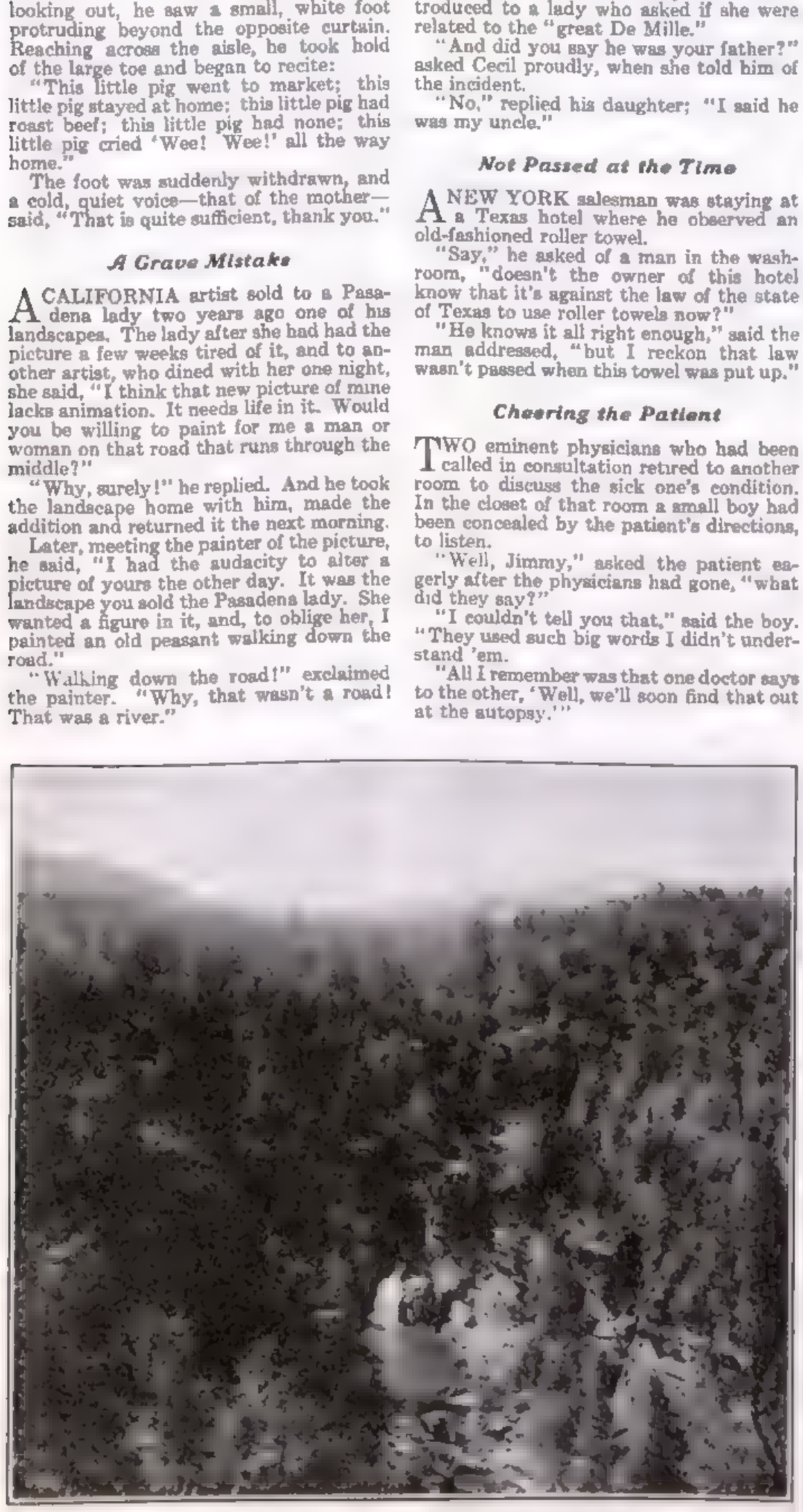
Cheering the Patient

TWO eminent physicians who had been called in consultation retired to another room to discuss the sick one's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions, to listen.

"Well, Jimmy," asked the patient eagerly after the physicians had gone, "what did they say?"

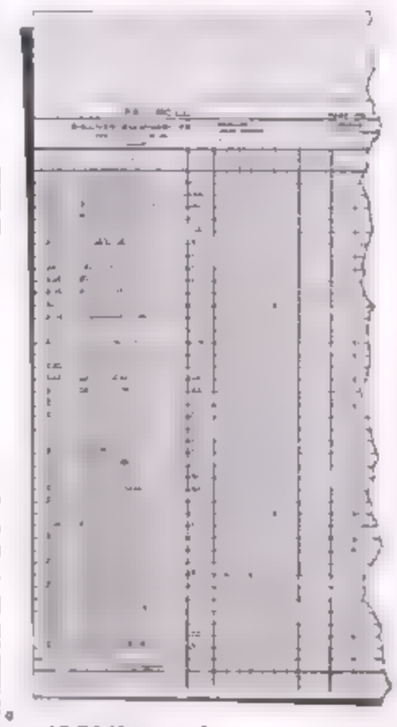
"I couldn't tell you that," said the boy. "They used such big words I didn't understand 'em.

"All I remember was that one doctor says to the other, 'Well, we'll soon find that out at the autopsy.'"



Lindville Falls, Pisgah National Forest, North Carolina

"FILLS in name, address, salutation and date. Here knocks on form covers better than typewriter"
—Sherman Williams Cleveland



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for Canadian Ingersoll-Rand Company
Increases Sales 400%
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This $57.50 short-cut *increases* sales by making direct mail advertising *easy* and *profitable*. It cuts expense by filling in or addressing forms of all kinds 15 times faster than clerks do such work—insures 100% accuracy!

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HISTORY doesn't state that the summer of 1922 B. C. in China was unusually hot. However, we do know that the Chinese at that time used huge sun shades to shut out the glare of the sun and keep them cool.

These shades were often large enough to protect and shield entire family groups.

Through all ages man has sought protection from the blazing orb.

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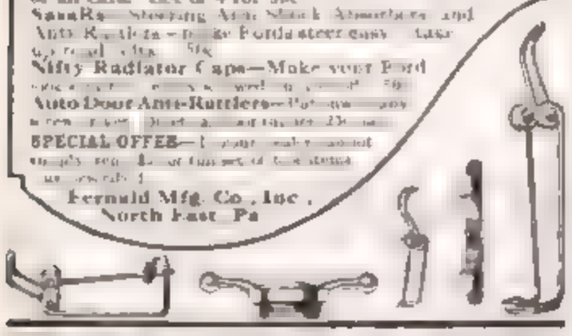

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VENUS

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 28)

"Poor men must look to their own needs. Give me the plates and the negative. The dark room is ——"

"There. Chemicals are all ready. Be quick. I have much to do. This"—he held up the tracing—"must be prepared for dispatch."

"How will it travel—a single messenger?"

"By relays. Tomorrow by myself, as far as Dover. At the quay it is passed to another who will carry it across the Channel. A third conveys it to Nice."

"Nice!" George repeated.

"There it will be retained until the important one ——"

"From the Thirteenth Communal?"

"Exactly—comes to claim it."

"And how will the messengers recognize each other?"

"By signs and numbers. Each will receive his own instructions."

George nodded approval and picked up the negative and the packet of plates.

"Thorough," said he. "In what form will the tracing be carried?"

A mean distrusting look came into Mossi's eyes.

"You question too much. That is outside your concern. Do what we have decided and get to the dark room quickly."

"Very well," George grumbled, and turned sharply on his heel.

It is almost impossible to believe a man of George's intelligence would have failed to look where he was putting his feet in that ill-lit cellar. On the other hand, Mossi was equally to blame for carelessly throwing down his coat.

The fact remains that George tripped over the obstacle and measured his length on the stone floor, smashing the precious negative to smithereens and destroying all hope of securing a duplicate.

"*Basta!*" roared the little Italian. "Fool, pig, ass! Shall I work with such as you!"

Clearly it was up to George to apologize, and that fully, but he did no such thing. For the two minutes that followed there was not one single opprobrious epithet known to the peoples of Northern Italy or familiar to the inhabitants of suffering Poland that he did not level at and exchange with his enraged partner.

To the observer unacquainted with the Continental method of adjusting differences it must have seemed inevitable that the discussion would proceed beyond mere words; but George knew the type he was dealing with and knew the type he was portraying. Had he behaved differently it is certain that the Italian's suspicions would have been aroused.

They were spared the necessity of drawing a conclusion from the argument by a knock at the door and a voice outside, which announced imperatively, "He is here."

It was Mossi who shot back the bolt and admitted the visitor, a small dark man with black eyes that glittered. He came in like a rabbit ducking into its burrow. In the brief space while the door stood open the distant chimes of the Town Hall clock could be heard striking six.

"The negative," said he, "it has been destroyed?"

Mossi pointed at the broken glass upon the floor and nodded.

"And there is no duplicate?"

"None."

"On the badge of the soviet you will swear to that."

Mossi pulled out a small nickel badge and held it aloft in his right hand.

The visitor turned to George.

"And you too," said he.

Unhappily George was not in possession of the soviet badge, but he deemed it unwise to mention the fact. After all, Butterwick's silver authority would do just as well. He took it from his pocket and repeated the Italian's action with all solemnity.

"I have the authority to pay," said the visitor, and opened a small black bag brimful of Bank of England notes.

XIV

IT WAS a little after 4 A.M. when Butterwick made his sensational appearance at Charlie Pearson's and found the entire household in a state of turmoil. It would be impossible, he was told by an agitated butler in a dressing gown, for him to see anyone. A burglary had been committed, several guests murdered, and it was probable that the house was on fire. But Butterwick did not allow these small considerations to weigh with him. Sweeping the man aside he rushed up the staircase in the wake of little Miss Phyllis, who had pelted round from the back of the house at the sound of the shot. She easily outstripped him along the bedroom corridor and flung herself into her uncle's room.

Martyn Saville was sitting on the floor grinning sheepishly and assuring Charlie Pearson and a semicircle of servants and guests that it really didn't matter at all.

"My own damn fault. Didn't know you were so good a shot, old fellar."

"You ass—you blazing, blasted fool!" roared Charlie, his face purpled by conflicting emotions. "I might have killed you."

And then Miss Phyllis, crying aloud that she was to blame, hurled herself like a projectile into Martyn's arms as though by sheer violence she would restore him to health.

"My darling kid," he implored, "if you must do this, stick your head in the other shoulder. It's in better condition."

And then came the voice of Butterwick rising high above the rest:

"Mr. Saville, you are warned at once. A very terrible thing has occurred."

Martyn turned and blinked at the intruder.

"I say, good people," he asked sweetly, "can you see anyone in that doorway or have I been plugged through the head?"

Charlie Pearson was first to demand, "Who the devil are you?"

"My name is Butterwick. Saville, get up and come with me."

So imperative was the tone that Martyn struggled to his feet.

"Then it is you," he said. "What's wrong?"

Butterwick stepped forward and whispered a few hurried words in his ear.

"My Lord!" Martyn passed a hand across his forehead. "Photographed, eh? I'll come at once. Got a car?"

"Downstairs."

"Right. Awfully sorry I can't explain—but something —— You must just take my word I've got to get."

But Miss Phyllis barred the way.

"He's been shot," she cried, "and he doesn't move till I've seen the wound. He doesn't move—he doesn't move!"

Nor would she let him move until the coat had been taken off, the left shirt sleeve rolled up, and a thin scarlet lane that bisected his deltoid had been sponged with disinfectant and bandaged with affection. Even then she was not satisfied until Charlie Pearson, in most matters the most generous of men, who would lend you everything he possessed in the world except articles of personal apparel, was compelled to disgorge a recently purchased silk scarf which he prized out of all proportion to its virtue.

Meanwhile Mr. Butterwick stood first on one leg, then on the other, and irritably ejaculated entreaties for haste that were ignored.

Ten minutes were occupied over these demonstrations of devotion and the quarter had struck before at last Martyn was bundled into the car and borne away.

Miss Phyllis openly wept upon the steps. The small shortsighted man with the taste for deductions frankly admitted that he considered the whole matter very fishy indeed, and would never have allowed a soul to leave the house until it had been properly cleared up. Charlie Pearson, who happened to overhear these observations and whose nerves were distinctly jangled by recent events, so far forgot himself as to round on his guest and tell him to go to blazes.

Someone else suggested he should keep his temper, and two of the female servants went into hysterics.

Witness therefore the ill-fortune and discord pursuant upon an act inspired by light-heartedness and a taste for adventure. Thus was it ever so, and thus always did the wise Fates conspire, and conspire in vain, to discourage Martyn Saville from foolhardy exploits.

Mr. Butterwick's car streaked along the moonlit country roads at a reckless forty-seven. He had taken an hour over the outward journey and designed to accomplish the homeward in less.

Meanwhile he talked very bitterly and very much to the point. He execrated George Wedderton, who had disappeared, and in no less measure he execrated himself.

Martyn lay back on the cushions, feeling dizzy and sick from the wound he had received and the news to which he listened. It was characteristic, however, that he blamed no one and accepted the situation in the same spirit as he would have accepted defeat in a game of chance.

"It's bad luck," he repeated; "damn bad luck. Always thought this probable theft was a kind of bogy."

But inside he felt very sore indeed.

"Suspect anyone in particular?"

A reversal of his own preconceived ideas was as painful to Butterwick as having a tooth out. However, he had the honesty to reply, "Bolshies."

Martyn whistled.

"The deuce! Awkward beggars to make a present to of a weapon like that. Here's a thing, eh? And I was hoping to marry and settle down."

"Was that plan sufficient in itself to work from?"

"Lord, yes! Rather! Should think so."

"And this man Wedderton, you'd trust 'im?"

"From here to Styx and back."

"You would? Yes, yes, yes. I don't know so much."

"Is there a big Bolshie element in the town?"

"The town! Whole world stinks of it."

Martyn shook himself.

"Then somehow, old bean, we've got to get hold of that negative and any prints they've taken. Can't quite see what you came and fetched me for."

"I came," replied Butterwick ruefully, "in the hope that unknown to us you might have protected those plans in some way."

Martyn shook his head.

"Matter of fact, I did work off one little stunt, but I'm afraid it's a washout, because, as you say, both drawings were in the safe and they're sure to have photographed the pair of 'em. It's bad luck."

A moment later they passed through the main workshop gates and drew up before Butterwick's office.

There were a number of men both inside and out who saluted their chief as he sprang from the car.

The man, Palmer, was seated at the table, a crowd of paper slips before him. In the corner near the anthracite stove two bloodhounds stretched at ease.

"News?" Butterwick rapped out.

"Nothing satisfactory, chief. I've a heap of reports here, but ——"

"Never mind them. Who thought of the dogs?"

"I did, chief."

"Yes, yes, but what are they doing here? Why aren't they out?"

"I was waiting for a bit of clothing to give 'em a scent."

"Whose clothing?"

"John Slave's, chief."

Butterwick's mouth opened wide as though to discharge a torrent of abuse, but as suddenly closed again. He flashed a glance at Martyn, but there was nothing in that young man's expression to denote familiarity with the name John Slave.

"H'm!" he ejaculated. "You're not such a fool, Palmer."

At that moment a man came in carrying a parcel.

"Had some trouble getting in," he said. "Got the blanket from his bed and a pair of boots."

"Slave's?" from Butterwick.

"Yes, chief."

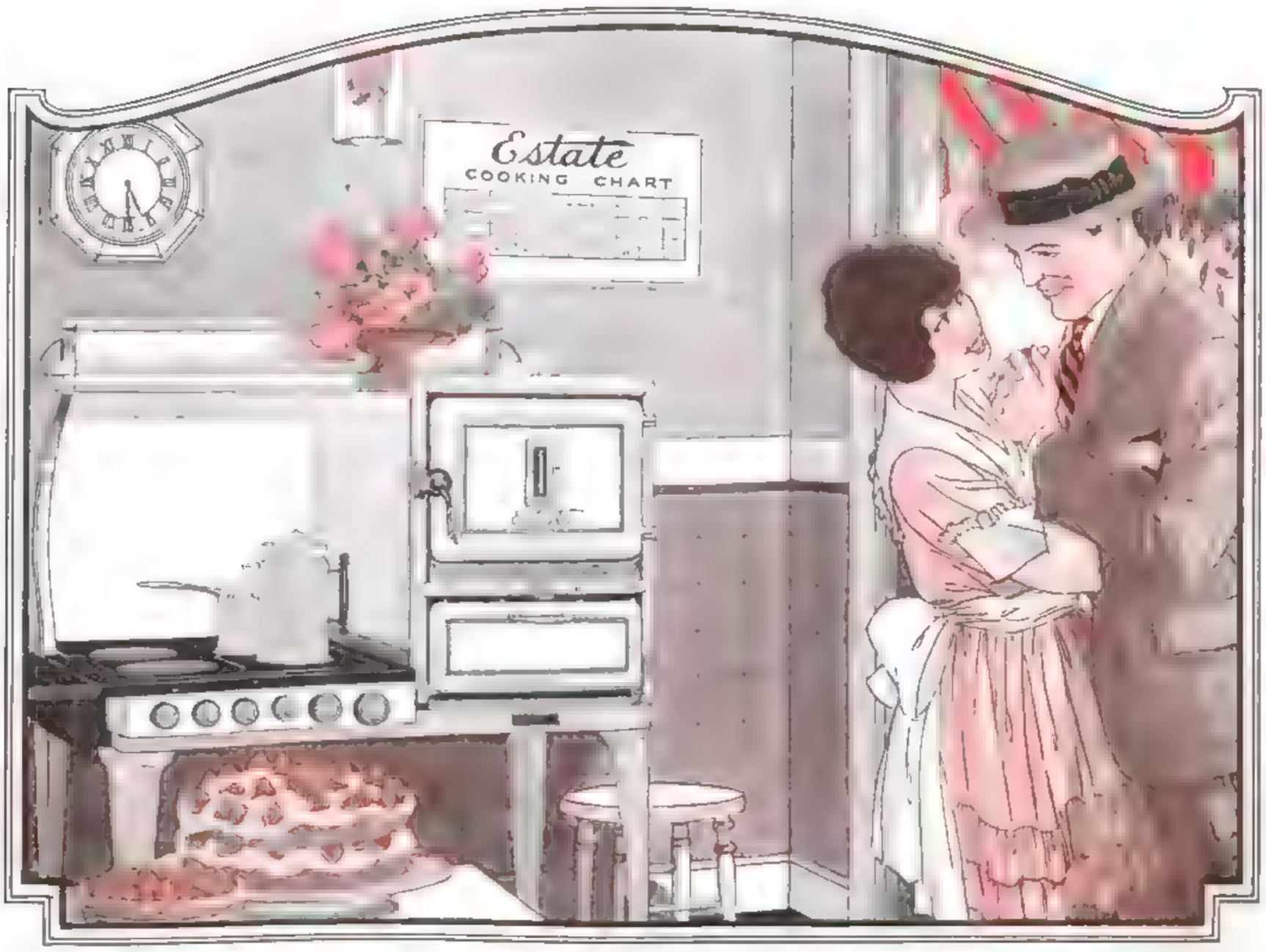
"Come on, then."

It was 5:35 when Butterwick, Martyn Saville, Palmer, the bloodhounds on leash, and a dozen other men arrived at the doors of Martyn's office. Here the parcel was undone and its contents placed before the dogs. Having poked it about with their noses they signified appreciation by howling dismally.

"Take 'em inside," ordered Butterwick.

The dogs were delighted at the entertainment offered within. They turned the little office into a first-class circus, sniffing and baying and finally darting out through the doorway with such unexpected celerity that Palmer lost his balance and was towed across the cindertrack outside in such wise as must have been the envy of a clown.

(Continued on Page 77)



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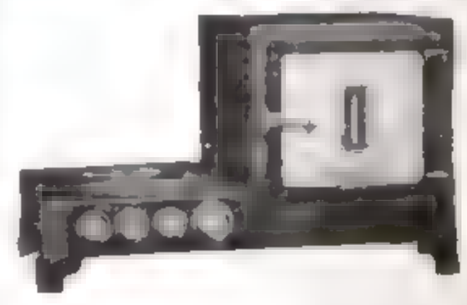

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Iced Chocolate Melt one and one-half squares Baker's Chocolate in pan over hot water; add one-quarter cup of sugar and a few grains of salt, and gradually add to this one cup of boiling water. Stir until smooth, then place pan directly over fire and boil one minute—then add one cup of Pet Milk and two cups of boiling water. Cool and serve with cracked ice in tall glasses.

Iced Coffee Make your coffee as you always do—then fill tall glass with broken ice, and pour the hot coffee over the ice. Add Pet Milk as you would cream and sweeten to taste.

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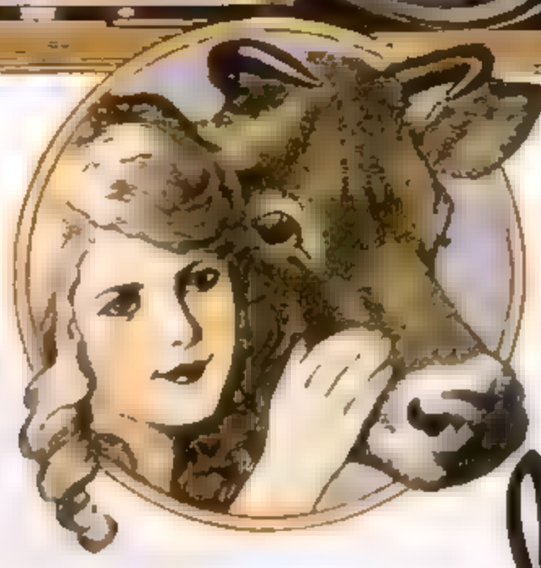

Milk at its Best

(Continued from Page 74)

Followed a long and crooked scent under the lee of sheds, over slag heaps, between great piles of timber, until eventually the dogs paused at a certain spot to leap high in the air against the twenty-foot spike-topped walls surrounding the works.

Ladders were fetched and the entire party, dogs and all, climbed over and landed on a stretch of waste ground beyond. Again the scent lay strong in a diagonal line that led to some brick fields. But here it turned at an abrupt right angle to stop at the door of a roughly constructed telephone box. Seemingly the dogs expected to find their quarry within and set up a deep-throated duet that must have brought terror to the stoutest heart.

The lock securing the telephone box had been forced and there were fresh evidences of a chisel on the woodwork.

Martyn entered and picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Exchange. Did you have a call from this number about three hours ago? . . . You did? . . . Can you tell me the number you connected with? . . . Brent 5 double 0? . . . Thanks." He emerged with a puzzled expression on his face. The hunt had gone forward, and was disappearing over an undulation of ground in the direction of the railway embankment. Martyn picked up his heels and ran. He was a trifle out of breath when he caught up the field.

"Any good?" demanded Butterwick.

"Yes. He rang up. What's old Diplock's private number?"

"Five hundred."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Martyn.

By this time they had reached a series of railway arches severally used as stores, warehouses and shelters for out-of-date vehicles of every kind. The hounds were straining on the leash and the men who held them were sorely tried to keep pace.

"Getting warm, sir!" cried Palmer excitedly. "I'll lay a sovereign I know where this scent leads."

The words were barely spoken when four men emerged from an arch some sixty yards away. At the sight of them the hounds gave tongue furiously. Instantly three of the four took to their heels, but the fourth dived back into the shadows with a cry.

"After 'em!" shouted Butterwick. "Get after 'em!" But Martyn's voice, mighty as a sergeant instructor's on parade, yelled on them to stay.

"Hold on there! The man we want is inside."

Never came timelier warning. Butterwick's force numbered fifteen, and opposed to it was a motley rabble of over twenty. If half had gone in pursuit of the three fugitives the battle would surely have gone against the remainder.

The railway arch was blocked on the far side with a high barricade of packing cases and, therefore, the revolutionaries had no choice but to accept frontal attack. As Butterwick's men came abreast the opening they poured out from underground, armed with knives, bits of wood, a pistol or two and a variety of missiles.

The collision of the rival parties was painful and surprising. Martyn was without a weapon, and his left arm was in a sling, but the execution he achieved with his right left little to be desired. Mr. Butterwick, jumping on a packing case, directed operations and viciously cracked off an automatic at the enemies' legs.

A highly organized baton charge from the rank and file did wonders in clearing the air of flying bricks.

"Clear that trapdoor," shouted Butterwick. "Half a dozen of you get below."

Those of the revolutionaries as were not laid low in the fight or had not vanished into the early morning mists rallied at the trapdoor leading to the cellars and fought savagely to protect it.

Martyn in the forefront of the attackers got a wipe over the head that sent him spinning. Palmer took a knife thrust in the thigh and another man was shot through the stomach and fell to the ground coughing pathetically.

Martyn, who liked a clean fight with approved weapons, turned his head to avoid the sight, and in that moment saw a very remarkable happening. A small piece of the stone flooring near the entrance to the arch was pushed upward and aside. A thin-fingered hand appeared, encircling the body of a bird—a pigeon—to the leg of which was attached what looked like a white ribbon. It was not a yard distant from the spot where Butterwick was standing, and realizing the appalling import of what was occurring Martyn raised a yell and pointed. Butterwick was just a second too late in grasping the situation. The shots he fired splashed harmlessly into the paving as the bird rose on the wing and circled upward into the sky.

XV

AT THE precise moment George Wedderton was bestowing the two thousand pounds, payment for his share of the work done, in various parts of his apparel, the first cry of alarm was raised. The last thing George had either looked for or desired was the appearance of Butterwick's gang at this particular juncture. A moment before he had been enjoying himself beyond bounds. On many previous occasions in his career he had resorted to the measure of bluffing his opponents, but never before had his left-handed services been so generously rewarded. Two thousand pounds is an attractive sum, and doubly attractive when it has been wrung from the funds of a society one has dedicated one's life to oppose. The irony of the situation appealed to his sense of humor and he desired very earnestly to withdraw and bury all record of Johann Slavenski alias John Slave, and in the privacy of his own apartment indulge his stored-up hilarity at will.

Moreover, he had other plans of greater moment. The passage of spies carrying stolen documents from one country to another is ever attended with risk. Having taken such infinite pains that the wrong drawing should have been photographed he wished to assure himself that it should arrive safely at its ultimate destination. In short, he proposed to revert to the character of George Wedderton and in that unsuspicious guise to mother the chain of relays who would carry the tracing, and guard them from mishap. Paolo Mossi had obligingly supplied the order of travel and the actual itinerary, a confidence that would aid him in carrying out his task. And now, despite his meticulous care, the whole program was to be wrecked by the untimely arrival of this meddlesome walnut eater.

George Wedderton swore very volubly in the Polish tongue, which, if you know how to use it, is admirably adapted to the purpose.

The cashier had backed against the cambered wall of the cellar and was shivering in every limb. The guard outside the door was screaming for orders, and the sound of benches being overturned in the larger cellar mingled with shots and shouts of the fight above.

The only man who kept his head was Mossi. Leaping to the door he shot a second bolt and shouting through the panel called for five men to guard it with their lives. Then seizing a box with perforated sides he opened it and took out a pigeon, which he thrust into George's hand.

"Quick, take it!"

Another moment and he had twisted the tracing round the bird's leg and secured it in place with a tiny bandage.

"Those packing cases."

They made a pile of the cases and the Italian sprang to the top, fumbling at the roof above his head.

"I have it. Give me the bird."

A faint square of light was revealed, through which the bird was thrust. From above sounded three shots fired in rapid succession and a volley of curses from Butterwick.

"Missed!" cried the Italian, and leaping to the floor made a dive for the second door. And so enchanted was George at the whole proceeding that he scarcely noticed that the door banged behind Mossi's retreating form and the bolts shot home on the far side. He was too late to prevent that or to follow his partner's lead through the second exit. As he rattled hopelessly at the latch he could hear footsteps scuttling along a tunnel beyond.

But there was little time for regrets, for in another instant a rain of blows sounded at the main door. There was a scream, a rending of wood, and the whole structure fell inward, revealing in the aperture Martyn Saville, Butterwick and two other men.

"Put up your hands!" cried Butterwick. "If you move I shoot!"

The little cashier was whimpering in the shadows, but he obeyed the order readily enough.

"Clear 'em out of this. I want to examine the place alone."

It was Martyn Saville whose right hand shut like a vise on George's collar.

"No funny business," he advised, "or I'll break your neck."

George, keeping his head low, was jerked into the darkness of the cellar beyond, where the main body of Butterwick's men had gathered.

At this stage of the game it was no part of George's scheme to be handed over to the authorities and caused to reveal the reason of his presence in this particular situation. To do so would probably result in his late companions' discovery of the manner in which they had been tricked, and possibly of his true identity. Also, he did not want to give a public explanation. He did not want to set Butterwick's mind at rest. He ardently desired that Butterwick, and perhaps Saville, and certainly everyone else concerned, should go about the works wearing long faces and draped in the colors of melancholy. By doing this they would warm the hearts of the revolutionaries with false fires and convince them of success.

In the rush of recent events George had failed to notice Martyn had one arm out of commission. Had he been aware of this he might have tried to extricate himself from the grasp upon his collar, but a lively appreciation of Martyn's prowess as a man of muscle discouraged any such effort and he fell back on methods nearer and dearer to his heart.

The tunnel at the foot of the steps was pitch dark, with only a faint gray square to reveal where the trap opened under the arch. George had been swearing fluently in a foreign tongue, and Martyn, who dearly loved the sound of his own voice, had kept up a running fire of amiable advice. The result sounded like a duet between a soda-water factory and a rowing cox.

"Steady does it—good lad. Who-ah there."

"*Splitzen-sprotzen pujemsyl!*"

"That's the stuff."

Then suddenly out of the darkness: "Martyn, you ass! Drop that fellar, quick."

Martyn stopped with a jerk.

"George? George Wedderton?" he cried.

"Who else, you idiot? Here, give 'im to me. Get back inside. You're wanted."

Martyn felt a tug on the hand that held his captive and heard a fresh stream of heathenish invective.

"I've got you, my beauty," said the voice of George. "Back to the farther cellar, Martyn. Pronto!"

Martyn released his grip, turned about and dived back along the tunnel, while George shot up the steps three at a time. The man on guard above, unprepared for emergency, found his legs swept from beneath him and did not recover from his surprise in time to fire a single shot at the running mark that disappeared into the morning mist.

Meanwhile Martyn had returned post-haste to the smaller cellar.

"Halloo, yes?" he cried.

Butterwick was on his knees before the powdered glass on the floor.

"A single negative—smashed," he jerked out. "They took a tracing—India ink and frame on table there, light beyond—only one tracing. New pad of paper there with a single sheet missing. Gone, pigeon post. Where's the prisoner, John Slave?"

"Handed him over to Wedderton."

Butterwick rose slowly to his feet.

"You what?" he cried.

Martyn repeated what he had said, adding, "George has him all right."

Butterwick threw up his hands wildly.

"Heaven protect me from fools!" he cried. "John Slave and George Wedderton are the same man."

XVI

IN A REMOTE part of the garden of the Hôtel La Rhone at Nice, lying in a hammock beneath the shade of syringas, disposed with a grace that could be defined only as studied, lay Madame Alma Ferraros.

You are familiar with the name? To be sure. It is a household word to all who yield to the lure of vaudeville. London, Paris, Vienna, New York, it would be impossible to think of a city in this little world of ours upon which Alma—Alma of the butterfly toes, Alma of the flickering hands—had not shed her light. A very famous *ballerina*, gentlemen, La Grande Petite Brésilienne. In such wise, agent and poster proclaimed her. Flashing electric signs begemmed the sky with

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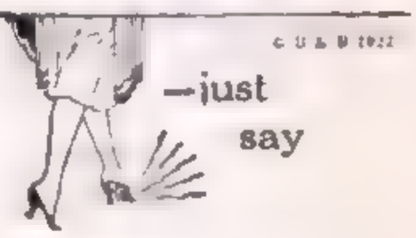

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A never normal business

Ice consumption varies. In January, for instance, ice delivery is likely to be one-twelfth of what it is in August and the cost three or four times as much.

In hot weather demand may treble in a single day People are not prepared. They need ice all at once, and they need it badly.

A big responsibility rests upon the ice dealer

Just think what would happen on a hot day if the ice delivery failed; what a food loss would result, what discomfort in homes and hospitals, what a menace to health.

And still, failure could easily happen—through a shortage of ice, a breakdown of equipment; horses or men overcome.

The fact that failure occurs so seldom is due entirely to the organizing ability and foresight of the average ice company. *It is indeed a responsible servant of its community.*

This emblem **your protection**

It is a certificate of fitness and reliability issued by the National Association of Ice Industries to members (and dealers whom they supply) who live up to the high standards set by the Association. On an ice wagon it signifies that the owner is pledged to give you

Pure Ice ✦ Careful Weight
Good Service

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
163 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEPEND ON ICE IN ALL WEATHER

Ferraros—Ferraros. And on her premières—those rapturous return visits after unendurable absences—the flowers that poured over the orchestra rail and flooded the passages to her dressing room would have done honor to the burial of kings.

She lay in the hammock lit by slanting rays of the sun, her raven hair stirred by an attentive breeze. One felt that a goddess was asleep. The blue of her eyes shone through half-closed lids. Scarlet hibiscus could not have incarmined her pouting lips, nor the glow of evening have sweetened the peach bloom of her rounded cheeks. Whiter than lilies was her skin.

M. Foussereau, of the Rue de la Paix, prince of coiffeurs and *grand maître de toilette des dames*, a man to whom queens had confided the tragedy of their complexions, frankly admitted that in Alma Ferraros he had touched the pinnacle of his skill. "A *chef d'œuvre*, messieurs," he would say. "Behold—a masterpiece."

It is not very clear why La Petite Brésilienne claimed Brazil as the land of her origin. Waggishly it had been put forward that a fondness for nuts was the cause, color being lent to the suggestion by the association of her name with that of a well-known captain in the guards. The registrar of births and deaths for the parish of Houndsditch has a record in his books which abolishes the Brazilian myth at a mere glance. Alma's father was a Pole with a perfect genius for cutting dress coats. Her mother was of Spanish descent, who married out of the Fried Fish into Tailoring. Alma's first introduction to Terpsichore was at the corner of Middlesex Street, when she danced to a barrel organ and was occasionally rewarded with ha'-penny by admiring onlookers. By natural stages she gravitated to a Drury Lane ballet, thereafter joining a traveling troupe, in whose company she learned her craft and saw the world. An attractive offer from the proprietor of a cabaret in Rio detached her from this gallant little band of dancers, placed a budding crown of laurels upon her brow, introduced her to a society of male and female libertines, and altered the tide of her entire existence. From her former companions she had learned fellowship, courage, generosity; from her new she learned extravagance, caprice and avarice.

At a year's end she left Rio for Petrograd—then St. Petersburg—bearing with her a measure of fame and ill-fame equally distributed. An insensate and insatiable desire for jewelry and excitement drove her into a morass of excesses. Money and adventure—these were the gods who decontrolled her with a rod of platinum, diamond set. But Alma had fallen upon evil days. Fresh stars had risen in the dramatic firmament, and her glory was beginning to wane.

Soothed by the hum of insects she had fallen into a drowse and it was with no good nature she awoke to the touch of a rude hand upon her shoulder.

"Sh! Don't maka de noise!" said a voice imperatively.

Opening her eyes she looked up at a man in a deplorable soup-spotted dress suit and frayed and dirty linen.

His hair was black, *coupé en brosse*, and came to a hideous peak on his low forehead. His chin was illshaven and blue, and a toothbrush mustache projected fiercely from a short upper lip. In his hand, half hidden by a soiled napkin, was a leather-bound book.

He threw a furtive glance over his shoulder and, satisfying himself no one was about, abruptly thrust the book into Alma's hand.

"Taka de book. Just arrifed. Lie down."

"I'd like to know what the devil you're talking about," said Alma. "I asked for no book."

Andrea Negretti gave an angry gesture, but his voice dropped as he replied, "Don'ta be fool. Taka de book, Thirty-three."

Alma started and her eyes lit up with excitement.

"Then this is ——"

"What wasa expected."

"From England—the plans—the ——"

"Sh! Sh-h!"

Alma nodded and turned the book slowly in her hand.

"But this is a book. Browning's Men and Women."

"Stucka between de pages halfa way droo."

"I see. H'm! Good idea. And I am to take this to the Thirteenth Communal?"

Andrea shook his head.

"No, anuder. He arrife soon. He maka the introducks to you."

"What—today?"

"Today, tomorrow—I don'ta knov. You listen to what I tella, don't it?"

"Go on."

"He introducks himselves. He will weara a white carnaish."

"A white carnation?"

"Ah! He spika dese words—'What are your plans?' He say 'What are your plans?' Den you giva de book. Finish."

"H'm!" said Alma. "That's all right as far as it goes, but what's his number?"

Andrea Negretti fidgeted with his hands and moved his shoulders uneasily.

"No number. Nota have one."

"What? But all of us have numbers."

"I giva the instrucksh. It's finish."

"Oh, no, it isn't, my beauty," said Alma, rising. "It's far from being finished. Where did you get these orders?"

"Dey was writ on a slippa de pape I finda in der book. After I read I putta de pape in fire."

"And how did you get the book?" Alma's eyes were piercing and her tone granitic. "Who brought it?"

"Forty-seven. I come now from de station."

"He gave it you there?"

"*Si, si, si.*"

"No one saw?"

"No. He slippa de book in my pock. Wasa only out of de train a minute."

"And that was all the paper said?"

"*Si.*"

"You're lying, aren't you? There was a number and you've forgotten."

Andrea clenched his hands savagely.

"If I haffa forgot it was all one, don't it? De carnaish he wear—'What are your plans?'"

"You needn't repeat it. My memory is sound. But look here, if anything goes wrong you'll get the blame, my boy—all of it. That'll do. Clear out. I've no time for fools, and I'm going to sleep."

And once again she settled herself in the hammock and arranged the skirt over her knees.

Andrea waved his arms in the air, then dragged a string of protest out of his mouth with both hands.

"Is it you go mad, it is? I don'ta know what for dey use dese women. You gotta no more sense than to sleepa in de ham with de book?"

"I can look after myself—and this," Alma retorted.

"But if ——"

Alma's parasol opened with a click as final as the fall of a curtain on a play.

With a muttered imprecation Andrea Negretti swung on his heel and marched off toward the hotel.

XVII

CYRIL CONYNGHAM'S campaign to besiege the heart of Leslie Kavanagh did not prosper in ratio to expectation. No one could have been nicer to him than she, but her general bearing did not betray the characteristics of new-born love. Her eyes did not droop at his approach, nor did her cheeks assume a deeper color, and the tremble was absent from her voice. It was all most disappointing. Cyril to the best of his ability had blandished, he had repined, he had looked upon the horizon and sighed deeply, he had begun many sentences to leave them in mid-air with a staggering breath. But all to no avail. And the worst of it was that his desire for her increased rather than diminished. The torments of unrequited love claimed him victim; Cupid's arrow was twisted in his heart.

Armed with a cushion, a copy of La Vie Parisienne, a box of Kingtolek chocolates and some cigarettes, Cyril betook himself to a remote part of the hotel gardens where hung a hammock in the shade of trees. The Honorable Mrs. Conyngham, with characteristic thoughtlessness, had gathered in Leslie for a shopping expedition, leaving the unhappy Cyril to his own devices.

He had done his best to discourage the shopping movement and had earned for his pains a rebuke and some small unpopularity. Wherefore he decided to seek seclusion—not unattended with a few creature comforts—and philosophically review the problem of how to set his affairs in proper order.

It was a day for lovers; the sun shone bravely, sea and sky were rivals in turquoise and sapphire, birds sang and the

(Continued on Page 81)

There's extra value in Fisk Tires

FISK advertising this year has proved a vital link between the product and the public. It has asked that Fisk Tires be given the chance to sell themselves.

These tires warrant the strongest claims—but anybody can make *claims*.

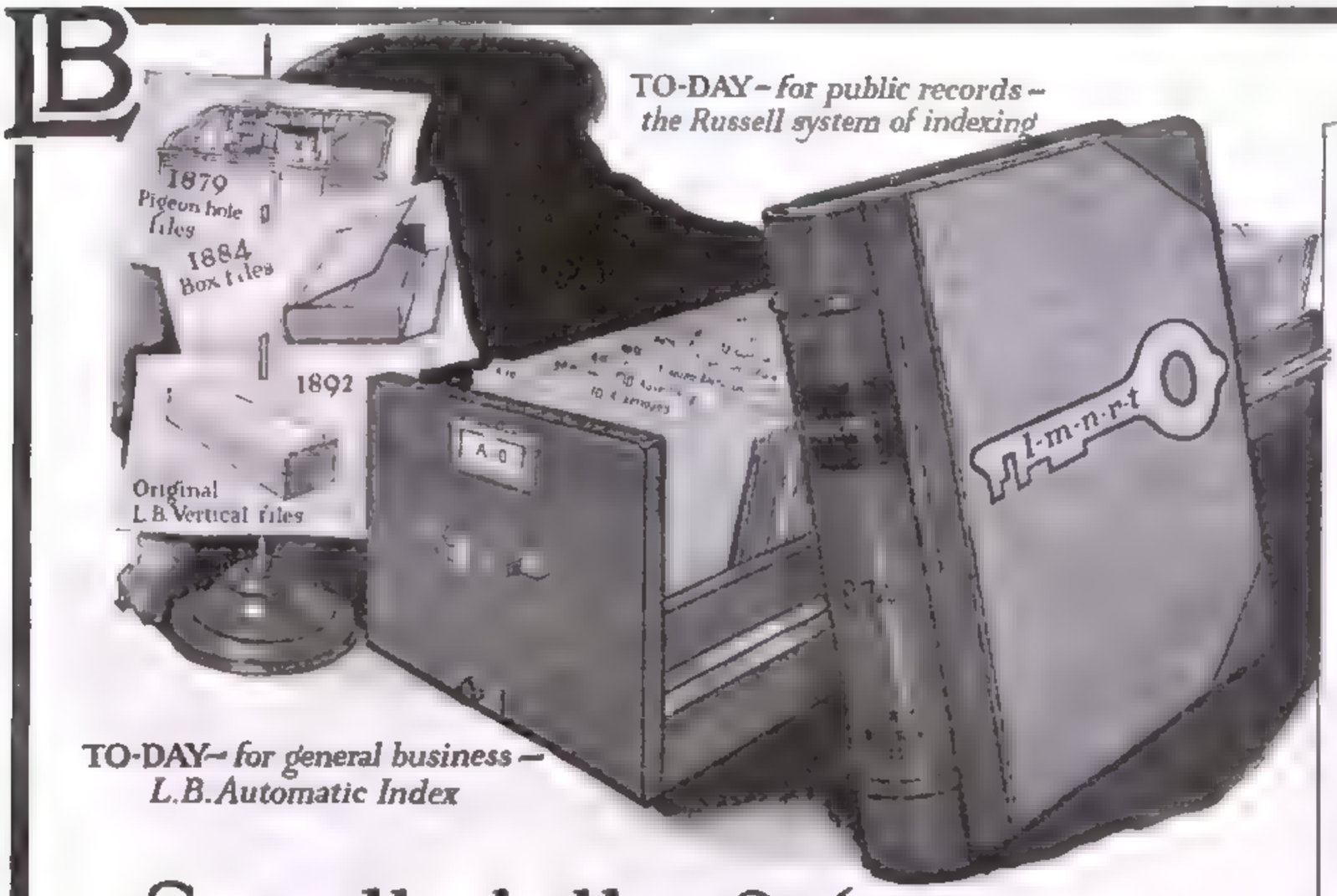
The motoring public has simply been asked to compare Fisk Tires with any others.

That comparison has doubled sales.

If you are considering some other tire, see the Fisk Tire first.

Compare it in your size with any other you know for bigness, strength, resiliency, good looks and safety.

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size for car, truck or speed wagon



Spindle bills 1876
File profits 1922
Library Bureau 46 years

IN 1876 spindle methods of filing were standard. Essentially, filing had not advanced in centuries. In 1876 Library Bureau was founded. A short time later the constructive energy of this organization began to revitalize filing practice.

1892—Vertical Filing—Box files were in general use. Papers were laid flat—horizontal filing. Library Bureau conceived the then revolutionary idea of filing papers on edge—vertical filing.

At one stroke, Library Bureau coffined the filing achievements of all previous history. The world began to file vertically, thanks to Library Bureau.

The years passed. Numerous developments in vertical filing sprang from the primary idea. More efficient alphabetic, numeric, subject and other systems came into being, most of them created by Library Bureau. And then—

1912—L. B. Automatic Index—Admittedly the one notable correspondence filing invention of the present century. This L. B. System eliminates 90% of common alphabetical divisions and by an ingenious double check actually prevents the file clerk from making errors.

Library Bureau's ever-widening service has recently embraced that most difficult of fields—the systematizing of public records.

1922—Russell System of Indexing—This system makes the usual tedious and often faulty searching of public records a matter of certainty and minutes. Already the astounding benefits resulting from its use have won the acclaim of the legal profession, title companies and the general public.

In the panel at the right are crystallized the full scope and extent of L. B. service that can lower overhead and increase profits in every kind of business—*your* business.

Send for booklet, "The Newest Force in Business Building."

Library Bureau

Founded 1876

Plans — Makes — Installs

Card and filing systems ~ Cabinets ~ Supplies

Boston
Albany, Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Bridgeport, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Des Moines, Detroit

New York
Erie, Fall River, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Newark

Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, Portland, Providence, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Scranton, Springfield, Syracuse, Toledo, Washington, Worcester

Chicago
Dallas, Parker Bros., San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Ore., Seattle, H. W. Wentworth & Co., Los Angeles, McKee & Wentworth, Salt Lake City, C. G. Adams

Foreign Offices—London, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Paris

The Six Big Divisions of Library Bureau Service

1. Special Service

Analysis Service: Trained experts analyze your file and record needs and furnish full recommendations. Send for folder No. 612.

Indexing Service: Prepares and writes card records. Transfers accounts from books to card ledgers. Relieves you of the clerical burden of installing new card and filing systems. Send for booklet No. 822.

Statistical Service: A unique service to business executives. Prepares confidential statistics from figures supplied by any business. Send for folder No. 919.

2. Specialized Departments

Bank Department
Send for booklet No. 805

Government Department
Send for booklet No. 818.

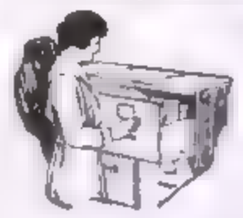
Insurance Department
Send for booklet No. 704.

Library Department
Send for catalog No. 812.

Schools of Filing
Send for booklet No. 503.

L. B. Service includes the planning of new systems, special and stock equipment, laying out filing and record departments, the preparation of confidential information.

3. Filing Systems



Alphabetic
Geographic
Numeric
Subject
L. B. Automatic Index
The Russell Index

Library Bureau installs the filing system that best suits the needs of any business. Send for book No. 709 or Russell folder.

4. Card Record Systems

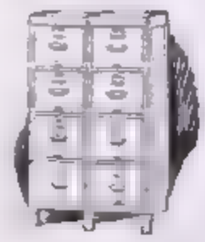
L. B. Sales record—sales information at the sales manager's finger-tips. Send for folder No. 615.

L. B. Stock record—eliminates over-stocking or under-stocking. Send for folder No. 605.

L. B. Card ledger—saves space, time and money, over bound or loose-leaf ledgers. Send for booklet No. 711.

L. B. Visible record file—combines unit feature of cards with visible feature of the book index. Send for folder No. 713.

5. Cabinets—*Wood and Steel*



They are used by 125,000 businesses. L. B. quality is standard.

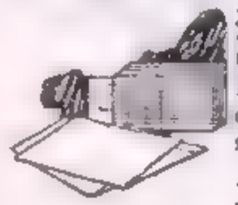
L. B. has originated many labor-saving devices:

Vertical units.
Card record desks.
Counter-hight units.
Card ledger trays.

Send for catalogs Nos. 707 and 708.

L. B. Record Safe. Send for folder No. 712.

6. Supplies



L. B. Cards—Over 2,500,000 a day. More than 1,000 stock forms. Known for their uniform quality, accurate size and smooth edges.

L. B. Folders include every kind; notably the famous L. B. Reinforced folder which saves valuable space in file drawers.

L. B. Guides include plain, printed, celluloided, removable label and metal tip.

Send for catalog No. 702.

(Continued from Page 78)

gentlest zephyrs rustled the leaves overhead. Cyril noted these matters, but they delighted him not. He had had a half bottle with his lunch—to no avail. He had drunk a double kümmel at a single gulp—it made no difference.

As he walked down the gravel path he swung his cushions at the nodding heads of flowers. Fallen petals of Christmas roses marked his passage, and the broken stems of Michaelmas daisies spoke of a spirit in chains.

He passed a waiter, whose evening-dress clothes looked particularly vile in the sunlight, and ignored the polite "M'sieur" that was offered.

He turned through an archway of aloes and moved across grass to the spot where the hammock was suspended. Ten feet distant from his goal he flung the cushion to the ground, followed it with the paper and the chocolates, and exclaimed intemperately "Oh, blast!"

The hammock was occupied. He had been forestalled by a woman. A frilly parasol covered her head and most of her body, all that was visible being a short skirt drawn tightly over her knees and two perfectly proportioned ankles gracefully crossed and terminating in a pair of Louis Quinze shoes with scarlet heels. Rhythmic breathing revealed the fact that the lady was asleep. A small hand trailed on the grass; it was a left hand, but there was no wedding ring on the third finger. Following on similar lines of deduction, the astute might have hazarded the belief that the lady had three fiancés, for the finger in question was encircled with two diamond half hoops and a most imposing marquise.

Normally speaking, the sight presented was one that would hardly have failed to excite in Cyril feelings of interest and speculation, but love of Leslie had robbed him of the taste for promiscuous adventure. He resented the lady's presence, since she deprived him of what he cared for most in the world, his own personal comfort.

Groaning and protesting he sprawled upon the ground and bunched the cushion under his head. The sun was in his eyes and he was unable to read. The grass felt damp and a mosquito stung his ankle.

He was on the point of rising and chucking the whole scheme of an afternoon devoted to philosophy, when a middle-aged man with a tanned and genial face appeared upon the scene, threw a glance at the hammock, shrugged his shoulders, murmured "Damn it," pulled a newspaper from his pocket and sat down on a tree stump a few feet away.

Something in the newcomer's appearance inspired Cyril to converse. He had the looks of a sympathetic listener.

"Hammock hunting?" said Cyril. "Was doing the same thing myself. Sickening, finding it filled."

"H'm! Very tryin'."

"I'm next with that one, y'know."

The newcomer smiled.

"I shan't dispute your claim."

"Got here first, you see."

The smile broadened.

"I'll go if you're nervous."

"Not a bit. You stay and talk. Too damn sunny to read. Just arrived?"

"Came before lunch."

"Thought you were new. Motor down?"

"I flew from Paris."

"Not a bad idea," Cyril nodded. "Can't stick these Continental trains. See, I don't know your name."

The newcomer yawned.

"What? Oh, my name. George Wedderton."

"Seem to have heard it somewhere. Mine's Conyngham. Staying with the aunt—guardian, you know."

"Oh, ah, yes; saw you in the visitors' list. Honorable Mrs. Conyngham. You in the army?"

Cyril shook his head.

"No. Legations—Vienna."

"Oh, ah, yes."

That disposed of Cyril. George Wedderton had an intimate knowledge of the names of pretty well every attaché in pretty well every legation and consulate. Cyril's identity was proved. In much the same way he had interrogated a dozen other hotel guests during the brief time since his arrival. By a principle of changing his place at meals he would soon be intimate with the private affairs of most of the hotel staff. It was only a matter of time before people told him all about themselves. He shifted the subject to another direction.

"Who's the pretty girl at your table? Sister?"

Cyril shot an antagonistic glance, but George looked so guileless and inoffensive that he let the question go unchallenged.

"No; she's a Miss Leslie Kavanagh."

"Engaged to her?"

Really the fellow was rather naïve. One couldn't help being frank with him.

"Not yet. Why?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"You asked me to talk."

Cyril smiled

"Of course it's all on the q. t. at present."

"Just so." George rose and stretched himself.

"You on your own down here?"

"Don't know a soul. Expectin' a friend this evenin', though. Just had a wire to say so. Fellar named Saville."

"By Jove! You know Martyn Saville?"

"Intimately."

"Funny. Matter of fact he's joining our party, but we weren't looking for him till the day after tomorrow. You sure he's coming today?"

"Had a wire to say so. Think I'll try and find a chair somewhere. This stump ain't overcomfortable. See you again, perhaps."

"Sure to."

George moved away a half dozen paces, then turned.

"Know anything about that new arrival?" he asked.

"No. Who d'you mean?"

"The Brazilian dancing woman—Alma Ferraros."

Cyril started and sat up abruptly as though he had been stung—a not altogether surprising circumstance.

"Lord! You don't say she's here!"

"Told so."

"My stars!"

"Know her, then?"

Cyril hesitated and half shook his head.

"I've an idea I met her at the embassy in Paris."

"Hardly at the embassy," suggested George.

"Well, I was there at the time."

"I see. From the embassy. Was there any talk about her—ever hear—apart from her dancin'?"

"A good deal, I believe," Cyril replied with a touch of pathos.

"I meant, was she mixed up in politics and things of that kind?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Ah, well; just wondered."

With a smile and a wave of the hand he turned away, choosing a path that led to the back entrance of the hotel, where newly arrived guests' luggage was piled awaiting conveyance to the bedroom corridors. George had a positive passion for reading luggage labels; it interested him to know where people had come from, and relieved him of the necessity of asking questions.

Nothing in the world is more characteristic of its owner than a hat box or Gladstone bag. It is a passport that all who have eyes may read, an open book whose pages are crowded with personal revelations.

The sound of George's retreating footsteps had barely died away when Cyril sprang to his feet and exclaimed "Damn!"

He said it three times, and at the third repetition added the words, "Of all infernal luck!"

And he had every excuse. What could be more disastrous to the cause of new love than the presence of an old?

Alma Ferraros! The very name was enough to wreck ambition. Alma, the most flagrant of all his wild associates! Alma, whose interment three years before had cost as much as all his other follies put together. And she was just the sort of woman who, if the caprice suggested itself, would not admit she had ever been given decent burial. She would rise again and think nothing of it. Like Hamlet's father she would burst her cerements, and with him for partner insist on revisiting the glimpses of the moon. It was damnable.

In his agitation Cyril stamped on the box of chocolates, which broke beneath his foot with a loud report.

The sleeper in the hammock started, stretched her arms with the parasol at full length, opened her eyes, swung her feet to the ground, smiled amazedly, and said in a voice that sounded like one very expensive orchid addressing another: "Cyreel! It's my Cyreel. But how lovely! And to stand there so quiet till I wake."

With hands outstretched she rose and came toward him.

"A laundress and a valet taught me the way to buy my shirts," says Tom Bruce

"Be sure they have this label and you'll have no complaint of my laundry work," said Sarah Kernan.

TOM BRUCE is a bachelor. He has apartments in Philadelphia's most exclusive hotel.

"Harry," he said one day to the hotel valet, "your laundress is a jewel; but she's a little rough on my shirts. Here's one with the buttons off, and another has shrunk in the neck-band."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said the valet, "I noticed last week that some of your shirts were not wearing well and I spoke to Mrs. Kernan. She said—

"'Tell Mr. Bruce to buy all his shirts with this label and he'll have no complaint of my laundry work.'"

And the valet held up a shirt, pointing to the Emery label.

"I looked over your shirts, Mr. Bruce. It's just as Mrs. Kernan says. The ones with the Emery label look just as good as new. The colors haven't faded. The buttons are on tight. The materials are wearing fine, and they haven't shrunk a bit."

• • •

Emery Shirts fully live up to their reputation of "equal to custom-made." They fit comfortably. The patterns are distinctive. Emery refinements of finish are found only under the Emery label.

Yet Emery Shirts cost no more than ordinary shirts—$2, $2.50, $3 and up.

If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served, on receipt of money-order and name of your dealer. Mention neck-band size, sleeve-length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Patterns in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes match in cuffs, front, etc.

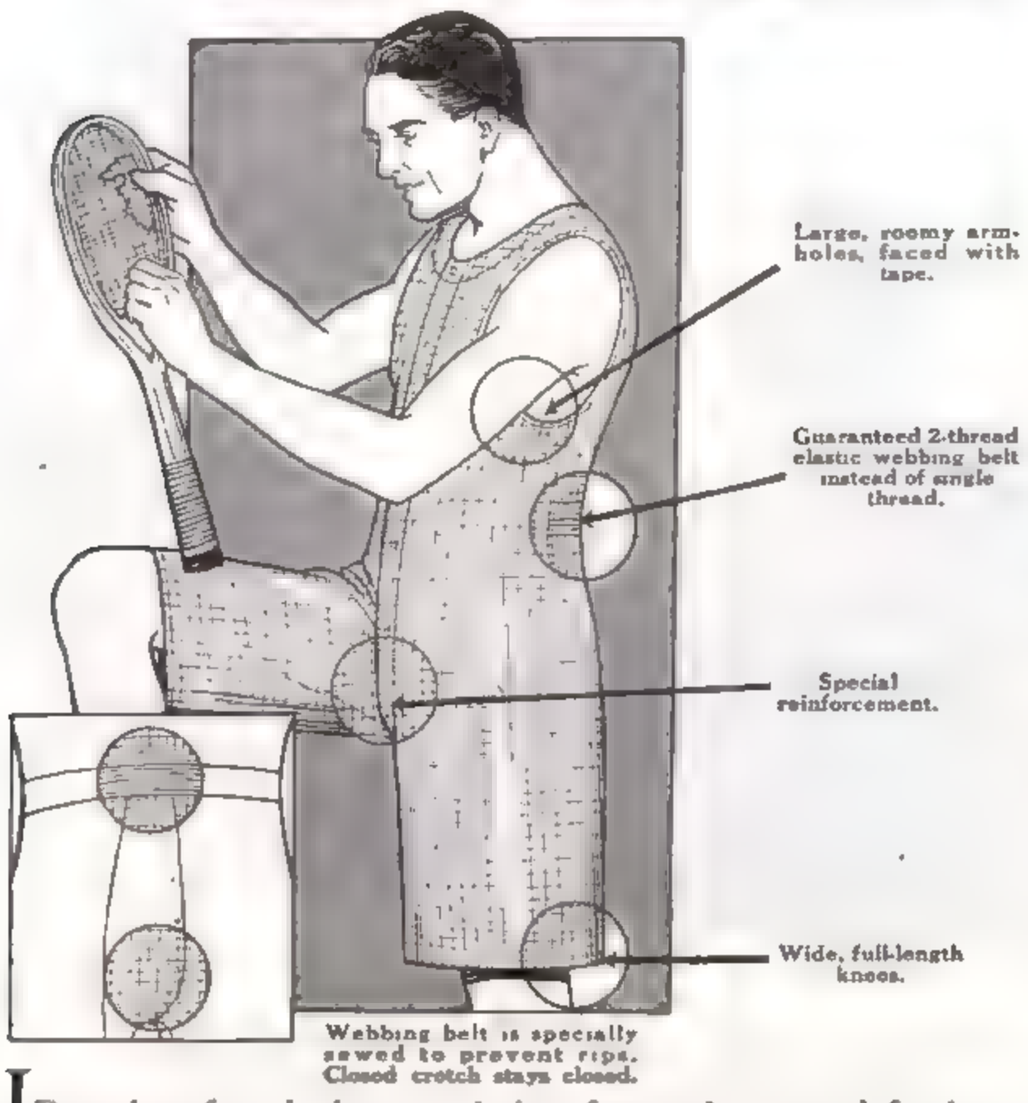
Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquettes (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeves and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neck-bands. Neck-band-tab for inserting collar button in back.

Closely stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And so on.

Emery Shirts

For Coolness and SURE COMFORT


Large, roomy armholes, faced with tape.
Guaranteed 2-thread elastic webbing belt instead of single thread.
Special reinforcement.
Wide, full-length knees.
Webbing belt is specially sewed to prevent rips. Closed crotch stays closed.

IF you're after the loose and airy, free-and-easy satisfaction a man hankers for over the Fourth and through to Frost, you ring your dealer's cash register *today* for an outfit of Hanes Athletic Union Suits—at $1.00 per ring!

Whether you're trained for speed or built for ballast—"Hanes Extra-Features" will give you all the wear and custom-cut comfort that's possible to put into a man's summer underwear—and—

For Only One Dollar!

Here's What "Hanes Extra-Features" Do!

FULL CUT on generous pattern. No skimping. Full standard sizes give perfect freedom to every move of arms, legs and body.

ARMHOLES taped instead of turned under. Never a chance for curl or rip—but a friction-free surface that wears as long as the garment.

NECK "V" or circular style, strongly reinforced with nainsook. Stays up on the shoulders without a hint of chokiness.

CLOSED CROTCH stays closed. (See illustration above.) Crotch lap buttons sewed on the seam—**4** thicknesses of material instead of **2**. No patch used.

WEBBING BELT guaranteed two-thread elastic webbing instead of single thread, gives more elasticity and greater strength. Specially sewed to prevent tearing or ripping.

PEARL BUTTONS specially selected, sewed on to stay put.

REINFORCEMENTS at every point of strain safeguard against all chance of seam-rips.

Register a summer comfort pledge today—your dealer will accept your initiation fee of $1.00 and enroll you for a season membership. If he hasn't Hanes Athletic Union Suits write to us and we'll see that you are supplied.

The youngsters can also have Hanes comfort and wear. Hanes Athletic Union Suits for Boys—sizes 20 to 34; ages 2 to 16

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

$1.00 A SUIT

$1.15 west of the Rockies

Hanes Guarantee

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

TRADE MARK HANES

Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

"As an honest fact," he replied, backing a step, "didn't know it was you—and—thought I was making rather a shine."

Alma shook a finger and frowned.

"Trying to wake a strange lady. I am ashamed. Cyreel, you are worse than ever."

It was no time for beating about the bush. She must be made to understand straightaway that her reign was over and there could be no question of reinstatement to the throne. His only hope lay in firmness, immediate and uncompromising. A false move now and all would be lost. Already he could feel the spell of those blue and lustrous eyes, hard eyes, that softened only to a string of pearls or a human frailty. Already he could feel her net enmeshing his unwilling limbs, the subtle enveloping quality of her voice which wrapped a man up as neatly as a chemist's parcel. He moved uneasily from one foot to the other. Her next sentence gave him the cue he desired.

"But you do not seem half so pleased to see me as I you. *Oh, là!* I was afraid I should be so bored."

"Ah!" said Cyril: "You ought to have gone to another hotel. This one is too respectable."

Alma broke into a smile that was like a Bond Street jeweler's taking down its shutters.

"But you will alter that, Cyreel. It will be like old Paris days over again."

And she clapped her hands ecstatically.

Cyril planted his feet firmly and filled his lungs.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, old girl," he said, "but I'm down here with the aunt."

Alma nodded her head wisely.

"We shall arrange, my Cyreel, you and I; we are very wise people, oh, yes."

"My dear good girl, we shall arrange nothing."

"You don't want me?"

"I do not. Now look here, I was thundering decent after that Paris affair. Did all I could, and more. Now be a sport and give me a miss."

"I give you Miss Alma Ferraros, and all will say, 'How lucky is this young man.'"

"A miss," Cyril repeated. "I mean, don't know me. The aunt is a bit of a stickler and ——"

"Oh, it's very well, it's very well. But I am much too hard up to part with a readymade friend."

"Knowing me won't help you. I'm broke to the wide."

"No money?"

"Not a cent."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely on the beach."

"Oh, the poor! Very well then, Alma shall be banker for her little Cyreel. She will return his—what you say?—hospitality. She will be pleased."

Things were getting desperate. There was no alternative but to speak the truth. After all, Cyril reasoned to himself, love was a thing she could hardly fail to sympathize with.

"Jolly ripping of you, and all that," said he, "but it won't work. There's a girl staying with us here that I'm keen on—want to marry—and ——"

"I am *de trop*."

"I hate to say so."

"But it's true."

"Well, I would be grateful if you could see a way to leaving me alone."

Alma pouted substantially.

"'S difficult. 'S very hard."

"Be a sport and promise."

Alma assumed the look of A Soul's Awakening.

"I'll think about it."

"Couldn't you be a bit more conclusive? It's a serious thing with me."

She looked at him critically, and the gravity of her expression broke up into a trayful of diamonds.

"I promise anything," she cried, "if you give me a kiss."

"A kiss?"

"Yes, a kiss."

"I say! Think that necessary?"

"Anything if you do that; if not—nothing."

"Oh, very well. I suppose it don't matter much."

But he was wrong, for the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham, who was gifted with an extraordinary nose for finding people in awkward situations, came through the cleft in the bushes at the very moment that Alma slid an arm round Cyril's neck and drew his lips down to hers.

Mrs. Conyngham paused in horror while the kiss pursued its course unabated; then she retreated rapidly to the narrow path which had brought her into the presence of this appalling spectacle.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT WOULD THE BOYS WE WERE THINK OF US NOW?

(Continued from Page 9)

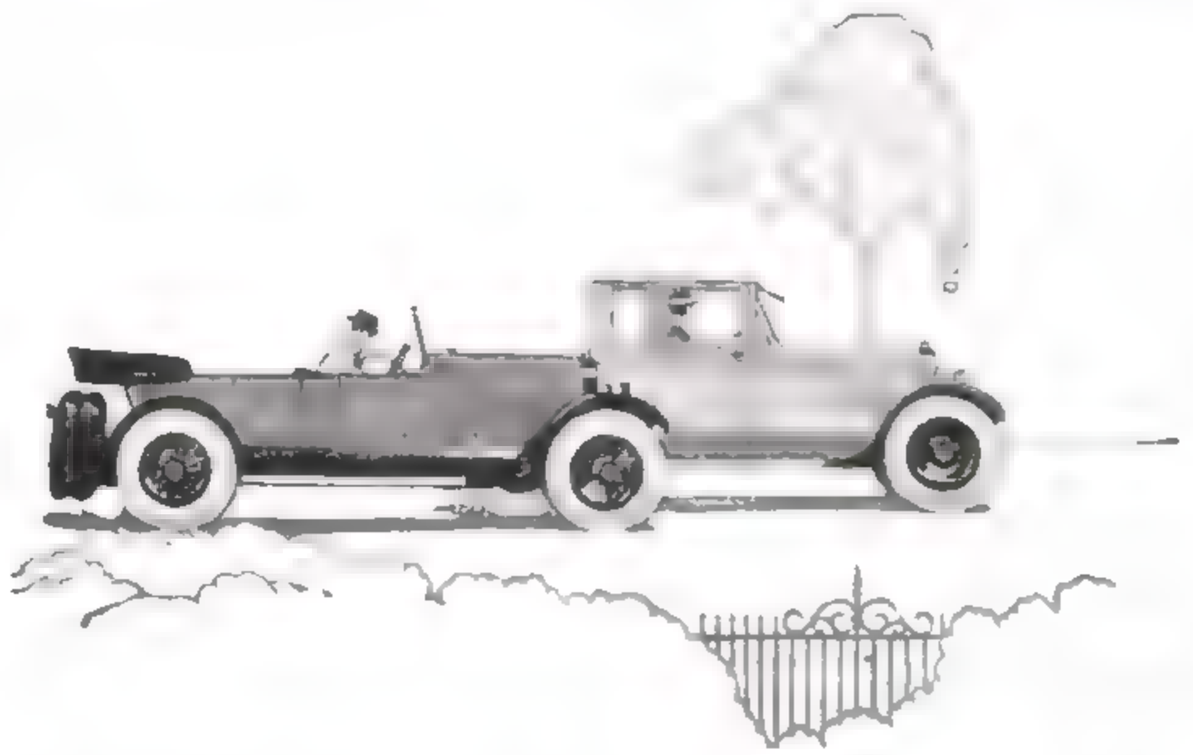
at the camera—and at J. P. Phelps, Artistic Photographer, Muscatine, Iowa—and not let on that his little heart was almost broken by the thought of the fringe on his pants—the boy's pants, not J. P. Phelps' pants—and I could make gentle mothers and strong harsh men hide their faces in their hands and sob until they all rushed down to the post office to send the little boy pairs of pants; but, for one thing, the pants would not fit me now; and, for another thing, that little 1876 boy never felt any feelings of the sort. The only Sunday-pants thoughts that boy ever had were that it was a dog-gone shame he had to wear them on a week day. No; the only way to get pathos out of the photographs of those seven-year-old boys we were is to wonder what they would think of the way we have lived up to their expectations.

Looking at it that way I do feel rather sorry for all those nice little boys we were. They were such hopeful little fellows. When he is seven years old, or about then, a fellow begins to speculate quite a lot on what he will be when he is a man. He does not think of the man he will be as exactly the same person as himself. He is only a boy, but this other fellow is going to be a man. He begins to look around among the gods and heroes to pick out the sort of men he hopes to be. He takes a look at father and decides that father is a fine man, far and away the finest man he knows—you can't beat the loyalty of a seven-year-old boy—but he has to admit that father is not absolutely perfect. He has to admit that in one or two little matters George Washington probably did surpass father a wee mite. Father is father of course; but it cannot be denied that John L. Sullivan had a wonderful right arm. There is usually, it is true, a spare half dollar in father's pocket when the circus comes to town, but—with the utmost loyalty to father—one has to admit that in finance Rothschild and Croesus and the Count of Monte Cristo certainly had the goods. Father is father, but when a young fellow is daydreaming of his future he is compelled to remember that there were such men as Christopher Columbus, Buffalo Bill, Abraham Lincoln, Leatherstocking, Robert Fulton, Ole Bull, Patrick Henry and Cal Towers, the champion snare drummer of the United States.

A young man of seven, looking far into the future, has a right to expect great things of the man he is to become. He has a right to expect the man to be a credit to him. Of course the boy's perspective may be a little faulty at the moment. The boy I used to be, after questioning whether he would prefer to have the man be a second George Washington or the World's Unrivaled Premier Bareback Rider, decided that properly to fulfill his destiny and meet the approval of his soul he must be a blacksmith.

I am ashamed to say it, but I confess I have failed the young man there. I am not a blacksmith. The sort of blacksmith the young man had in mind was one with a large quantity of black hair on his arms and a complete jungle of it on his exposed chest. His main occupation would be whanging a piece of white-hot iron with a heavy hammer while he let the sparks fall on him with no more concern than if they were snowflakes. Now and then he would spit into the water tub and shift his quid to the other cheek. To vary the monotony he would occasionally straddle the lower leg of a horse, holding its hock between his knees while he pressed a red-hot horseshoe to the sole of the hoof. A whiff of blue smoke

Continued on Page 85



ARE WOMEN BETTER DRIVERS THAN MEN?

A good automobile driver is, first, the driver whose mind is free from all worries and anxieties—whose first thought is upon driving the car.

A good automobile driver is, second, one who has confidence in the car which is being driven.

And confidence comes only from a thorough knowledge—a tested understanding—of how the car operates.

She, who knows just what happens when the clutch pedal comes back and the accelerator pedal is depressed—and tons are moved smoothly, swiftly, and majestically away—is a better driver than is she who does not know these important things.

She, who understands the generation of the power in the motor and its noiseless delivery through the transmission (or gear box); through the propeller shaft protected by its universal joints; how it is reduced at the pinion; and how it turns the corners at the differential, to be transmitted to the rear or driving wheels; she will be best able to handle that car in every circumstance which arises.

A good automobile driver must have confidence in the vital parts of the machine, with a mind free to meet every road exigency. As a confidence-building knowledge of the car increases, so will increase the faith in Timken Tapered Roller Bearings to protect every horse-power, to eliminate every possibility of delay, bringing that assurance and peace of mind that good drivers must have.

That is why the driver of the Timken-equipped automobile is a more confident driver—and a better driver—than is the other.

And that, in turn, is why more and more women are asking him—the car salesman, the husband, the brother—"Has it Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, and where?"

For women today are just as much automobile drivers and automobile buyers as are men.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

"Ask him to explain it"

"During the years I have studied traffic operation I have always found that women are more careful drivers than men; take more pride in their driving, are as efficient in emergencies; and as a consequence have less accidents attributable to them."

—Former Safety Director
C N Sparks
Akron, Ohio

Ten miles and more of silken strands go into the making of a pair of Phoenix hose. While other natural fibers are at best only a few inches long before they are twisted into thread, the filament of silk as it comes from the cocoon is practically endless. And that is why silk makes the strongest of all thread. The Phoenix method of converting the finest of silk into the finest of hosiery has, for a full decade, insured to the men, women and children of America longer hosiery mileage and greater elegance at low cost.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

PHOENIX

WDT

(Continued from Page 82)

would then spurt out with a sizzle, perfuming the air with a delicious odor of burnt horn. When the horse moved the blacksmith would shout at it sternly, using a few well-ripened words; if the horse was a mule he would shout louder and the words would be riper.

At times the blacksmith would lean indolently against his forge and slowly pull the knotted rope of the huge bellows, turning now and then to pat the coals with his pincers and then addressing some witty words to the small boy looking in at the door, such as "Well, bub, what do you think your folks call your name by when you're at home?" or "Well, sonny, how's your coppery-optics today?" or even that more amazingly brilliant query, "Well, Johnny, how does your corporosity seem to sagasitate this morning?"

Presently, because of his admirable qualities, six men in frock coats and high silk hats would arrive and make the blacksmith President of the United States, commander in chief of the Army and superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday school. The blacksmith would then put a for-rent sign on his shop, buckle a sword around his waist, don a Knights of Pythias hat with a long white ostrich plume and go down to Washington, D. C., to veto the bill prohibiting boys from playing marbles for keeps. When he died his funeral procession would be three miles long and have four brass bands, and a grateful nation would erect a statue of him, showing a kind but stern countenance and a pair of trousers that were too long and too loose.

If I had to go back to 1876 today and face the boy I was I know he would look at me with a stare of utter unrecognition. First he would stare; but when he realized I was he, he would burst right out crying.

"No! No!" he would sob. "You don't even look like a blacksmith!"

"But wait!" I would beg. "Wait until I tell you ——"

"I see!" he would exclaim. "You were not worthy enough to be a blacksmith, but you have done the best you could—you are President of the United States."

"No; but ——"

"Then you are commander in chief of the Army. Well, you've not entirely betrayed my trust."

"But I'm not ——" I would stammer, trying to think of an excuse.

"Not commander in chief?" the boy would cry. "Stop! You have already broken my heart, but perhaps you can save one or two of the pieces. Tell me you are at least something worth while; do not keep me in suspense—tell me you are at least superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday school!"

And I would have to tell him I was not even that—not even a pirate or a two-gun man or a fireman in a red shirt; not even a bishop or a millionaire or a senator. Then, probably, he would give me one final look of reproach and go out behind the woodshed and eat a green apple and die.

Watching Yourself Parade

If a man has a seven-year-old son he hates to have that son think he is a failure, and he will stoop to a lot of subterfuges to avoid destroying that boy's belief that he is a hero; but hardly any of us give a thought to the boy we were and what he would think of us. We owe something to that boy; we owe something to the faith he had in us.

I wonder how we would feel if all those little boys we once were, who so trusted us to be the best we possibly could be, should get together somewhere and look us over. Suppose they were all lined up along the sidewalk—thousands of those seven-year-olds—as if it was circus day and the big parade was expected to heave into sight any minute. Little Ellis Butler would be there, and little Warren Harding, and little Herbie Hoover, and little you, and little Sammy Smith, and little Johnny Jones, and all the little seven-year-olds we once were.

There we would all be, eating double-jointed peanuts and pink-and-white pop corn nervously, and leaning out as far as we could, craning our necks and now and then running to the middle of the street to see if we could catch the first glimpse of us as we came marching down the street in the procession.

Suddenly from far up the street would come the first weird tootle of the steam calliope; and then, nearer, the first blare of the brass band at the head of the parade; and one little boy would jump up and down and shout, "Here they come! Here they come! I see 'em!"

Then the head of the procession would come in sight, and every little boy would be ten times as excited as before. Imagine not having seen yourself for years and years! I would turn to you and say:

"You just wait until you see the man I've become! You'll see something worth while, I bet you! I'll bet I'm splendid - just awfully noble and rich and kind and famous and honest and everything!"

"Yes, but you just wait until you see me!" you would cry. "You'll know me the minute you see me! I'll be the governor or a millionaire or the head of a big corporation, or something elegant."

We boys on the sidewalk would not have the least doubt about some things. The men we had become would all be fine, strong men with our heads held high—brave and rich and successful. It could not be otherwise.

So along comes the brass band, tooting and thumping, and all the little boys that we were stand on tiptoe and dance with eagerness and excitement. We're going to be a proud lot of boys, I bet you!

Brass band at the head of the procession goes by. And who is this in a big automobile, with a silk hat? Little Warren Harding on the sidewalk gives a loud cry of joy and rushes into the street. He's happy! It is true that the man he has become has no red-white-and-blue sash around his chest, and he does not wear a gilded sword, and he has no cocked hat with a Knights of Pythias plume; but he is President of the United States, and that is something. So little Warren runs along beside the automobile and big Warren sees him and opens the door of the automobile and helps him in and they hold each other's hands and the parade moves on.

Giving Little Ellis the Slip

And now the rest of us on the sidewalk are eager! These are the big men, at the head of the parade, and we scan each face eagerly, hoping one of these men is the man we have become. And here and there, up and down the sidewalk, a boy exclaims joyfully and runs into the street and grasps a man's hand—he has found himself. And they go marching by. All the successful men march by—the men who are thoroughly worth while. That part of the parade comes to an end.

And the rest of us now? We are so anxious we grow tense and stand in utter silence and just stare and wait. You—well, I don't know about you—but I am there in my broadcloth suit, with my shoes all polished except the heels, and I have on my striped stockings and my beautiful Roman-stripe tie; but I do not give them a thought. I'm looking.

It is a rather mixed lot, this remainder of the paraders. Here is one man with a bloated face and a blackened eye and mud on his ragged clothes, and a little boy in a neat blue seersucker suit and a chip hat with a blue sailor ribbon—a sweet little boy if ever there was one—sees the man and recognizes him and begins to cry. He puts his hands over his face and backs away from the edge of the sidewalk and turns and runs.

His heart is broken, all right, and he is going around back of the woodshed to eat a green apple and die. And the man he has become does not look at him; he is ashamed to.

And presently I begin to be nervous as I stand on the edge of the sidewalk. So few of the boys are running into the street to take the hands of the men they have become; so many of them do not recognize the men they have become; so many of them are hiding their faces and hurrying away to find woodsheds and green apples.

And, marching down the street, I see from far off the wistful small boy in the broadcloth suit with the brass buttons and the striped stockings and the lovely Roman-stripe tie standing on the edge of the sidewalk and waiting for me. I don't know what you do, but I edge over toward the other side of the street and slip out of the parade and down Sycamore Street and through the alley and take the first train out of town.

I should hate to meet that boy. It would be mighty hard to explain the why of a lot of things.

Here and there in America a man suffers from what Mr. Freud calls an inferiority

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
the world's standard
SHAVING BRUSH

THE ONE BRUSH in the world so well and so favorably known, BY NAME and BY QUALITY, as to inspire a widespread imitation!

every bristle gripped everlastingly IN HARD RUBBER! they CAN'T come out!!

In all the history of business, no trade-seeking manufacturer has ever wilfully and persistently IMITATED, either in trade name or manufacturing process, any article of commerce which had not already proven a SUCCESS.

Of the esteem in which RUBBERSET brushes are held by manufacturers other than ourselves we may make, without fear of question or contradiction, this frank statement:

The modern maker of shaving, paint, and varnish brushes who is NOT profiting to an appreciable extent by the use of more or less confusing modifications of our trade name or by an ostensible duplication of our manufacturing process, or by a combination of both practices, is the EXCEPTION rather than the rule.

Such concerted endorsement of our products on the part of knowing competitors is most eloquent in carrying the conviction that GENUINE RUBBERSETS—"of the original or true stock"—are your best dependence in the field of brushes.

Should you live in one of those rare places where RUBBERSETS are not obtainable, tell us, and we will gladly arrange to have your wants supplied.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.
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FACTORIES
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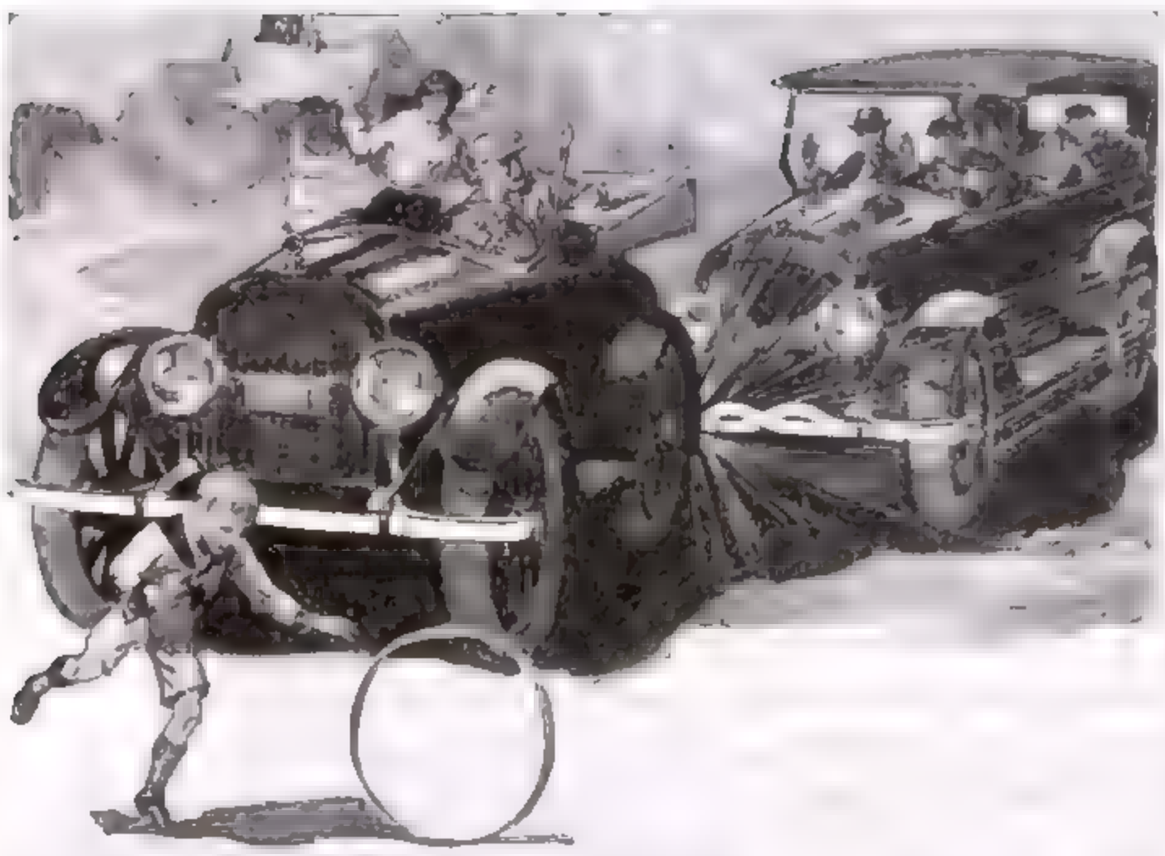
and of the same KNOWN quality—



Just stopped in time -then SMASH!

CHILD darts into path of oncoming car. Driver stops just in time. Then, *smash* comes the impact of the car in the rear. But they're safe all 'round! Both cars were protected by Lyon Spring Bumpers, front and rear.

With Lyon Spring Bumpers on your car, you can drive with peace of mind and meet the emergency when it arises. The Lyon-patented two-piece overlapping front bar and the open "looped-ends" yield to the blow and absorb the impact.

Lyon Spring Bumpers are guaranteed to take the full force of any blow at the rate of 15 miles an hour without injury to the car or its occupants. Insurance companies grant reduced rates on Lyon-protected cars. These reductions will more than pay for the bumpers. So why take the chance of being smashed up?

All Lyon Spring Bumpers are artistically designed, strong and perfectly balanced. They not only protect, but add a finishing touch to the beauty of your car. A special Lyon-patented hook-bolt attaches them securely without altering or drilling the frame.

The Lyon trade-mark is on every genuine Lyon Spring Bumper. Accept no substitute.

Over a million in use. $10 to $23.

METAL STAMPING COMPANY, Long Island City, New York

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Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

complex. As I understand this, it is something like a bilious bullfrog that gets into your cranium and keeps croaking away, night and day, "I'm no good! I can't do it! What's the use trying?" until you believe the little liar. That is a bad sort of amphibian to have in a cranium. It would be better for a man to fill his cranium with water and put goldfish in it. Whatever may be said against the goldfish's lack of conversational ability, one has to admit that it doesn't croak discouragement all day. The goldfish sings no songs of despair. If I had a goldfish that sang songs of despair I would wring its neck—if it had a neck.

The trouble with most Americans—if we have any troubles—is not an inferiority complex, but inferiority satisfaction. This is a new term, and I invented it myself; but it is a good one, and will probably be used in all the new textbooks.

It is a little difficult to explain, like Mr. Einstein's theory of relativity and why it is that your collars always come back from the laundry with saw edges; but in a general way, when a man has an inferiority satisfaction it means he is content to sit in the sun in the bleachers all his life, when he might, if he hustled a little more, have a box just back of the home plate, and a season ticket.

In the book I am writing, entitled "The Inferiority Satisfaction, or Sticking in the Mud While the Other Fellow Goes by on Horseback," the whole business is explained, with diagrams and maps and dotted lines, and the formula on Page 87 shows the thing at a glance. The formula is to this effect, if no worse:

$$\sqrt{\frac{4\,O + 2EZ \quad 21\,Z \quad 3H}{(\$1{,}000{,}000 \quad L, \quad y\ A.\ D.\ 1876.)}}$$

This, you will see at a glance, gives the whole matter in a nutshell, because if y(A. D. 1876) represents a young-feller-me-lad sitting on a doorstep in 1876, it must be perfectly clear that he will never get very far if he loafs on the job too much after he is old enough to shave. If, then, we let O represent the seat of his trousers, and Z an honest day's work, and H an hour, the formula shows that if a man is satisfied to sit around three hours a day on O, loafing or daydreaming, Hades—represented by L—will be frozen over long before he has one million dollars—represented by $1,000,000—or anywhere near it.

Why a Ship Rocks

Mr. Sperry has invented a gyroscope to put in the bow of a ship to stop the ship from rolling during storms at sea. For some time people have considered the sideways rolling of a ship more or less of a nuisance, especially after meals. When a man is on a ship and the ocean comes up and tilts the ship over to port until the tip of the mainmast hits a porpoise on the dorsal fin and another section of ocean comes up on the other side and rolls the ship over to starboard until the tip of the mainmast can pick up a jelly fish, even a sailor is apt to feel perfectly disgusted. It is also disheartening for a gunner on a battleship to aim at an enemy and have his vessel roll over until the muzzle of his cannon points at the bottom of the sea and he shoots a very expensive shell at an entirely neutral mermaid, and—next shot—have the ship roll back so that the next shell plugs a hole in the Milky Way.

The difficulty in stopping the rolling of a ship has always been the water. If a ship would stay on dry land it could be braced up and it would not roll; but quite often thoughtless persons take ships out on the ocean, and there is an awful lot of ocean; almost more than is needed. The result is that when the waves begin to roll there is an awful lot of waves, and when wave after wave—each with thousands of tons of water in it—comes rolling up against the ship, tipping her over and tipping her back again, it would seem that she just had to roll.

A man would think that with a huge ship rolling from side to side, and thousands of huge waves giving her a push, nothing on earth could steady her; that a gyroscope big enough to steady her would have to be bigger than the ship.

That is not so; not at all! The gyroscope Mr. Sperry uses to keep a ship steady, with her masts straight up in the air in the rollingest kind of sea, is—in proportion—no bigger than an apple in a barrel. He fools the ocean.

Living Inch by Inch

The trick is easy when you know it. He does not let the ship begin to roll. Mr. Sperry's gyroscope could no more stop a ship from rolling when it was rolling rails under than a consumptive cowboy with a lasso could stop the Transcontinental Express. That is not the idea at all. He puts the gyroscope in the ship and waits for the first wave. One wave can hardly roll the ship at all; it can only start the rolling. The rolling has to be worked up as a girl works up a swing. The gyroscope can handle that first wave easily, so it does just that.

The first wave slides harmlessly under the ship and the ship is still steady. Then along comes the second wave, but the first wave had not budged the ship, so the second wave is only another first wave, and the gyroscope can handle that all right.

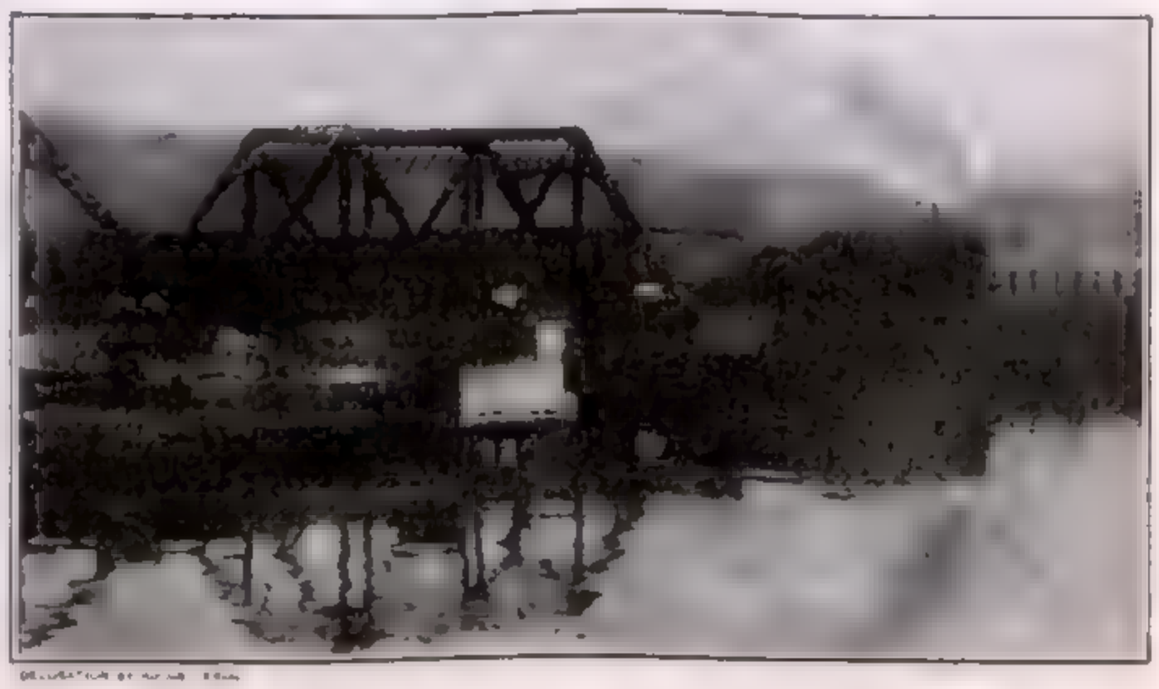
That is how the gyroscope works; it does not have to fight all the waves of the ocean at once.

It takes the waves one at a time, kills the effect of the first one, and waits for the next and kills that, too. It never allows the ship to begin to roll.

The failure or near-failure who sits down to look back over his years often cannot see how his life could have been a success. The successful man, looking back, sees his life as a clean, taut white cord reaching from the seven-year-old boy he was to the man he is now; the other man sees his life as a loose and knotted yarn, all kinks and ravelings and tangles—an awful mussy thing—and he does not see how he could have kept all that length of yarn taut and white and clean.

My notion, after having studied gloomy bullfrogs and silent goldfish and gyroscopes and inferiority satisfactions, is that the way to live is inch by inch and day by day. One inch at a time we can handle, and one wave at a time, and one day at a time.

The lazy man is never lazy by the year; he is lazy by the day. Tomorrow he is going to get busy and hustle, but today there is no hurry; he'll just take things a little easy today. And that is one day. Before he knows it the days are a lifetime. And there he is! The first thing he knows he runs across a photograph of the boy he was when he was seven, and then he is ashamed of himself.



Mother's place is at the table

IT'S all well enough for the family to say "Do sit down, Mother, and enjoy your meal." But she can't be in two places at once.

Obviously, if Mother is to be at the table, the thing to do is to give Mother *facilities at the table* to do her work.

So easily done, now, with Hotpoint Servants for the *Table!* For here are electric cooking appliances made for *practical day after day use.*

Made with an understanding of actual cooking requirements. And full knowledge of what electric tableware must do if it is to be more than a novelty—pretty enough to look at, perhaps, but . . . .

These are *Hotpoint Servants*—designed by housekeeping *engineers* to broaden the service of electricity to the American woman.

Hotpoint Servants for the Table

1. The Hotpoint *Percolator*—knows more about making uniformly good coffee day after day than any other percolator in the world.

2. The Hotpoint *Waffle Iron*—looks like a waffle iron, works like a waffle iron and really bakes waffles as a waffle iron should.

3. The Hotpoint *Turn-over Toaster*—you do not have to touch the toast to turn it; the toaster does that for you.

4. The Hotpoint *Radiant Grill*—boils, broils, fries and toasts, any two operations at the same time.

The Hotpoint *Ovenette* (not illustrated) is a baking or roasting oven which fits on the *Grill*. Bakes biscuits, pies, cakes, etc. Roasts meats, poultry and small game of all kinds.

5. The Hotpoint *Teapot*—continuous heat. Tea is served without jumping up to reheat the water.

Hotpoint

SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Boston New York Atlanta Chicago St. Louis Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City

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Is This The World's Longest-Mileage Tire?

We believe it is. We have sincerely and persistently tried to make it so, and comparative tests and mileage records prove we have succeeded.

Mohawk dealers believe it is—judging from the reports from these dealers all over the country.

Mohawk users believe it is—and they know from actual experience. Ask any one of them.

If this is the longest-mileage tire on the market, it will be worth a great deal for every motor car owner to try one in competition with other makes and prove it for himself.

The remarkably high mileage which the Mohawk Flat Tread Cord is giving is not the result of any mysterious method or secret process. It comes simply from the firm determination on the part of The Mohawk Rubber Company to operate its plant and its organization so efficiently and economically that it will be able to put more rubber, better rubber, and finer workmanship into its tires than are used by the average tire manufacturer.

In the present era of drastic price-cutting, which is invariably accompanied by an era of cost-cutting and quality-cutting, it is important to know a tire manufacturer who is strictly adhering to high-quality manufacturing principles.

THE MOHAWK RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

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MOHAWK

Quality Tires

CORD *and* FABRIC

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 4)

economic interests, were imminent. Japan got down to sober thought, for she had seen her Teutonic model dragged in the dust of defeat. In addition she had witnessed the rise of the United States to commanding military prestige, which was not a cheering sight. Up to this time there had been a strong feeling in jingoistic Japan that perhaps American democracy was synonymous with amiable acquiescence to affront. It quickened national aggressiveness over the Californian issues. Sober-minded Japanese, however, will tell you today that the moment the United States entered the World War the jingo bubble burst. The spectacle of the stupendous economic machine that we reared so swiftly to bulwark the men at the front, together with a corresponding realization that such an effort was absolutely beyond the resources of Japan, did the business.

But Japan proceeded with her preparedness against a hypothetical enemy, which could be construed only as America, despite the fact that the 8–8 naval program was far beyond her financial resources and would embarrass a fiscal system already nearing disaster. It was an evidence of what must unfortunately be designated by the word "bluff." An enlightened liberalism, emerging from its swaddling clothes, pleaded for disarmament, but it was a tiny voice lost amid the militaristic din.

The Washington Conference

There was a definite reason, little known in America, for this bristling Japanese preparedness. Since the Washington conference gave it a quietus, it is well worth explaining here. As I pointed out in the first article of this series, Japanese foreign policy has always been dictated by the War Office instead of the Foreign Office. This was due to the rule of the Genro, the Elder Statesmen, who not only named the Ministers of War and Navy but were answerable only to the Emperor himself. They wielded an immense authority, and not infrequently frustrated the will of the cabinet. They made party government a joke.

Incarnating Japanese militarism, the Genro bent every energy and employed every resource to build up a strong army and navy. When the people protested against the drain on the public purse the Elder Statesmen, or their mouthpieces, dragged forth the American menace as the reason for more soldiers and ships. It was what we would call a campaign cry and invariably proved effective.

Now that Prince Yamagata, last of the masterful Genro, is gone—he expired almost with the last gasp of the Washington conference—and in view of the arms limitation, it seems likely that the American menace in Japan will get a much-needed rest.

With this brief prelude you can see the necessity for the Washington conference. Due to her position in China and Siberia, Japan was making herself an increasingly virulent source of irritation. England was frankly weary of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Real democracies were eager to shake off the burden of armaments. A revision of the commercial game as played under the guise of national interests was imperative.

Every nation with a foothold in Asia realized that unless there was some kind of frank understanding, combined with a naval holiday, there would be either bankruptcy or war in the East. Yet so deep is international suspicion—and all the sacrifice and slaughter of the Great War has not wiped it out—that not one of the powers intimately involved had the courage to take the lead. It remained for the United States to instigate a gathering which a grateful posterity can regard only as a definite step in the progress of the world toward sanity and safety.

With this foreword an examination of conference results is in order. Since Japan's potentialities for trouble were among the chief contributory causes, the first task is to see how she is affected, and get some line on her future action. The first is comparatively easy, but the second is more difficult because diverse elements, developing from the struggle between liberalism and reaction, are seeking control. Japan is in significant ferment. If liberalism triumphs, then the way will be easy. The conference strengthened the hands of sincere liberals who had urged disarmament in the face of discouraging opposition.

Washington showed Japan what she could do and what she could not do. The truth of the matter is that prior to the conference Japan faced a situation similar to that which confronted Germany in the fateful summer of 1914. It was almost a case of revolution or war. In each country the burden of taxation for militarism made it imperative to get action on the overhead that the people were paying for a spectacular show.

Happily for Japan she learned without serious expenditure of blood and treasure—her part in the Great War was comparatively insignificant—the tragic lesson that Germany learned at the price of her power and prestige. This lesson is that national progress can no longer be achieved through force. It means that in the East as in the West, economic imperialism, like its full brother, political imperialism, has gone into eclipse. Japan must henceforth depend upon peaceful penetration without special privileges.

Any appraisal of conference results must include at the outset a consideration of the Japanese diplomatic attitude. Later on in this article her leading spokesmen will officially declare her position. Unfortunately Japan's diplomatic record during the last twenty years, and especially its relation to China, has exhibited at times a considerable variation between promise and performance. Though it is unfair to assume that her diplomacy will continue as of old, at the same time it is hard to conclude that a change of heart will be sudden. Honesty and sincerity of purpose are absolutely essential in making the conference a permanent success.

The important phase for speculation is Japan's new attitude towards the mainland of Asia. How have the resolutions adopted at Washington helped or hindered her aspirations there?

What Japan Gained

Japan's new policy towards China proper seems to contemplate an amount of economic and if possible a sufficient political control to insure an uninterrupted supply of raw materials. There is no disguising the fact that the disposition towards Manchuria involves a much larger degree of domination both politically and economically. Manchuria is a vast treasure house of raw materials, and through the acquisition of the leased territory there as a prize of the war with Russia, Japan has already a strong foothold.

Japan hopes to see Siberia develop into a weak state, noncommunistic in character, where she can obtain commercial privileges which, if not entirely preferential, will give her nationals the advantage in competition with other foreigners. Japan already has her hooks deep into the Siberian coast, and is intrenched economically in Vladivostok. Following her seizure of the northern section of the island of Saghalin, as a result of the massacre of Japanese soldiers and citizens at Nikolaievsk, Japanese big business fastened on the valuable coal and oil deposits there. Japan today holds the key to the vast valley of the Amur with its rich stores of fur and grain.

Although pride fostered much of the Japanese objection to the naval-limitation agreement there seems to be no doubt that the idea behind fleet expansion was to make the navy so strong that no country would dare attack her, no matter what she might do on the Asiatic mainland. I have already pointed out the almost crushing financial burden that the naval program would have imposed. Though Japan loses some of her naval prestige, she gets at the same time almost complete immunity from assault. The restriction in capital ships, together with the nonfortification of Guam and the Philippines, removes any physical menace from the United States, and affords Japan much better protection than her 8–8 fleet would have done, and at a greatly reduced cost. It is now well-nigh impossible for the United States to use force or even threaten Japan in the Far East.

At the time I write this article, which is towards the end of April, the indications are that the greater part of the money saved on capital ships will be devoted to other construction, such as smaller ships, auxiliaries and submarines, while there is

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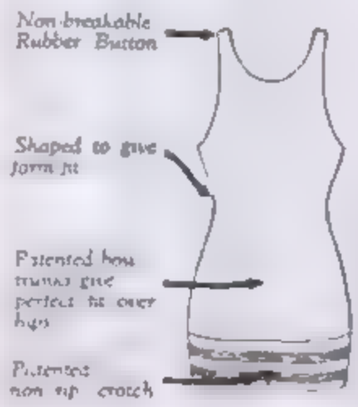
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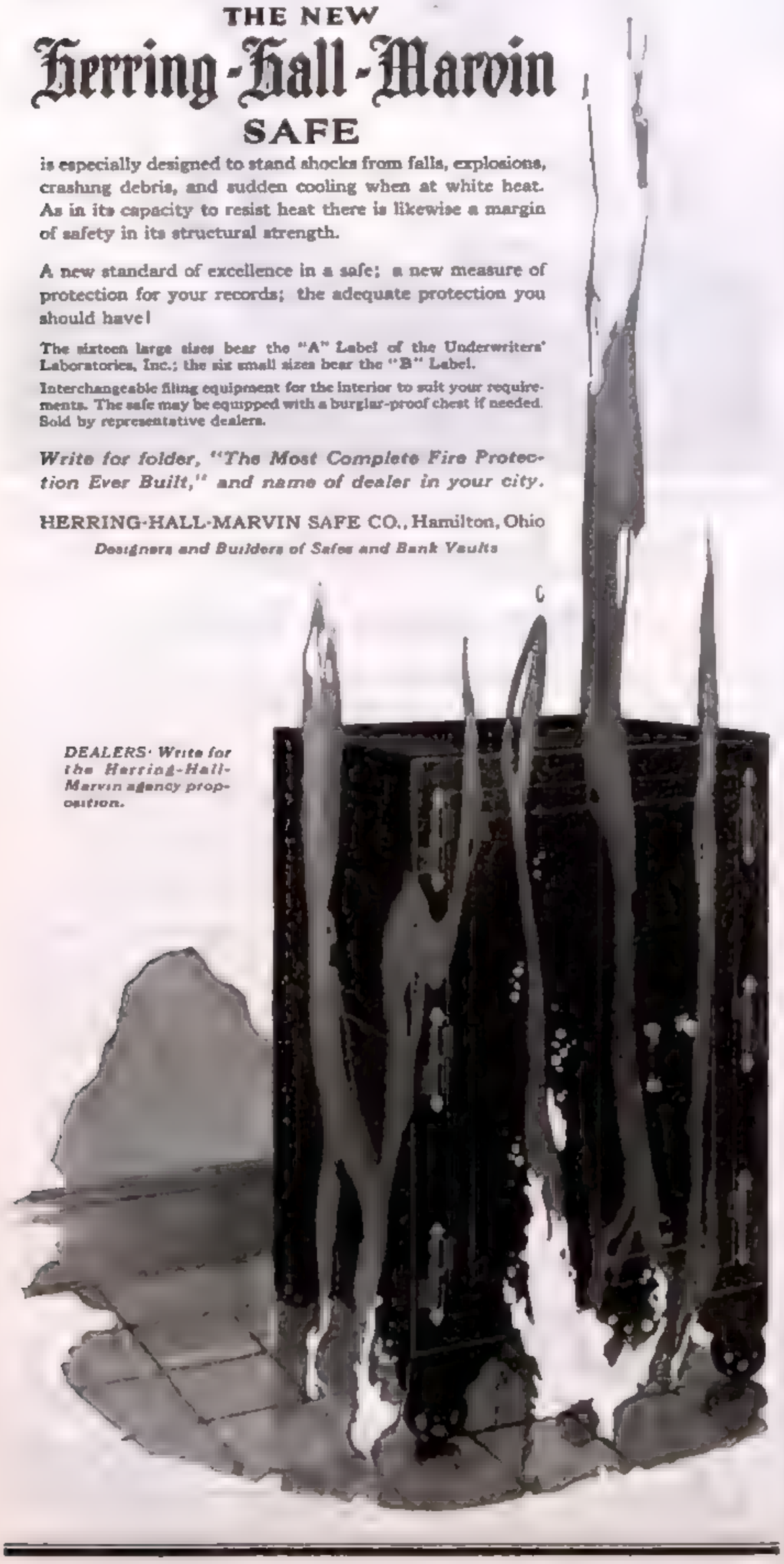

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every prospect of a substantial increase in naval aviation. Thus the benefits to the taxpayers are deferred. It is worth while to mention in passing that the budget for 1922-23, passed on February fourteenth last, contains no reduction of importance in the army appropriation, and only a limited cutting down in the naval appropriation. It is likely, however, that a special session of the Diet will be held this summer to revise the budget.

The four-power agreement has not been received very seriously by the Japanese newspapers and people in general. It is generally considered to be a subterfuge engineered by England and the United States to do away with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

The scrapping of the alliance with Britain was a severe blow to Nippon, because it was one of the old-style offensive-and-defensive kind. Moreover, it had originally given Japan a grand-stand seat in the concert of powers and had strongly stimulated her spirit of race pride.

The Four-Power Treaty presupposes honesty, justice and fairness on the part of the nations involved. Economic necessity alone will probably aid and abet an honorable interpretation of its principles on the part of Japan, but it is well to remember that the so-called liberal Okuma Government, though bound by the terms of the alliance to acquaint England with all diplomatic engagements with other countries, signally failed to do so in the case of the Twenty-One Demands on China, the Sino-Japanese Military Agreement, and the secret treaty with Kerensky in 1916. Will the new spirit of diplomacy prevent such double dealing in the future? My observations in Japan lead me to say that I believe Japan intends to follow the letter and the spirit.

The Shan-tung settlement was really a master stroke by Japan because it relieved her of a question that was causing increasing enmity both in the United States and in China. As in Siberia, her nationals have bagged valuable economic privileges, and, as I have intimated, troop retirement and a relinquishment of the control of the Tsing-tao-Tsi-nan railway will not seriously impair Japanese vital interests in the Kiao-chau Peninsula.

The Japanese people in general consider China as peculiarly their own field for exploitation because her domain is the most convenient source of their sorely needed raw materials. Everywhere in China I have found the attitude towards Japan summed up in this sentiment: "We still distrust Japan. She must first prove her friendship for China. This means a forfeiture of the Twenty-One Demands. If Japan does this she can get preferential rights in Manchuria and Mongolia." Peace and prosperity in the East largely depend upon good will between China and Japan. The Washington conference put the spotlight so searchingly upon the Japanese procedure in China that she can take no other course than that of respect for her neighbor's territorial and political integrity.

Commercial Stabilization

Only a word is necessary about Japan in Siberia, because there are other vital matters to be dealt with. The Siberian venture has never been popular with the mass of the Japanese people or with the majority of civil members of the cabinet. It has been almost entirely an army project, in which the prestige and political power of the army were closely interwoven. If the army crowd continues strong in its influence, then the retirement from Siberia will be considerably delayed. But in Siberia, as in Shan-tung, the real Japanese job is already accomplished because economic penetration has done its work.

More permanently important is the new Far Eastern economic line-up growing out of the conference. Political conflicts, like wars, are passing phases, but business goes on forever.

Taking the broad commercial view there is no doubt that the conference has stimulated all economic development. Business interests in the East feel that at any rate Washington got at the root of the evil that has hampered the movement of trade and development. Anything that reduces the hazard of war makes for confidence, and this confidence in turn makes for long-term employment of money. Abolishing spheres of influence and monopolistic concessions, sterilizing the hate and suspicions of nations and breaking up the great game of grab will mean stabilization even in China, where political disintegration has reached the lowest ebb.

Just as Japan stood at the crossroads of her political destiny in 1919, so does she stand today at a significant turn in the lane of her industrial life. She is menaced from many quarters. For one thing, the Chinese worm has turned. China is now underselling Japan with Chinese goods in the Japanese markets. There are many reasons for this. One is that though the Japanese can work and live for less than the white man, the Chinese can overwork and undercut the Japanese. Another grows out of the excessive overhead cost of production in Japan.

In her new trade relationship with China, Japan must hereafter depend mainly on her geographical advantage. With special privileges out of the question, it means frank and open competition. In this competition Japan will not fare so happily, because she is in the throes of a business depression due to inflation and speculation. Her wages are 300 to 400 per cent higher than before the war, extravagance continues unabated, and the average business man has not written off his losses. The balance of trade is strongly against her and she is losing her gold reserve at the rate of one million yen—approximately five hundred thousand dollars—a day. She must further undergo a drastic economic readjustment due to the Washington conference, for tens of thousands of employes in shipyards, arsenals and elsewhere will lose their jobs. In Japan the family system dictates that no workman can be dismissed without what is known as a retirement allowance. It is more costly than our bonus because it sometimes imposes a premium on inefficiency. You can readily understand what Viscount Kato—no relation to the Baron Admiral Kato who headed the Japanese delegation at Washington—who is head of the Kenseikai, or Opposition Party, meant when he said to me at Tokio, "Japan has purchased peace and confidence abroad at the expense of economic unrest and possible economic disaster at home."

Safeguards for China

I have touched only the high spots of the Japanese economic situation as they are essential to this preliminary survey. A fuller explanation of her vital economic problems, and especially the necessity for changing from a purely agricultural to an industrial mission and of improving the character of her merchandise, together with the story of her feudal business system, will be made in subsequent articles. One possible innovation must be stated here.

Although possibly a sacrilege to Japanese reactionaries, it is not unlikely that what might be called a commercial genro will succeed that other and well-nigh extinct political genro which ruled the country for years. It will develop along the lines of the commercial hierarchy that advanced Germany to her place in the sun before the World War. The Ballin of Japan will probably be a man of the type of J. Inouye, governor of the Bank of Japan, who represents the most alert and progressive spirit in Japanese finance. This genro must have and doubtless will attain political affiliations in order to function. If it comes into being it will be a stabilizer of immense value. It will also do much towards divorcing Japanese business from the more or less baleful influences of the Foreign and War Offices.

When you turn to an analysis of conference results in China you are bang up against a well-nigh baffling problem. With practically the whole of the northern part of the republic an armed camp, with national finance bogged in corruption and maladministration, with two separate and distinct governments, a parliament dissolved, most of the members of the Peking cabinet absent, salaries in arrears, and a bankrupt treasury, you do not wonder that it is practically impossible for China to capitalize—certainly not at once—the immense moral support and publicity that she got at Washington. To add to all these troubles, an anti-Christian movement has developed.

Almost against her will and by its very moral pressure the Washington conference is automatically safeguarding China. The warning by the Washington Administration that no foreign loans can be placed

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(Continued from Page 90)

without the knowledge of the American Government is not only a blow to European militarism but a challenge to mushroom capitalists who have financed with shoestrings in China and elsewhere.

Every now and then you read that China is unified, but it is a unification that only widens the breach. You also hear it stated by parlor uplifters that China's fundamental needs are railways, the improvement of communication, currency reform and education. But what China needs more than anything else is a moratorium on militarism and a drastic control of the tuchun system. Until this is done the country will not only drift on to a more hopeless division but will probably fail utterly to realize on the supreme opportunity afforded by the conference. Take Shan-tung. If the present disruption continues China will not be able adequately to resume her authority there. With the departure of the first Japanese troops an era of banditry began. The Chinese allege that the Japanese instigated it, but whatever its source, it is a menace to order and Chinese restoration. With civil war on, China may be obliged to turn to Japan for adequate policing in Shantung; and Japan is no philanthropist.

These are the plain blunt facts about a country for which we all have a large sentimental interest, coupled with a corresponding amount of ignorance. The marvel is that China is able to function at all.

Despite all the plundering and dislocation that I have described, the ancient Colossus moves on. The people live and have their being. Even new banks are founded. Flood and famine prevention are under way. It is probably due to the fact that China, as someone has said, "is a civilization and not a nation." In kinship with the Balkans she seems to be able to withstand the roughest kind of treatment and survive. Like the proverbial poor, her troubles abide with us always. She will survive the present crisis, which comes unfortunately at a time when the world expects more from her than civil strife.

Optimists maintain that the chaos and confusion that began early this year constitute the travail that means the ultimate birth of a really and truly united China. Even if this is true she is losing the selling point for outside help which would have come hot on the heels of the conference. Thus she will have to fall back on that traditional self-help which has so long been a theory and not a condition with her. The principal self-help in China so far has been among corrupt officials who helped themselves to the public funds.

Living Cheap in China

Though China for the moment seems unable to grasp the opportunity offered by the conference, she is not without some compensations for those who tarry in her midst. So far as my observation is concerned, and I have been a pretty steady traveler these last years, she is the one country where the high cost of living is a stranger. After extortion in London, Paris and New York, Peking, for example, seems like a dream city, because you are constantly afraid that you will wake up and find out that it is all a mistake. You can live more cheaply in China with a greater degree of comfort than you can in any other part of the world today.

The outlook for China is not altogether hopeless. The Chinese are fundamentally democratic, and some day they will bring about a real autonomy in the provinces that will make perhaps for a United States of China. America has always been the ideal of the intelligent Celestial.

I can best sum up the situation as it now shapes by quoting what a man, born of American parents in China and who has lived there all his life, said to me in discussing the plight of the nation.

In commenting on the almost incessant civil war, which is merely a succession of conflicts between the tuchuns for personal power and plunder, he declared: "So far only the intelligence of the Chinese people has been insulted in the struggle between the military governors. The time will come when their persons will be affronted, and when this time arrives they will rise up and make short shrift of the overlords who have regarded the country as a piece of personal property to be juggled with and fought over at will. China, unlike Mexico, does not need a dictator of the Diaz type. She merely requires the exercise of a united will, which, for the moment, seems dormant."

This swift survey of China and Japan after the conference would be incomplete without a reference to Russia. As in Europe, she remains a brooding problem. The ghost of the Bear that Kipling wrote about still stalks through the Far East. He haunts a homeland despoiled by the cancer of Bolshevism and ranges its Siberian outposts seized by his hereditary enemies, the Japanese.

When you see the Russia of the old school these days you also see tragedy. Nowhere is it more poignant than in Asia. Exiled and impoverished, Russians are hangers-on in a domain where once they ruled.

But this sentimental digression is not the point I want to make. In nearly every Russian in the East burns the desire for revenge on Japan, first for the humiliation heaped upon them in the war of 1904, second for what they regard as arrogant usurpation in Siberia in the hour of their helplessness. But there is another reason. Behind the Russian desire for a reckoning is the hope of an ultimate restoration of the ice-free port of Dairen, the same one-time Dalny that was to have been the capital of a commercial and political Asiatic empire dominated by the Slav.

Japan is alive to this remote Russian menace and has undoubtedly sought to perpetuate Russian military and political collapse in the Far East. In her preparedness for eventualities the United States was not the only hypothetical enemy. Whether the Russo-Japanese show-down comes or not, Russia remains an indeterminate factor in the balance of power of Asia.

Premier Takahashi's Message

For the final chapter of this narrative let me reveal three of the chief actors in the drama of the changing East, and let them have their say.

Take first the Viscount Takahashi, who succeeded the lamented Hara as Premier of Japan. I went to see him at his official residence, where, by the way, nobody resides. He is rotund, has an inscrutable face, and looks like a bronze and bearded Buddha.

Unlike Lloyd George he is a man of practical business experience. American bankers know him as former president of the Yokohama Specie Bank; later as governor of the Bank of Japan, which does for Nippon what the Bank of England does for England; and still more recently as Minister of Finance. Most people, however, are not aware of his romantic rise from poverty—his father was a poor samurai—to wealth and political power. Born in Sundai, the Boston of Japan, he went to California in his earlier teens, expecting to be one of the pioneer Japanese students. When he arrived he discovered that he was to be a servant, and not a student, in the home of the American who invited him to come. He worked so faithfully that his master sent him to college.

From that time Viscount Takahashi's life was a series of adventures. He acted as interpreter to Prince Iwakura, the first Japanese envoy to the United States, and was later the dupe of a German get-rich-quick artist who exploited a nonexistent silver mine in Peru. Returning to Japan he was successively teacher of English in a college, founded the Bureau of Patents, and eventually got into banking by way of being superintendent of construction of the new home of the Bank of Japan. Once in finance, his advance was rapid.

Like most Japanese, Viscount Takahashi asks many questions. He was much interested in my experiences with General Smuts. That he has a sense of humor is evidenced by this little episode. I told him that I had met every European Premier since the outbreak of the war, and that Lloyd George was the only one who still held his job. Instantly his almost masklike face relaxed into a smile and he asked, "What is his formula?" At the moment the Opposition Party in Japan was trying to smoke him out of office, and nearly succeeded.

The Premier declined to be interviewed in the usual fashion—this is probably the result of his experience as a banker—but agreed to prepare a statement if I sent him the questions. I did so and included a request for a message to the American people as the result of the Washington conference. His statement in full is as follows:

Peace has now almost completely been assured by the happy conclusion of the Quadruple Agreement.

Selfish nationalism was usually the keynote of the diplomatic dealings of one nation with another. This age of national antagonism is now passing. A new era of international relations based on the principle of coöperation has dawned upon the world. The Washington conference undoubtedly gave final expression to this spirit of the age.

The Japanese government, prompted by an ardent desire to see an efficient political government established in China, assumes an attitude of absolute impartiality towards the internal discords of that country. No nation is more keenly interested than Japan in the unification and peaceful development of China. Japan is ever ready to do her utmost for the welfare of the four hundred millions of Chinese people who are Japan's best neighbors. China's aspirations are fully appreciated by Japan, who walks one step ahead in the path of modern civilization.

The Japanese government has on no occasion interfered with the internal politics of Russia, but has strictly adhered to the principle of absolute neutrality as regards the political strifes of the Russians. Japan will remain faithful to her frequent pledges to withdraw her troops stationed in some parts of the Maritime Province upon the reëstablishment of political stability in Siberia. Japan is deeply concerned over the prevailing situation in Siberia and Russia, and is prepared to render as much assistance as possible for the speedy restoration of the economic and industrial life of the Russians in Siberia.

Now that the problem of naval limitation is definitely solved, we are justified in hoping that this will lead to the reduction of land forces, for these two problems went invariably side by side.

So far as the Pacific and Far Eastern problems, including the Yap and Shan-tung controversies, are concerned, nothing remains to be desired in the American-Japanese situation; and this will serve to knit more closely the bond that unites the two nations.

Critics often labor under misgivings of what is called Japan's militaristic policy. Policies adopted in the past by various powers in China, whose independence is of vital importance to the existence of Japan herself, compelled Japan to take measures for her self-defense, and these came to be called militaristic by foreign critics. The history of Japan, however, does not show any of that lust for territory which has caused so many wars. Japan, who is keenly alive to the trend of the times, entertains a policy of peaceful development of her commerce and industry. Signs are not lacking to demonstrate that the Japanese people have had enough of the glories of so-called militarism and are seeking with an enthusiasm unprecedented in their history the realization of social and political liberalism.

I can reiterate without the least hesitation my previous statement that the war taught us that national development is no longer possible through military force. Never in the history of the Japanese people was enthusiasm for the peaceful development of their national life more keenly felt. Force was never so bitterly hated. Our people were willingly prepared to accept the generous concessions we made at Washington regarding the Shan-tung controversy, because they simply hated the idea of force and everything that force brings in its train. Japan's future foreign policy will be guided by the principles of fair play along the line of peace, which we shall apply to her economic and financial coöperation with her neighbors as well as to her general dealings with foreign countries.

The veil of misunderstanding which shadowed the relations of Japan and the United States was completely removed by the Washington conference.

I deem it a great honor to address to the American people a message of sincere appreciation of the noble part which the American Government and people played at Washington, resulting in a glorious success for the cause of peace in the Pacific and the Far East.

I am particularly happy to see that all misgivings regarding the Pacific are now positively dissipated and that a new era of peace and prosperity has dawned not only in the region of the Pacific but on the world at large. May the partnership of interest and of sentiment to which we, the two great Pacific nations, belong, draw us still closer together in the coming reign of equitable justice and lasting peace.

TAKAHASHI.

At the Foreign Office

Next comes the Viscount Uchida, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs. In him I found the suave and tactful official attuned to every note of astute diplomacy. Educated in Germany, he was once Ambassador to the United States, and served in the same capacity at Petrograd.

I had several talks with him in the ugly brick Foreign Office, which the Japanese call the Gaimusho. As I sat alongside his paper-strewn desk I thought of the diplomatic secrets that it held. Not even that historic gray structure in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin where Bismarck's iron hand welded an empire is more invested with international interest than the structure where Japan's world game is really

(Continued on Page 95)

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A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo—to open early in 1924. 500 additional rooms will be added later.

It Begins with the Room-Clerk

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

GOOD personal service, in any first-class hotel, begins on the sidewalk—with the carriage man or doorman. But the most important person in the hotel, to an arriving guest, is the room-clerk.

So we insist, in these hotels, that it isn't enough for the room-clerk to be merely "courteous"—courteous as a matter of form. The fact that he is constantly welcoming people, hundreds of them every day, shouldn't make his welcome to you any less real. He's there, really, to be helpful to the people who come to us; if he isn't helpful—and good-natured in his helpfulness—he's a poor room-clerk.

We can't afford to have poor room-clerks or uninterested room-clerks in these good hotels.

You can see, by the attached instructions, that we consider the room-clerk an important man in our organization. And we believe that you will have no trouble in doing business with him, pleasantly and satisfactorily, whenever you come to us.

Instructions to Room-Clerks

"In the first place, you have to take seriously and literally every word of instructions in The Statler Service Codes.

"You have to remember that you are never doing a man a favor in selling him a room. I have seen room-clerks who looked bored, or superior, or patronizing—grunting acknowledgments, dictating terms, working grudgingly. But I want to say that nobody can do that in our hotels and stay on the job.

"You won't always have just what a man asks for at just the moment he asks for it, of course. Those are the very times when it is easy for *the wrong kind of room-clerk* to give a customer the idea that he has what's wanted, but won't sell it because he prefers to sell something else. Watch, particularly and especially, the way you handle people who want the kind of rooms on which you are oversold. I know, and you know, that the traveling public gets a square deal at our room desks; but it is quite easy—*dead easy*—for you to give the customer an idea that he isn't getting a square deal. All he has to judge by, you see, is *your interest in his request*. Watch yourself.

"If people find it difficult or unpleasant to do business at the room desk, that's a sure sign of a poor room-clerk.

"Think of the men and women who come to you as being *your* guests, in *your* house. They're invited to come here, you know, and they have *every right* to expect a courteous and cordial interest in their wants.

"If you can't meet and care for people in this spirit, if you can't or won't be courteous and helpful and gracious and pleasant at every step of your work—and with your fellow employees as well as with our guests—don't try to be a room-clerk here."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

(Continued from Page 92)

inspired. My second visit to the minister was on the day after the monster demonstration in front of the Parliament Building, when a hundred thousand men sought to influence the Diet in favor of the universal-suffrage bill. The Foreign Office was still under heavy guard.

Viscount Uchida bemoaned the fact that in Japan the Premier and his cabinet are required to sit in the Diet as a continuous target for the heckler. This is unlike the British system, where the various ministries have parliamentary secretaries who act as spokesmen.

Japan's Foreign Policies

As was the case with the Premier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs preferred to write out his statement for publication. In this important matter practically all Japanese statesmen play safe. Then they know that they will not be misquoted. On the day before I left Tokio I received Viscount Uchida's replies to my questions, which were mainly devoted to the future Japanese foreign policies. This is what he wrote:

The world owes a debt of gratitude to the American Government for the initiative as well as the leadership it has taken in calling the Washington conference and making it a success. Only the wisdom and the statesmanship of great men who had the vision to foresee and the faith to believe that great results might be achieved by a gathering of this kind could do this. If the conference has done much in cultivating good will among men and promoting the peace of the world, certainly it helped a great deal for the betterment of the Japan-American relations. Many questions of peculiar interest to the two countries were happily adjusted and evil influences which have stood in the way of their cordial relations were relegated to their proper quarters, if not swept away entirely. We rejoice with Americans that satisfactory understandings have been reached upon some of the grave questions which have heretofore tended to drive our countries apart.

As a result of the Washington conference we have learned the wisdom of reaching a basis of coöperation and friendly understanding, instead of indulging in talks of conflicting interests. From the standpoint of America and Japan, the crowning achievement of the conference consists in its moral and educational value. It has revealed aims and aspirations hitherto unknown or ill represented, and has removed much of ignorance and misgiving.

We of Japan all know that America and Japan are the two countries which can be good friends and should remain so. We have long been confident that, if correctly informed, the American public will find no cause for alarm or ill feeling against Japan. The difficulty we have felt was that America was such a big resourceful country with such an enormous population consisting of such diverse elements, all of whom were too busily occupied with tremendous possibilities within their immediate reach to pay much attention to or make any study of things which were going on outside the sphere of their own domestic activities. In other words, they seemed to have no time or necessity and care little to know about other countries or peoples, except perhaps for curiosity.

This happy indifference of the American public seems to have been noticeably replaced by the intelligent interest since the Washington conference, which was marked by frank discussions and honest publicity.

Certainly America and Japan have come out of the conference better friends than they were a few months ago, and the people of both countries are facing a future of renewed hopes. It has brought the assurance that the interests of Japan and America do not clash and that the people of both countries are actuated by the same desire for peace and friendship.

I believe that these results alone have made the Washington conference worth while, and let us hope that no backward step may ever be taken in the new road upon which we have entered.

With respect to our relations with China, the work of the conference has been equally gratifying. It has given us an opportunity to show her our sincerity and demonstrate the fact that we have nothing but a friendly feeling towards our great neighbor of the continent. Japan, in coöperation with other powers, has tried, as best she could, to help China out of her present difficulties.

In the two Nine Powers Treaties relating to principles and policies concerning China and to Chinese Customs Tariff and several other resolutions, which were concluded or passed at the conference, fairer treatment of China has been secured and relations between the great commercial nations that trade with China have been regularized, thereby removing much of the difficulties arising not only between China and this or that power but between all the powers in their common relations to China. Moreover in the case of Japan, by conclusion of the treaty with China relating to the former German-leased territory of Kiao-chau, she settled one of the most vexatious questions between Japan and China.

In all these arrangements or settlements Japan has made to China every possible concession, the extent of which is, I believe, much greater than what any other power could or would make. She does not regret it, for she believes that the sacrifices she has made will not be in vain, in the greater cause of international friendship and good will.

Japan is firmly determined, as other nations are, to carry out most faithfully and assiduously the spirit as well as the terms of these treaties and resolutions. And I believe China is no less earnest in her endeavors to do all that is within herself to reap the fruits of the labors of the conference, which have accomplished so much in her favor. It is true, as was pointed out by Mr. Balfour, that China must work out her own destiny in accordance with the changes of the changing world; that all other powers can do is to help her along her path; that she has little to gain from their advice; and that it is upon sources of strength drawn from within herself and these alone, in the last resort, that she must rely.

Japan has been and is ready to do whatever she can to help China along her path. She has every good wish for China. Not only has she good wishes, but Japan is vitally interested in a speedy establishment of peace and unity in China and in the orderly development of her vast natural resources. Let me tell you briefly why.

Japan and China are close neighbors. But their economic relations are not the same as the economic relations between the United States and Mexico, for example. The great country of America has everything within her own vast territory. In the case of Japan it is different. She finds herself in an extraordinary position of being dependent for so much of her trade on a single country—China. It is to this Asiatic mainland that we must look primarily for our raw materials and food supply, and for the markets for our manufactured goods. The conditions which obtain in China are therefore vital to our existence. Making no claim on this ground to any right of interference in the domestic affairs of China, Japan considers it, at the same time, an obvious fact that she has a special and extraordinary interest in China and its peace and welfare.

This interest is not of Japan's seeking: It is created by the facts of geography. A teeming population inhabiting a few islands situated off the coast of a vast continental country comparable among the states of the world to India alone in respect to numbers, and whose ports command all the avenues to their own shores, cannot but entertain a unique and altogether special interest in its affairs. If the islands of Great Britain were lying off the coast of an independent India it is impossible to conceive that the United Kingdom would not experience a special interest in Indian affairs. The United States has from time to time evinced an especial interest in the West Indian affairs, up to the point of intervening in Cuba, Haiti and San Domingo, merely for the sake of securing good and settled government in those neighboring states.

Such historical facts—and we could easily multiply examples—prove that the attitude of one state to another must in the nature of things depend largely upon the intimacy and importance of their relations.

That the law varies with parallels of latitude is an anarchial position that needs no refutation. But that the application of the law differs according to the circumstances of the case is equally self-evident. Conditions that may cause a momentary uneasiness to a distant and uninterested state may be a matter of life and death to a near neighbor. The relations of Ireland to the United Kingdom are largely determined by considerations of geography. The geographical position of the Suez Canal makes the relations of Britain to Egypt very different from what they would be if Egypt were in Borneo. The proximity of Tunis to Algiers made the attitude of France to Tunis necessarily different from what it would have been had Tunis been in Palestine.

Let us apply these principles to the case of Japan. Sixty years ago Japan was isolated, self-supporting and self-contained. Not by her own seeking, but through the invitation of others, she has now become to a great extent an industrial nation, depending for the life of her population upon the exchange of the products of their industry. The major part of this exchange takes and must take place with China. It is thus evident that a reasonably safe, orderly, prosperous and contented China, with which she can count on an uninterrupted normal intercourse, is for Japan an economic necessity. Without the smallest pretension to interfere in the politics, domestic affairs or administration of China—which would be rightly regarded as an unpardonable intervention in the concerns of a free and independent state—Japan nevertheless feels that it cannot fairly be denied that she and her myriads of people have an interest in the peace and welfare of her great neighbor which is far transcendent of that which can be ascribed to any of the remoter and less deeply concerned nations. To them the orderly development of China means much or means little. To Japan it means everything.

Japan seeks no exclusive economic privileges in China; still less any political advantages. But she regards it as a matter of self-preservation that China shall continually in truth and in fact be independent, orderly and responsible.

UCHIDA.

(Continued on Page 97)

In hottest weather, no matter how active, Or at all times in crowded gatherings.

Wherever the Dainty Woman is
"Mum" is the word!

Out of a world-wide need came this simple answer to Dainty Woman's heartfelt question—how can we avoid the embarrassment of body odors?

"Mum" is the word!

"Mum" takes all odor out of perspiration and prevents other body odors.

No matter how hot the day, how crowded the gathering, or how active you are, "Mum" will keep you free from embarrassing body odors all day and evening.

"Mum" is the word!

Dancing? Yes, dance as much as you want and still be free from perspiration odor.

Tennis? Golf? Walking? Yes, there too you can be free from body odors.

"Mum" is the word!

Crowded gatherings: parties, the theatre, receptions, in church? Intimate contact in the home or in cars? Yes, there too—

"Mum" is the word!

"Mum" is the delicate snow-white cream that prevents not only the odor of perspiration but all body odors. A little "Mum" used each morning assures you that the personal cleanliness the bath imparts will be yours all day and evening.

"Mum" is safe. It will not irritate the tenderest skin nor injure the finest lingerie or gown.

Make up your mind now to try "Mum." Get "Mum" at your store or from us by mail—25c. A pamphlet with each jar discusses this subject more intimately and tells more clearly why "Mum" is particularly the friend of women.

Also try "Amoray"—the new talc—really a powder perfume—with a delightful clinging fragrance that lasts all day long—a fragrance so exotic that you would take it for an imported talc but for the modest price, 35c. At stores or from us by mail.

Get both "Mum" and "Amoray" today.

Special Offer

To introduce "Amoray" (Powder Perfume), the distinctive feminine talc, we make this special offer. Send us 50c and your dealer's name and we'll send you both "Mum" and "Amoray" postpaid. Use coupon.

Mum Mfg. Co. June, 1921
1106 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

I enclose $_____. Please send me the articles checked below.

☐ "Mum" 25c ☐ "Amoray" 35c
☐ Special offer "Mum" and "Amoray" 50c

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Dealer's Address _____

MUM MFG. CO., 1106 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

"Mum" "Amoray" Talc (powder perfume) Ecaut's Cucumber Jelly Elder Flower Eye Lotion

One of the children's Keds—made on a Nature last. Similar models with low heels, with strap and without, for women and young girls.

The world's standard summer shoe—for tennis, canoeing, sailing, and general outdoor wear. High or low, sizes for everyone.

Sturdy sport shoes, with or without heels. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated, or suction soles.

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, home, sport. Comes also in a low model.

Once a novel experiment—today a national habit

This summer you'll see Keds everywhere—from town to city, from seashore to country club

THE pessimists told us it couldn't be done. "People will never wear canvas rubber-soled shoes except for games," they said—"they just won't change their habits." We didn't believe them.

We took the good old comfortable "sneaker" or "tennis shoe" you knew as a boy and modeled a whole line of summer shoes on it. We kept its ease and comfort, its lightness and coolness—we added style, finish, wear—and we made types and styles for every need.

They were just what Americans had been waiting for. Today Keds have become a national summer habit.

Why it will pay you to specify Keds

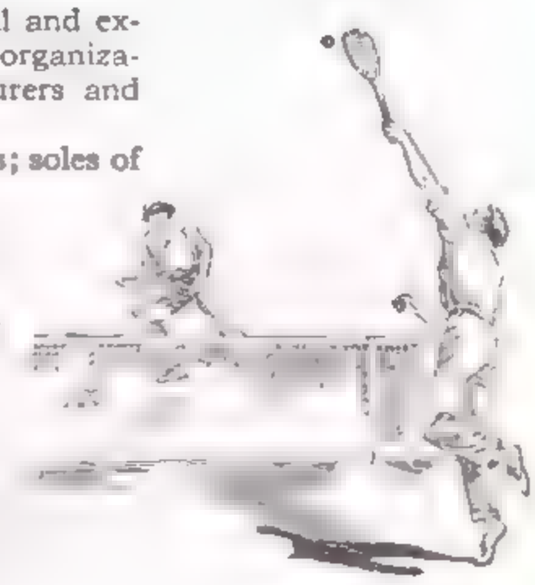
Light, cool, easy-fitting, Keds let feet cramped by months of hot, stiff shoes return to their natural form and breathe. And then Keds have a snap in their lines and finish which makes them popular even on the verandas of exclusive clubs.

Back of every pair of Keds are the skill and experience of the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world—growers, manufacturers and distributors of rubber and its products.

Uppers of fine white or colored canvas; soles of tough, springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations. Keds make you proud of their appearance and enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic-trimmed—styles for outdoors, for home, for every kind of sport.

You can get the kind you wish at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, he will get them for you. But remember—Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.



United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

(Continued from Page 95)

From these vital cogs in Japan's well-oiled and functioning governmental machine to the premiership of China is the proverbial far cry. But this is precisely the shift we now make. In Mr. Liang Shih-yi you behold one of the primary causes of the friction between the two war lords, Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, which has brought China to the verge of a really serious civil war.

Mr. Liang Shih-yi is China's so-called god of wealth, and is reputed to be one of the richest men in the republic. Like his confrere, Viscount Takahashi, he is a shrewd financier, for he is the real force behind the Bank of Communications, and is interested in many other profitable enterprises. For twenty years he has alternated between public post and private business. When his political position becomes untenable he always has a well-cushioned mattress to fall back on. In his life he has played many exciting parts. He was closely associated with Yüan Shi-Kai when that strong-handed gentleman tried to make himself Emperor of China in 1915, and had to fly to Hong-Kong for his life. No well-organized political movement in China since the overthrow of the Manchus has really been complete without him. As a matter of fact, his occupation of office has been so varied and hectic that it is often difficult to know when he is in and when he is out. Early in April he was continued as "Nominal Premier" while Mr. Chow Tze-chi, one of his trusted lieutenants, was appointed "Acting Premier." Only a China in the throes of her present almost utter disorganization could project the spectacle of two separate and distinct premiers operating in different places.

I interviewed Mr. Liang Shih-yi at Tientsin, where he temporarily resided in the establishment occupied by one of the many business concerns that he controls. Attired in a blue brocaded robe, over which he wore a black satin jacket, he looked as if he had stepped out of an old Chinese print. His face epitomizes craft and subtlety, yet he has that unfailing courtesy which makes the well-bred Chinese almost first among the real gentlemen of the world. He was plainly perturbed over the crisis that, wittingly or unwittingly, he had brought about. He speaks no English and our long conversation was carried on through an interpreter.

Demobilization Necessary

I asked the Premier to explain the chaos in China, and his reply was: "Unification has been prevented for many reasons. In 1916 we were not strong enough to put down the Southern revolt. In 1920 both sides were unprepared when the opportunity to get together came. The real reason for lack of unity is the pride and rivalry of the tuchuns, which keeps the country in continuous disorder. With a divided parliament and the widespread suspicion that prevails today, unity is impossible.

"The first step towards the unification of China is to disband her armies. Only enough troops should be maintained to keep order. This demobilization will not cause widespread unemployment as was the case in Europe, because the men could be easily absorbed on the farms.

"Both sides must make concessions. I am in favor of retiring both presidents, establishing a temporary provisional unified government, calling together the parliament of 1917, revising the constitution, and then electing a president. During this interval a premier could function as temporary head of the republic. China's real hope and salvation lie in federated government with liberal autonomy in all the provinces. In this way a United States of China could be achieved, with Peking as the capital. The American system is my model for this."

"Suppose neither side will make concessions?" I asked.

"Then we must use force," replied the Premier. "Wu Pei-fu is the one stumbling block to the unification of China, and if he refuses to acquiesce he must be put down." I might add that this is exactly what Chang Tso-lin told me at Mukden.

When I asked the Premier what he thought of the results of the Washington conference he answered: "The conference pointed the way to a new moral obligation on the part of China. We are conscious of it and eager to show that we appreciate what is done for us. We cannot do it, however, so long as China remains an armed camp."

"How about Shan-tung?" I next queried.

"The Shan-tung decision represented the triumph of right over might," was the reply. "It is more than the transfer of a railway. It is a big moral step that proved to China that she had the moral support of a considerable part of the world. But we must do our part in justifying the restoration."

Sino-Japanese Relations

Naturally my next question related to the new attitude of Japan towards China.

To this Mr. Liang Shih-yi made the following spirited retort: "There are two schools in this so-called new Japan. One is composed of diplomats, who profess a change of heart towards us and who talk of helpfulness. The other is the military group, which is unregenerate and which still wants to conquer by force. Japan is eager to get an economic grip on upper Manchuria like the one she now has on South Manchuria. I hope the United States will not permit this.

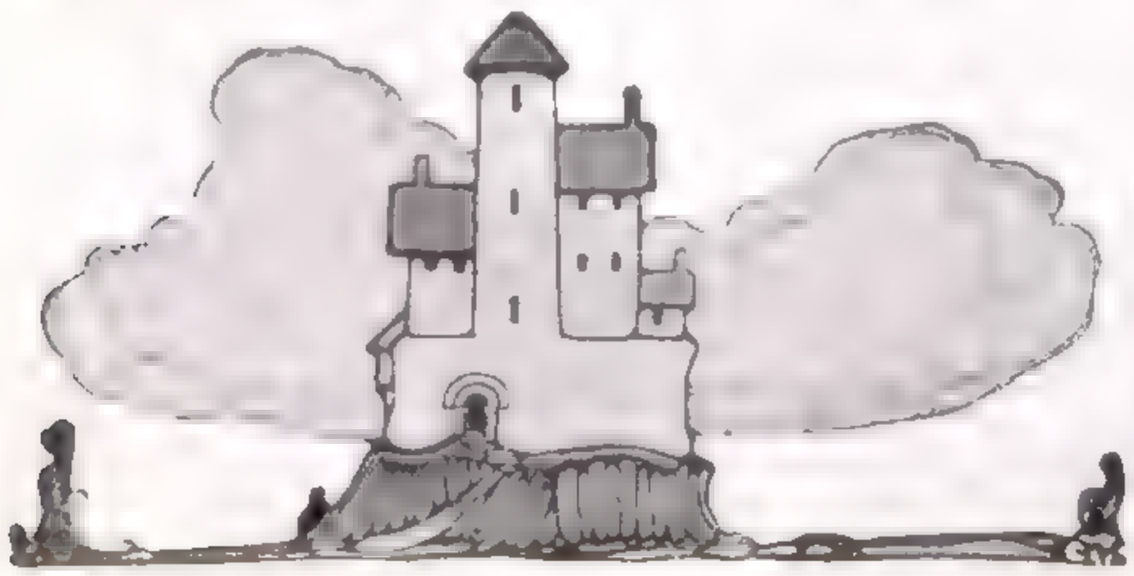
"Unfortunately there has been a minority in China very friendly to the Japanese. This section is dwindling, I am glad to say. We want to be economically and politically free of Japan, for, as I said before, we still fear her militarists."

"How about the future?" was my final question.

The Premier puffed at his cigar for a few moments and then responded: "With the inevitable unification will come economic order. We Chinese realize the folly of all the disruption that now prevails. We need financial help and we know that unless we agree among ourselves we cannot get loans. China is rich in resource and her instinct is for peace. I believe the present crisis will show the way to ultimate law and order."

Such is the background of the East in transition. Its storied and passionless calm is belied by the political tumult in China and the social and economical upheaval that threatens Japan. Yet all this disorder may perhaps be the natural dislocation due to a gradual break-up of the old orders. The Washington conference stirred the consciousness of Asia to its weaknesses and its possibilities. Likewise it kindled an ideal of reconstruction. Whatever develops in China, one thing seems certain: The likelihood of international war in the Orient has been removed for at least ten years, and by that time peace may have become a habit.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan in transition.



MEN!

For Your HEALTH'S Sake Wear a *Comfortable* Belt

The "LIVE" Leather Belt
S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

The "LIVE" Leather Belt
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The "LIVE" Leather Belt
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Hold your trousers up this summer with a "LIVE" Leather Belt that STRETCHES. Yes, a smart, dressy belt, made of *genuine* leather, yet it STRETCHES. You can stand up straight, sit down, bend back, lean forward, touch your toes, do "gym" stunts—the "LIVE" Leather Belt responds to every movement of the body. It "breathes" with you.

The "LIVE" Leather Belt
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Over a million men have bought the "LIVE" Leather Belt, and, finding it so comfortable, so easy around the waist, yet so secure, they have permanently adopted it. You get absolute trouser SECURITY wearing a "LIVE" Leather Belt, plus that waist and circulation freedom that physicians so strongly advise.

The "LIVE" Leather Belt is made in all fashionable leather colors—costs no more than ordinary leather belts—and there is a wide variety of handsome buckle patterns—buckles that CAN'T SLIP. Your money back, if you're not 100% satisfied. Buy your "LIVE" Leather Belt today—

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It Breathes With You!

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Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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$200 FOR YOUR SPARE TIME!

Sell us your spare time. You should easily make each hour bring you an extra dollar. Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $200.00 this month. Why not you too? It costs you but a 2c stamp to learn all about our plans. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip off the coupon and mail it today.

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LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 7)

"Never!" replied Joan fervently. "The word 'when' isn't included in my vocabulary. Pour till it spills. That's the idea! I hooked a glass for you, Pete, but I'm rather inclined to hang on to it. Cocoa's about your speed. Let me be blasted where I sit if you aren't the rottenest duffer that ever served doubles. You can have your ring back any time you want it—diamonds can't pay me for the years of agony and shame that I see opening up before me."

"Hand it over," replied her late fiancé lightly; but something that was not entirely mirthful touched his flushed young face and friendly hazel eyes. "Can't say I blame you, darlin', and it'll help me out of a filthy hole. I've lost everything, including my shirt, to the gent from California, and it might buck him up to see something sparkle. Heave it over this way."

"I haven't got it," replied Joan blandly, crunching a large piece of ice between her small square teeth. "Lost it at craps last night to Ramon. Gad, that's cold! Hold my hand, Frisco, before it freezes."

"You're joking," said Peter Leeds sternly, the flush dying in his face. "And it's a poor joke, if you ask me."

"And you're a poor judge of jokes, if you ask me. Pulling a chair out when someone starts to sit down is your idea of a really good one. But this is the time you go to the foot of the class; your diagnosis is all wrong. That wasn't a joke—you're up against grim reality, love! If Ramon hasn't presented it to someone else—and while warm-hearted, I don't believe that he'd go that far—he certainly has the ring. Vile luck, children. One thousand dollars and a diamond ring sitting right out in the moonlight, and little Joan, the child wonder, proceeds to crap. Two ones—count 'em—two. I'll never believe in Santa Claus or storks or hell-fire again. Something died in me—but it seemed to give Ramon a good deal of quiet satisfaction. He said it was more than just a ring to him—it was a 'seemboll.'"

"You gave that fellow my ring?" Young Leeds' voice cut the warm heavy air like a knife.

Joan did not even lift her golden head from the tall glass.

"Your ring?" she inquired, coolly insolent. "How d'you get that way? My ring—or was it a loan?"

"By God!" stammered the boy passionately. "I'll ——"

"Steady on," warned Rod swiftly, an arm about his shoulders. "Here's Mendoza now; keep your head, old boy—don't let him see he's got you going. Here, finish this. Joan, someone ought to take a horsewhip to you."

"Oh, Rod, you are so wonder-ful! You'd look perfectly lovely with a horsewhip. This the little curse from Paris with our Ramon? Pretty picture—everything that grandmother wore but mitts and spectacles. Quick worker though. You have to hand her that! Look at Ramon's glorified expression!"

Across the green space of lawn that sloped from the house to the tennis court came two figures, very slowly; so slowly that it was possible to take in certain petrifying details of the smaller figure's costume long before it actually stood before them. Three incredulous pairs of feminine eyes riveted themselves on the floppy parasol with ruffles, the even floppier bag with more ruffles, the pale pink muslin dress with ruffles and ruffles and ruffles, the enormous drooping straw hat with its wreath of roses and long black velvet streamers, the eighteen inches of black velvet ribbon that went around the only small waist that Long Island had seen in fifteen years, the knot of forget-me-nots and rosebuds that held the demure fichu demurely in place, and the long black ribbon from which dangled a small object, swaying slightly before the dazzled gaze of the beholders.

"Joan!" whispered Babbie, clutching frenziedly at that lady. "Joan—look! Do you see what I see? Joan, that thing on the end of the ribbon—that isn't a locket, is it?"

"So help me Moses!" said Joan. "It's dull gold—and it's got a half pearl in it—and it's heart-shaped—and it's a locket!"

"Here, cut it out!" said the gentleman from San Francisco unexpectedly. "She'll hear you. What's the matter with you anyway?" He scrambled hastily to his feet, scowling at the trio of critics, and Babbie's gay laugh wavered.

"No; but look at that parasol," murmured the tragic Paula, galvanized to interest. "She isn't real. She's stopped to pick a flower. Do look! What's the matter, Tolliver? Do they grow them like that in the West?"

"I wish to God they did," replied the late dispenser of cheer violently. "I swear I think the world's gone cuckoo. Just because a girl's got all her clothes on ——"

"Well, she's probably showing excellent judgment in that," remarked Joan amiably. "Modesty's a gift if you've got knock-knees, Galahad. Hurry up, bare your head and stand at attention—the rose in the rosebud garden of girls is fluttering your way. Introduce us to your lady friend, Ramon!"

The superb young animal with the satin hair, heartbroken brown eyes and impudent dimples eyed her gravely.

"Mees Carstairs, you permit me? Mees Claridge, Meesees Grahame, Mees Thorn. Also ——"

"I've met Miss Carstairs," said Babbie briskly. "More than you have, I'll bet, Ramon. Boys, this is Sarah Anne Carstairs, Mrs. Carstairs' very best niece, come all the way from the convent to show us how little girls ought to behave. We're a roughneck gang, Sarah Anne, but we're going to do our best. These here gentlemen are my brother Rodman; Joan's best young man, Peter Leeds, who's got a mad on her; and Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver, who came out of the West and has got a mad on all of us. Sit down and tell us how you picked up Ramon."

"I was so fortunate to meet Mees Carstairs' mother once, in Dinard, though Mees Carstairs was not there," vouchsafed Ramon stiffly. "On what you eggspeck her to seet, if I may ask?"

"I'll try to get a chair from the house," said Rod briefly, but Mr. Tolliver of San Francisco was already under way.

"Oh, please," said Sarah Anne Carstairs—and the small clear voice rang as startlingly lovely as a fairy bell—"please do not bother. You see I found a gentleman by the swimming pool and asked him the way to the tennis court; and he said that he would immediately bring a chair. And then I was so fortunate as to find Señor Mendoza on his way here from the house, so he showed me the way. And here comes the chair now. Thank you so very much—one thousand times. I am afraid I do not know your name."

"My name's Grahame," replied the taciturn Robert in an amazingly cordial tone. "It wasn't any trouble at all. Want a pillow behind you? How about another one? That all right?"

"That is quite entirely perfect," replied Sarah Anne. She did not speak with any marked accent, but something strange and exquisite touched her words, lightly as a flower or a butterfly's wing. "So tired I was, and now to sit with these great soft cushions all about me—it is like heaven. It did not tire you to carry this so enormous chair?"

Grahame laughed indulgently.

"Well, hardly."

"Ah, you are strong," murmured the occupant of the so enormous chair gravely.

She leaned back, surveying the scene about her with wide dove-colored eyes, her small pale face looking at once desolate and brave under the shadow of the great hat. The young person from France was certainly not beautiful.

Her hands, with the little black velvet bows defining the slim wrists, were beautiful; the low voice was beautiful too. Nothing else; Babbie had not been so far wrong, after all.

"But this is a most lovely garden. After that wicked sea it is good to see the trees and the green grass and the kind little flowers. I am glad indeed that we are neighbors, Barbara. From my aunt's porch I can quite well see this prettiness, and if I turn my head I can smell your roses. That is lucky for me. Delicious they are, your roses."

"Smelling roses is one of our great outdoor sports," remarked Joan agreeably. "We go in for it by the hour. Just now, though, I'd rather smell something else for a change. Flask empty, Frisco?"

"No," replied Frisco without enthusiasm. "Want some more?"

"I'll say so. Have some, Sarah Anne Carstairs?"

"But what is it?"

"Hooch."

"Hooch?"

"Fire water, my child; the forbidden fruit; the breath of life. Gin, in other words."

"You drink it?"

"Well, generally speaking. There are some bad hours when we fight along without it, but, by and large, it's no exaggeration to say we drink it. I take it that it leaves you cold?"

"You are kind—but no, I will not have any. Its smell is strange."

"You're the one that's kind, dearie. The fewer the merrier, in this game! Speaking of smells, just what particular brand are you using? It's demmed Gallic; makes the stuff I've been pluming myself on seem like a cross between tar soap and hair tonic. I suppose I got most of the kick out of the name and the red lacquer bottle—'Le Grand Baiser.' Cheap at twenty-three dollars, what? What's yours?"

Sarah Anne curved her faintly pink mouth into a deliciously confiding smile.

"What perfume I use, you mean?"

"That's the big idea, child. Elusive and intoxicating—like gin. I'll give you fifty dollars for a square inch."

"How much I wish that I could give you that inch for nothing," murmured Sarah Anne, the smile tinged with regret. "Alas, I use no perfume."

"You use no what?" demanded the incredulous Joan.

"No perfume—none."

"Are you implying that heaven makes you smell like a Persian garden?" inquired her inquisitor with ominous calm.

"Ah, but you flatter me! No, to me perfume has always seemed a little shrill voice that cries 'Stop! Look! Listen!' And in my case, there is so little cause to stop and look and listen, so I keep that small voice still. It is a thousand regrets to me that I can so little assist you; but most truly, I use only clear water."

"No soap?" inquired Babbie caustically.

"Soap? Oh, but yes. Soap from Castile. It was perhaps that, Miss Claridge?"

"And perhaps it wasn't," replied Joan. She stared fixedly at the advocate of clear water, who returned her gaze with unwavering and gentle solicitude. "Well, how about a swim, boys and girls?"

"Yea, boy!" Babbie was on her feet with all the supple grace of a kitten, stretching her hand to the stately Paula. "Come on, Polly-with-a-past, here's another chance to change your clothes."

Sarah Anne raised delicately inquiring eyebrows.

"Polly-with-a-past?"

"Oh, Polly has a simply hellish past! Haven't you, precious?"

"Hellish," agreed Polly languidly. "Coming, Ramon?"

"I cannot say. You come, Mees Carstairs?"

"No, no; I thank you. Do not wait for me, not any of you. You are most kind, but I am very tired. By and by I will go back to the house, where my good Marie will have prepared all that is cool and pleasant, and then I will have a long good sleep, and in the morning I will see you once more."

"But Babs said you were having dinner at the club," cried Mr. Tolliver in tones of deepest consternation. "It's all fixed. You can't ——"

"It is charming of you to want even a little that I should come. Some other night perhaps."

"No, tonight. Here, Babbie, you make her come."

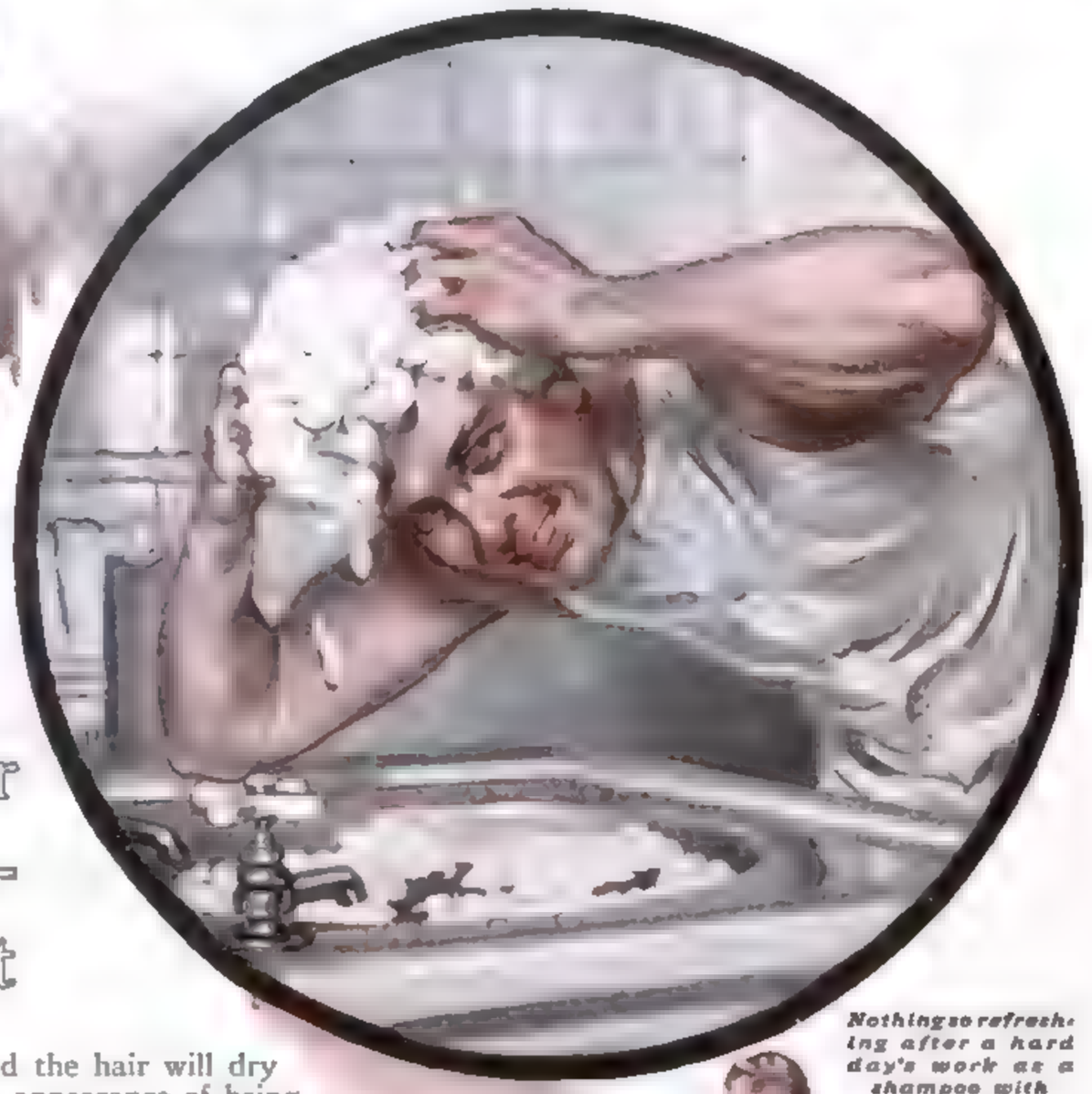
"It's up to Sarah Anne to decide for herself," remarked Babbie somewhat acidly. "If she's tired let her go to bed. Aren't we about through jawing? It's getting darned late. Who's coming?"

"The food isn't bad at the club at all," urged Grahame suddenly. "And they have a really good orchestra. Why don't you try it, Miss Carstairs?"

"It is most tempting—most tempting of all that you should be so kind as to want me, but me, I will have good food too: I will have good music. Wait—I tell you!" She leaned forward like a confiding child, sketching a small expansive gesture with one lovely hand. Babbie groaned audibly.

(Continued on Page 101)

WHAT PROPER SHAMPOOING DOES FOR YOUR HAIR



How to Keep Your Hair Healthy, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE appearance and healthy condition of your hair depend largely upon the care you give it. If your scalp is allowed to become hard and dry, if dandruff is allowed to accumulate, falling hair and baldness are very apt to result.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which keeps the hair and scalp healthy; besides, it brings out the real life and lustre and makes your hair soft, fresh looking and luxuriant.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, lifelike, bright and fresh looking.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it in good condition, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating men use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how well you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in good warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, applying it again as before.

After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, rub it briskly with a turkish towel until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

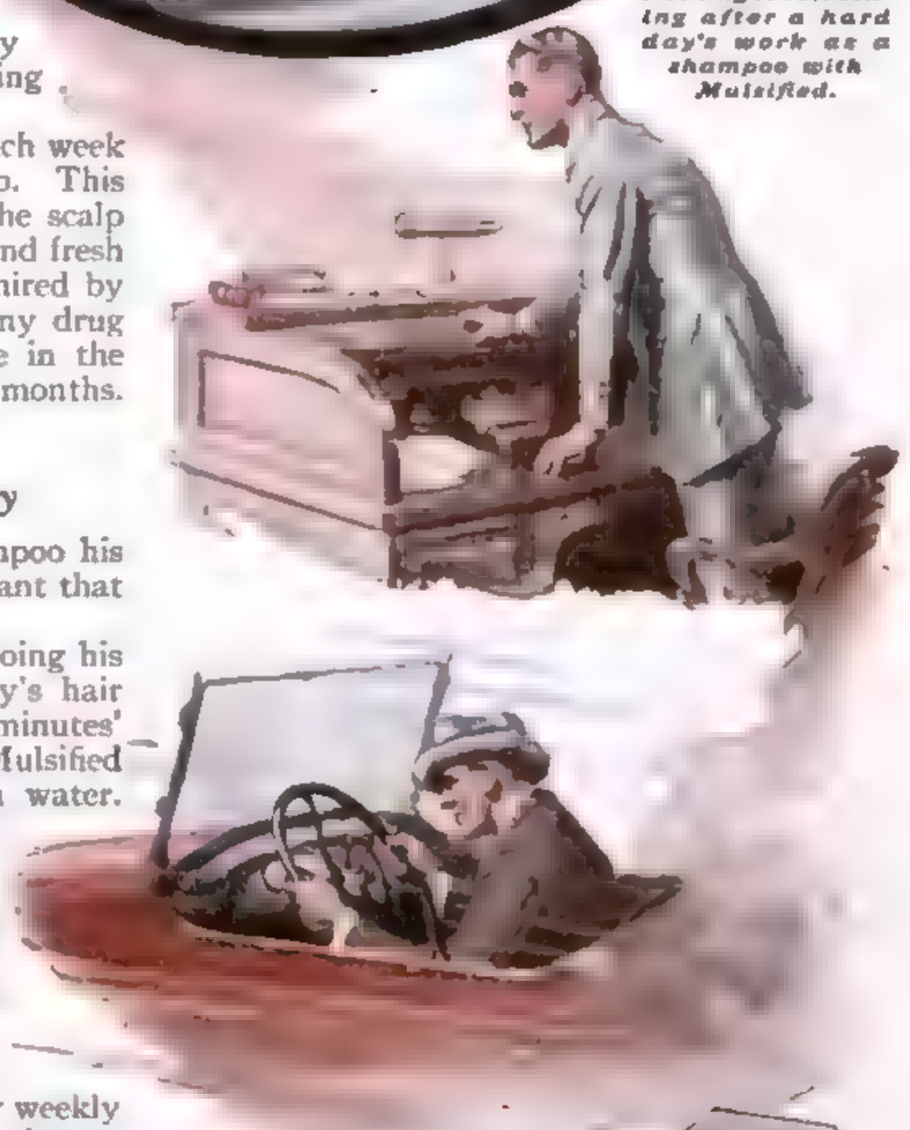
Make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright and fresh looking, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy To Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair—and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.



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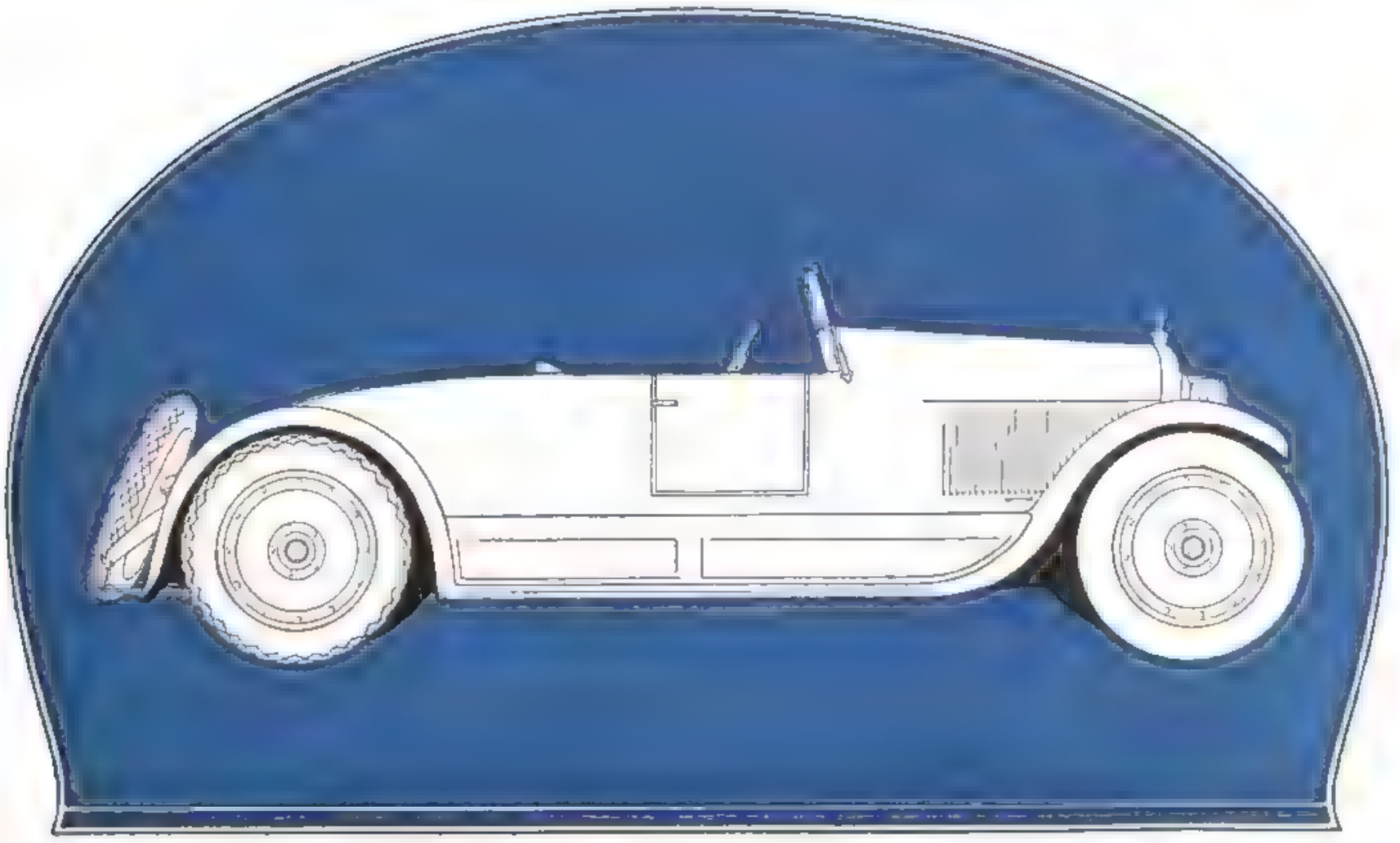

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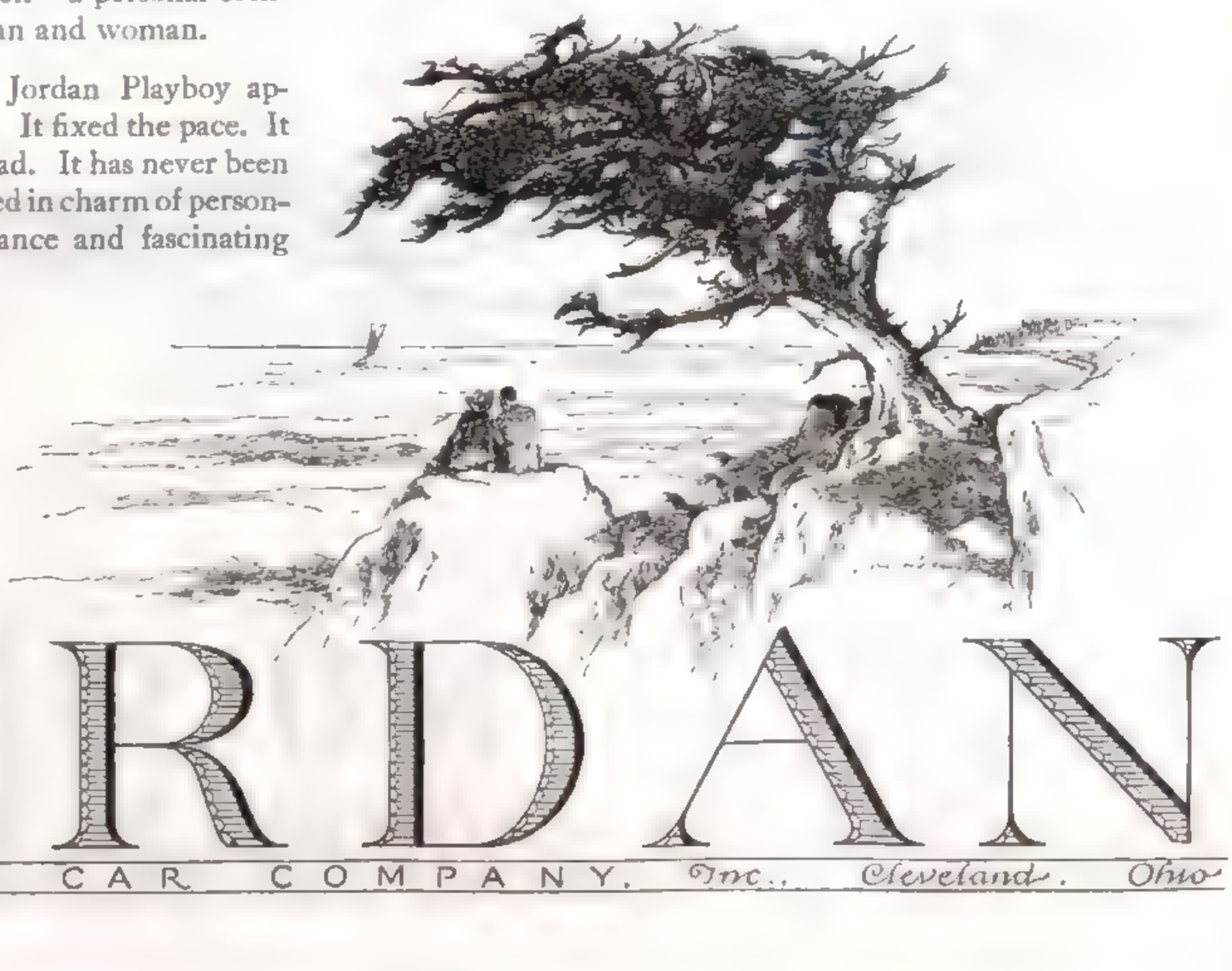

Two-thousand-year-old cypress trees—grotesque and massive—wind tossed and rugged; limitless distances; gray rocks bulwarked against the most wonderful surf in the world—and youth, full of the gladness of living. That's the Monterey Drive on the curve of the California Coast.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 98)

"At my aunt's house, the good Marie who came with me from France, she has pulled all those green shades in the drawing-room, so that it will be cool and fresh like a cave. And by the window to the veranda she has put a little table, and on that little table she has put a great tall pitcher, all frost outside, and inside all amber-gold tea, and ice cracked, and little cold wisps of fresh mint leaves. And three plates, with sandwiches, too—cool and green—cress and cucumber and lettuce. And a great silver bowl of strawberries, and a great silver basket of little white cakes. And me, I will put on a white dress with green ribbons, and I will eat in the deep chair by the window, and then I will light the tall candles and sing to the piano until I am sleepy. And then I will take the tallest candle and go up to my bed, and I will sleep and sleep and sleep, until the morning comes in through my curtains. Now that is not so bad, is it?"

"Bad!" said Robert Grahame. "It's like holding out a glass of cold water to a man dying of fever. Wouldn't you let a fellow have just a sip, Miss Carstairs?"

"But surely, surely," said Miss Carstairs gently. "There are many deep chairs in the drawing-room of my aunt, and that pitcher, it is very tall. Mrs. Grahame will come, too, perhaps?"

"I think not. The patient will probably make better progress without me. Let's shove off, Ramon."

"I do not shove off," replied Ramon. "Mees Carstairs, if I am more good than gold, per'aps you let me light those candles, turn that music? Once in Dinard, you remember, I hear your mother sing."

"But how wonderful to remember!" cried Sarah Anne, and the small colorless face was suddenly gay and sparkling. "You shall choose a song—you shall choose two songs—and we will sing ourselves back to that so happy room in Dinard. We go now?"

"Will the pitcher hold one more glass?" asked La Rue Tolliver thirstily. "Here, there's still some left in this bottle, Joan. Catch! I'm off after something good and cold."

"It is a magic pitcher—it holds for all who would drink. Wait, you shall see! You will not come, Miss Claridge? No? You, Barbara? You, Monsieur the brother of Barbara?"

"Thanks, no," said Barbara's brother briefly. "I think I'll swim."

"Oh, then I wish you most good swimming. You, too, swim, Mr. Leeds?"

Peter Leeds turned to her a bitter, wretched young face:

"I'll swim if anyone wants to tie a stone around my neck."

She rose from the nest of cushions and came towards him, small and pale and gentle in her softly ruffled dress.

"But you are not well? Ah, I am sorry. You will come with us, and we will all take most good care of you; see, it is a bargain. Barbara, this is *au revoir* for just a little while; you must come to see me soon, soon, so I will not be lonely in that great house."

"It looks as though you were going to be lonely!" commented the dazed and outraged Barbara. "Send them back when they've had their cambric tea, will you? If they ever come out of their trance we'd like 'em for dinner. We can meet here on the terrace at 7:30. Come on, Joan!"

But Joan, curled on the scarlet cushion, did not stir. She sat motionless, only her sea-blue eyes following the little group cutting leisurely across the lawn to Mrs. Carstairs' gate, the small pink figure with the drooping head almost concealed by the masculine wall that closed about it. The superb Ramon was carrying the fantastic parasol, La Rue Sinclair Tolliver had the incredible bag, Grahame the misogynist was offering her his hand to help her across an infinitesimal path; and suddenly, young and joyous above the fading voices, Peter's laugh rang out.

Joan listened to the echo of that laugh die before she moved. She turned her flower-like face to the three who stood watching with her beneath the tree—Babbie's round incredulous eyes and parted lips, Paula's stare of tragic amazement, Rodman Thorn lounging against the tree with an enigmatic smile in his eyes and a slightly sardonic twist to his lips—and then back to the group vanishing through the gate.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" commented Miss Claridge pensively.

No further reference was made to the stranger in their midst for the next two hours. They had undressed, bathed and dressed at the pool, and repeated the performance in the seclusion of their respective homes in dignified silence. The silence had been maintained for some fifteen minutes on the moonlit terrace at the Thorns', where they sat grimly listening to the sounds of decent revelry proceeding from the Carstairs drawing-room. Music there was, and lights, and laughter—a murmur of voices, from which the errant breeze detached an occasional sentence, floating it across the intervening space to unwilling ears.

"Sure you aren't tired?" Grahame's voice rang out, rich with solicitude.

"Oh, but not too tired for this! This I love; the tiredness shall wait. Now once more, very soft. Mr. Tolliver, you shall be so kind to do that beautiful second; you, Mendoza, turn the leaves again—never have I seen one so quick and sure—never. Now—

"In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low ——"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Babbie violently. "You're a man, Rod—why don't you make them stop that yowling? That's the third time—and it's ten minutes to eight. Why don't you go in there and tell them to shut their mouths and come to the club? I'm starved."

"Better not send me!" advised Rod lightly. "You'd probably never see me again. It's been years and years since anyone has encouraged me to sing. When they started 'Just a song at twilight' it took every ounce of strength I had to keep me in this chair. I'm totally exhausted; that's the only reason I'm still here."

"Well, I thought I knew my fellow man," said Joan grimly. "And then along comes this dowdy little bundle of ruffles and ——"

"Ah, you only thought you knew them, Joan," replied Rod. "Something else came along inside that dowdy bundle of ruffles—something strange and new and old as the hills, something that made them remember that ankles might be elusive and waists small enough to put an arm about, and that hands too fragile to hold a parasol would be soft to touch, and that all these things might be forbidden. A girl came along in that bundle of ruffles—and we remembered what a girl might be like."

"Are you claiming that none of you had ever seen a girl before?"

"Well, not for quite a time, Polly! Not a subdeb or a flapper or a good pal or a cutie or a vamp or a fascinating young married thing or an even more fascinating young de-married thing—but a girl. The kind of girl who used to sit on the porch steps in the moonlight and smile when you brought a bunch of violets or a box of chocolates—and smile again when you left at ten. Nowadays, if you don't supply a roadster and a quart of gin and a hundred cigarettes and a jazz band, you're a piker, and you know it in a hurry. The kind of girl who never ate twenty dollars' worth of stuff at a cabaret in her life. If she wanted a supper party she cooked it for you in a chafing dish at eleven o'clock, and put pink ribbon on her frilly apron to show you that she thought it was a privilege. The kind of ——"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Babbie violently. "Are you going to collect those other asses or am I?"

"The kind of girl who let you pick up the handkerchief and button her gloves," continued Rod unperturbably. "Who ——"

"I should think the helpless little angels would have worn you to the bone."

"Oh, they weren't really helpless. Just helpless enough to make us feel that we were some good in the world! They'd act as though it were a miracle that we should spend two seconds picking up their gloves—but they'd take two hours to darn our socks. They'd ——"

"Hey, how do you get that way?" demanded the indignant Babbie. "Believe me, Methuselah, no girl ever darned your socks. Where'd you know all these girls anyway?"

"Oh, our fathers knew 'em," replied Rod lightly, but there was a curious gleam in his dark eyes. "And our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers. Something deeper than our memory knew them—our blood and our bones and our dreams. And when Sarah Anne Carstairs came across the lawn this afternoon ——"

The silver voice of Sarah Anne Carstairs drifted across the moon-washed space between them.

"Well, then, just one. Just one because you have been so good and kind, each one of you. Let us see, what shall it be? Ah, now I have it!"

There was a brief pause, a little chime of chords, and suddenly a voice was singing—moonlight and starlight and falling water turned to music.

"Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheels—"

sang Sarah Anne Carstairs.

"Less than the rust that never stained thy sword—
Less than the trust thou hast in me, O Lord—
Even less am I—even less am I!"

"Hold me!" implored Babbie frenziedly. "Someone hold me, quick, before I go mad and froth at the mouth. If they fall for that I'm going into a convent!"

"Less than the weed that grows beside thy door—
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee—
Less than the need thou hast in life of me—
Even less am I—even—less am—I!"

The fairy voice, the chiming chords trailed slowly off; and then from the silence there rose another voice, stammering in its eagerness, changed so that no one could say whether it belonged to Peter, or to Robert, or to Ramon, or to La Rue. Perhaps it spoke for them all.

"Sing—sing it again!" implored the starved voice.

II

"BUT I do not do these dances of which you speak," said Sarah Anne, with a small pathetic smile.

She was leaning back in a great wicker chair on Mrs. Carstairs' vine-clad veranda, with five green cushions behind her back—Peter Leeds had put them there—and two diminutive slippered feet perched like a pair of white mice on the stool which Robert Grahame had provided. She was presiding over a smaller court than usually gathered about her at five o'clock, as a polo game had lured some of the faithful to another part of the island; still, there were present four gentlemen deeply absorbed in contemplating their hostess, and two ladies equally absorbed in contemplating the gentlemen. Sarah Anne looked the only cool thing in a hot and jaded world, in spite of the fact that her filmy muslin dress swept its snowy lengths down to her slim ankles and up to her slim throat; even the sleeves fell loose and wide over her wrists.

But something about her—possibly only the unshadowed tranquillity of the small colorless face—made Joan Claridge's Dresden-china daintiness look a trifle feverish, for all that her green tennis frock had no sleeves and very little waist and even less skirt, and Babbie's vivid gypsy face rising out of the childish smock of tan linen seemed positively sultry, though the sleeves were rolled high to the shoulder, and the trim stockings were rolled well below the knee.

Sarah Anne's smooth head, with its wreath of pale braids, was bent industriously over a peculiarly hideous piece of embroidery: an elaborate design of roses, shading from blush pink to deep crimson on a snow-white background, with a realistic garnishing of nine distinct shades of green leaves.

She was selecting the innumerable silken strands and turning them into blossoms with a reposeful deftness that Burbank or Cagliostro would have envied.

"Your shimmy, your jazz, your toddle and your wobble—no, no, not one of them. So at these club dances, what should I feel but sadly in the way? On Wednesday I did try, just to go and watch—did I not, Barbara? But to watch—well, I think those dances they are made to do, not to watch. So tonight I will beg to stay at home. What do you need with so small and useless a person as me, at that great party? No, no, you are heavenly kind to me, you and Joan and Peter and every single one, but you will not even know I am not there—you will see."

"We'll know damn well that you aren't there," said Joan Claridge, and her voice shook. "Because the party will be about nine men short, thanks to you. They'll be sitting out here in the moonlight, playing pussy wants a corner and tiddlywinks until you sing 'em to sleep with a Baby's Prayer at Twilight. And maybe you don't know it, angel face!"

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Peter Leeds turned on her violently, his pleasant countenance darkly red, but Sarah Anne spoke first, lifting wondering eyes from her roses.

"Ah, Joan! You think that of me? I am sorry—sorry. I have been stupid. I did not understand you cared so greatly. Believe me, I did not understand."

Joan swung off the veranda railing with a loud clatter, planting herself squarely in front of the tranquil enemy, her hands deep in her pockets, her flower-tinted face on fire.

"Well, I don't so greatly care. See? But I'm getting on to you—see" And the stuff you're getting away with gives me a pain that'd turn neuralgia into a treat. And keep any more of that holy stuff until I get off this porch. Lay off it, you hear me—I'm fed up for life!"

She bestowed one inclusive and menacing glare on the assembled company, cleared the railing with a brief flourish of skirt and a neat click of heels and disappeared into the shrubbery before anyone on the veranda had recovered breath.

Ramon Mendoza spoke first, an ugly curl to his fine lips.

"Feeshwife!" he remarked with venomous precision.

"No, no, no, *mon ami*, I will not have you use such words. She is tired and unhappy, that poor little Joan. How often have I told her that all that smoking, all that drinking, all that riding, will do her harm? Now, alas, something breaks in her pretty head—it is a madness. Peter, you shall run after her, you shall bring her back."

Peter disclaimed this program violently.

"Nothing doing! She can drop dead in her tracks for all I care. Handing out that line of talk to you!"

"Me! Of what importance am I, Peter? No, no, it is of little Joan that we must think. She is unhappy. Help me, all of you."

"Well, I must say I think it's jolly decent of you to take it that way, Sarah Anne," commented Babbie, grudgingly honest. "If I were you I'd be thinking of the quickest way to choke the bean out of her. She hasn't got any right to go off her nut like that, no matter what happens. Everyone knows she's got a dirty temper, but it's about time she learned to hang onto it. Let her alone. It'll serve her good and right if no one goes near her. Don't you think so, Rod?"

"I think that Miss Carstairs shows almost superhuman forbearance," said Rod thoughtfully.

Sarah Anne gave him a swift glance through her short thick lashes, sketched a gesture of depreciation with one slim hand, and resumed her tranquil labor with the flowers.

"Now you laugh at me," she murmured. "I think that tall brother of yours likes to mock at me, Barbara. He knows all too well that about me, who am small and weak and of an entire and disgusting uselessness, there is nothing superhuman. I wonder if perhaps there is not in him somewhat of the cynic as well as the critic?"

"Nope," Babbie assured her with a small yawn, "Rod's a blooming idealist—aren't you, darling? He doesn't fall for that cynic stuff either. There was a girl here last month who told him that there was something deliciously sinister about his eyes, and he walked out on her without another word—planked her cold, didn't you, Rod?"

"The young woman was apparently in the last throes of dementia præcox," explained Rod agreeably. "It looked to me as though she needed more professional assistance than I was able to render, so, as Babbie so graphically puts it, I planked her cold. Will anyone be good enough to tell me just what the plans are for this evening? I don't want to waste one precious minute of the princely holiday that has been lavished on me by the press, so if someone will set me straight I'll be everlastingly grateful. Dinner dance at the club?"

"Well, that's what we've done every Wednesday and Saturday night since Noah ran the ark," said Babbie. "But if it's anything like the last one I'm going to smear cold cream over my face and light out for bed at nine o'clock and to-morrow morning I shall up and catch the 7:48 to town and start in on a concentrated course in interpretive solo dancing. Yes, sir, it may be all kinds of sport to do April Dawn all by yourself while the violins make a noise like dear little birds, but the dancing I've learned so far needs a partner to make it come out right. Of course up till last Wednesday the local union of partners hadn't gone in for community singing as a life work, but from now on I'm off club dances unless Sarah Anne takes up twosing or goes back to her convent. Honest to goodness, Sarah Anne, what in the world do you want with ten at a time? When's Mrs. Carstairs coming back? Have you written her yet how lonely you are in this big house?"

"Little darling goose!" murmured Sarah Anne, a small gay smile touching her lips, though she did not raise her eyes from the roses blooming beneath her light fingers. "Never in all my life long have I heard so great nonsense. If I did not very truly love you, Babbie *de mon cœur*, I would not like it when you tease. Because these poor men are too tired when they come out from their hot city to jump like jacks to that savage music, you would hold me to blame? Because they would rather sit quite still and feel the moonlight on their faces, and talk a little, very low, and sing a little, very soft, and laugh a little, and be a little sad, you are cross? Ah, but, Babbie, that is not fair. Is that fair, Mr. Grahame?"

"Fair!" echoed Grahame with an acid laugh. "You don't think for one moment that you're going to get away with anything decent and quiet and lovely in this place without starting a young riot, do you? Every girl on this island, married or single, from fifteen to fifty, is so crazed and glutted with excitement that it's like grabbing a needle from a drug fiend to try to get one to keep still for half an hour. Isn't that so, Leeds?"

"I'll say it's so," replied Peter Leeds, bitterly laconic.

"Oh, rot!" cried Babbie vigorously. "You were every bit as keen about parties as any of us, Robert Grahame, once you got four cocktails into you! You needn't make faces at me, Rod. I've done all the listening I'm going to do this afternoon; everyone can loll back and listen to me from now on. Bob, have you got the nerve to sit up there and look me in the eye and tell me that you weren't the fellow who was always yelping for just one more round of jackpots at three o'clock in the morning when everyone else was feeling as though their eyelashes weighed a ton and they were going to carry their feet around on cushions for life?"

Grahame met her eyes grimly. "Oh, it got me too! I'm not denying it. I'd forgotten what the words 'peace' and 'quiet' meant. I was wound up as tight as any other tin toy in the whole shop—I could run as far and make as much noise as the rest of you, my dear. But from now on you can count me out."

"The trouble with you is that it always has taken you about three drinks to qualify as a member of the human race," commented Babbie with gloomy impersonality. "And now you aren't getting anything more nourishing than lemonade! I wish to the Lord, Polly'd slip a shot into your breakfast coffee."

"Babbie!"

"Oh, don't bother, Miss Carstairs. I've known this child since she wore long skirts. Paula doesn't get near enough to my breakfast coffee to even put cream in it, Babbie! I leave at half past eight and she generally takes hers clear in a demi-tasse—at lunch time. Our schedules don't connect any more; now that I've taken to retiring before 2 A.M. we don't even get a chance to exchange opinions of each other's character!"

"Tough luck!" condoled Babbie cheerfully. "But I notice you manage to hit the trail to the country bright and early every day, old dear. Romps in for his lemonade pretty regularly, doesn't he, Sarah Anne?"

"Perhaps he finds it more easy to get through those heavy tasks with eight good hours of sleep behind him," replied Sarah Anne tranquilly. "Another glass, Mr. Grahame? Good! For you, Mr. Thorn? You, Peter? But where is our Polly this afternoon? She is neglecting us most sadly, and we who are needing her lovely, lovely clothes to make us believe that it is really a party that we have! You have not seen her, Babbie?"

"Nope," replied Babbie airily. "Like me to take my rags and tatters off the porch, Sarah Anne, or can you bear up by just closing your eyes? I don't want to wreck the scenery as well as the party!"

"But, Babbie, you are being a most wicked child!" cried Sarah Anne, lifting her brows in humorous despair. "Your

(Continued on Page 105)

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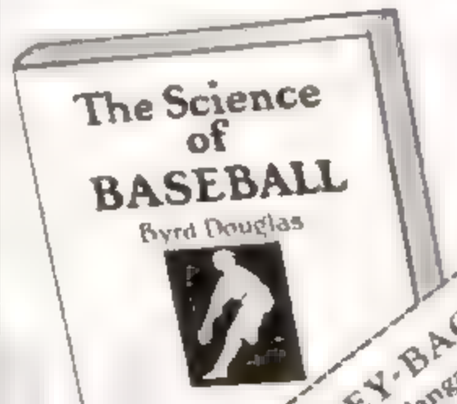

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clothes, they are perfection, as always, and most amusing, like a very dear little boy, only they are not all lace and chiffon like Polly wears, not party clothes—no, now are they? Did I say more than that? Did I? Come, put in those sharp, cross little claws, and be sorry that you are so bad a kitten."

The bad kitten eyed the occupant of the great chair somewhat somberly.

"All right, all right; only don't fuss. Where is Polly anyway? We've got to plan about tonight. Did she tell you when she'd be over, Mendoza?"

Mendoza flushed slowly and deeply under his dark skin, avoiding the insolent eyes that Grahame turned leisurely on him.

"Me? How should I know? I have not seen Meesees Grahame since—since the day that came before yesterday."

Babbie's stare of blank amazement was so sincere that the flush deepened slightly.

"Since the day before yesterday? Well, for the love of ——"

Rod cut in casually but sharply: "Perhaps she's off somewhere with Tolly. She wanted to try out his roadster, I know."

"No," remarked Sarah Anne thoughtfully, eying the silken strands in her fingers with a slight frown. "No, I do not think that she is with Mr. Tolliver. Now which of these two would look more pretty on the tip edge of that smallest petal, Babbie—the yellow pale pink or the rose pale pink? Perhaps if I should take ——"

"How d'you know she's not with Tolly?" demanded Babbie, and at the subdued ferocity of her tone Rod turned in his chair sharply.

Sarah Anne, however, did not lift her head from the bright strands.

"But I do not know," she murmured, amiable and preoccupied. "No, no; I said I did not think. How if we try both? First the rose pale ——"

"Well, then, why do you think she isn't?" reiterated Babbie, her voice slightly more ferocious and less subdued, her eyes glittering ominously.

Sarah Anne threaded her needle deftly, a faint wise smile, heavy with memory, touching her lips.

"Oh, but now who knows why they think this or that or the other? For so little a reason—for none at all—I am probably quite wrong, but still I do not think that Polly is with Mr. Tolliver this afternoon."

Babbie glared at her for a moment, scarlet and speechless; swallowed twice, violently, shoved back her chair, and swung to her feet.

"'By, everybody—I'm off."

"But, Babbie"—the soft voice was touched with pretty bewilderment—"we have not yet fixed about tonight! Off to where, dear?"

Babbie, halfway down the steps, turned long enough to fling a glance fraught with meaning in the direction of the inquiry.

"Off to find Joan!" she replied in her clear challenging voice, and disappeared around the corner.

Sarah Anne took three diminutive stitches in rose pale pink before she spoke.

"That Babbie, she is my joy!" she remarked softly, tilting her braid-wreathed head on one side as she critically inspected her handwork. "Oh, but my joy! So brave, so honest, so most enchanting a goose—I adore her. Yes, I chose wisely that pink. Undoubtedly it was the one. Peter, would you be so amiable as to hand me the gray silk portfolio that I see over there in the swing? Yes, there. A thousand thanks."

She sat regarding its contents meditatively for a moment, and then, with a slight lift to the corners of her lips, selected a packet of note paper, gave a delicate shake to the enameled fountain pen, and with a gesture nicely compounded of appeal and command, riveted the attention of her four remaining guests.

"Messieurs, I am about to give a party—and you have perhaps noted that I am about to write the invitations. I ask one thousand pardons for my very great rudeness, but it is most, most important that these notes they should be written with speed. You will forgive me—you will continue to drink lemonade and eat little cakes and sit very still for just five minutes? Just five, I promise! I am forgiven? Good!"

The pen hovered in the air for the briefest of minutes, and then pounced on one of the diminutive sheets of paper, flying across its blue surface with lightning celerity, whisking dexterously to the next without even a slackening of its smooth haste—to the next, to one envelope two three—it executed a small discreet flourish, and collapsed gently into well-earned inactivity.

"*Et voilà!*" murmured Sarah Anne softly. "To Joan, to Babbie, to Polly—yes, all there. Now you are going once more to be kindness itself to a small wretched nuisance that will not leave you tranquil! You are going to be so heavenly good as to see that these three ladies receive their invitations within the next half an hour. Oh, but without fail! It is of great importance, because they must have them in plenty of time to dress for dinner, and dinner is at eight. You will have to hurry, but you also will have plenty of time to dress for dinner—you need not bring back the answers."

"Who is going to bring them?" inquired Peter with interest, somewhat dazed by the sudden executive talents of the fragile occupant of the armchair.

Sarah Anne sank back into the cushions with a pathetic smile of relief, picking up her embroidery frame bravely but reluctantly as though she found it heavy.

"Oh, they will bring them themselves. I have asked them to be so kind as to do it at once when they receive these. There may be one or two small little matters to be discussed; I wish everything to be as they would have it, naturally!"

"My dear child," asked Robert Grahame incredulously, "you surely don't believe for one minute that those girls are going to come meekly back here within half an hour to accept your dinner invitation?"

"But I believe it for two minutes," replied Sarah Anne serenely. "For two hours, for a whole long life! You do not?"

"That's understating it. I don't believe it to the extent of being willing to bet a thousand to one that you won't lay eyes on them this evening."

"Alas," breathed Sarah Anne regretfully, but behind her lashes her wistful eyes danced. "Alas, I do not bet."

"But Bob's right, Sarah Anne," Peter assured her earnestly. "For the Lord's sake, don't go making any plans for a party tonight. You don't know Joan."

"Do I not, Peter? And you who know her so well! Still, I think that she will come to my party tonight. You will come too? You, Mendoza? Mr. Grahame? Mr. Thorn? Good! It will be a most beautiful party—you will see!"

Peter's stern young face relaxed suddenly into a boyish grin.

"It will be a most beautiful stag party, you will see! However, we won't need more than one lady, and she's bound to be there, since she's giving it. Where are we to find the guests that we're to serve these notices on?"

Sarah Anne was once more absorbed in the problems of horticulture.

"Ah, that I leave to you. Look, Mendoza, you do not think that little soft pink exquisite? But the deep red next to it—no, give me scissors, and I snip it out quick. There is no harmony—none—I went blind in my head when I put that in—it is monstrous when they scream together like that. I take ——"

"Hey, lady, listen!" implored Peter. "You don't mean that you just expect us to go out and stagger around the countryside until we run into one of your invited guests, do you?"

Sarah Anne paused long enough to gather up the notes with a faint catch of laughter.

"No, no!" she replied soothingly. "But of course not; there must be method; as always you are right, Peter. Here, you will take this one, and give it to Joan; Mendoza, he will find Babbie; and Mr. Grahame, he will find Polly. That way it will be so simple as good day!"

Grahame rallied first, with a sardonic smile at the stunned faces of the other envoys.

"Perfectly simple, naturally. The only difficulty is as to where to look for them. Where do you suggest, Miss Carstairs?"

The lady's soft confidence would have inspired a group of sightless imbeciles led by broken-down dogs to instant action.

"I? But I suggest nothing, naturally. It is not I, a stranger, who know where they should be; that is why I ask you to find them for me, you who are their husbands and fiancés and friends, and who are also most wise and quick and resourceful. And also I beg you to hurry. Please, please, I beg you to hurry, for there are many things still to do!"

"And may I then een-quire," remarked Mendoza with great ceremony and a somewhat baleful glance at the flannel-clad

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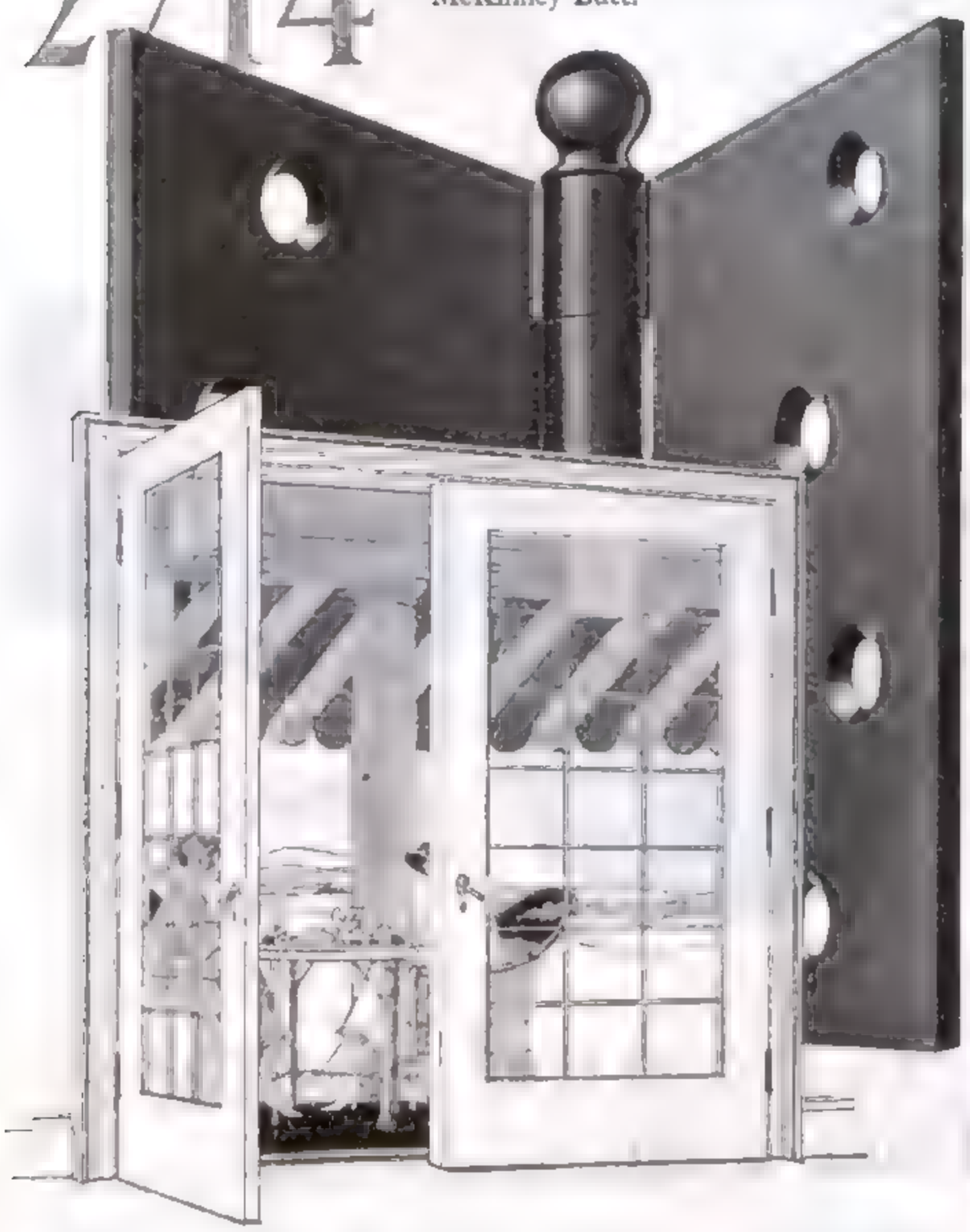

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figure still absorbed in lemonade, "why Señor Thorn he does not go to look for hees seestaire?"

"Oh," she cried gayly, "if the very best brother in the world had fifteen most beloved sisters, he would not know where to look for one single one of them—would he, Mr. Thorn?"

"No," replied Mr. Thorn, stirring the lemonade gently, his eyes on the two men disappearing around the corner. "Not one single one of them."

"There, you see! Therefore I send you, who are so deeply her admirer that you should find her in three minutes—quicker than that. It begins to be dark, so it should be easy! Did she not show me a most lovely small poem that began 'When in the night, my little rose of darkness ——'"

"She show you that?" demanded Mendoza fiercely. "Bah, she do not know a jest when she meet one! She ——."

"I'd cut along if I were you," advised Rod pleasantly. "You can tell Babs to cultivate a sense of humor when you find her; she'll be more interested than we are. Though a mere brother with no bump of locality to speak of, I'd suggest the short path to the boathouse. You'll have to hurry; the others have quite a start on you."

Mendoza scrutinized the imperturbable countenance turned towards him with unqualified disapproval, and then, with an extremely Gallic shrug, took the proffered advice and cut along.

Rod's face relaxed into its most disarming smile as he helped himself to two small sandwiches.

"Latin courtesy's a great handicap out these ways," he remarked conversationally. "If that promising youth had poured his soul out ——" He broke off, contemplating Sarah Anne, once more industrious as Penelope, with a pair of meditative dark eyes. "By the way, am I detaining you?"

"No, no; indeed no. I must wait for my answers. It is a pleasure to me, and, with candor, a surprise, that you desire to stay still a little longer. I have noted—oh, reluctantly!—that it is you who are ever the first to go, Mr. Thorn."

The wide gray eyes lifted suddenly to his—lingered for a breath of time, clear and gentle, and swept softly back to their task. Rodman finished the sandwiches, looking a shade more meditative.

"Well, since candor is in order, I can't truthfully say that I regret your powers of observation. What do you say to indulging in a good old-fashioned rousing orgy of candor for the next few minutes, Miss Carstairs?"

She yielded him instantly a grave and exquisite attention.

"Oh, but most willingly—like two good friends! You have something you wish to tell me, perhaps?"

"Well, not precisely; I have some things I wish to ask you. You aren't going to think me impertinent?"

"But surely, surely I shall not have cause?" Her smile begged forgiveness for the mere suggestion of such a fantastic possibility. "Candor and courtesy should be inseparable handmaids. Sœur Marie Veronique was most rigorous in teaching us that; I think perhaps it was her greatest gift to us. I am sure that you will not give me the anguish of seeing them separated at this time!"

Rod grinned appreciatively, looking for a minute more like a mischievous small boy than the savagely brilliant critic of a hundred luckless Thespians.

"That's as graceful a rebuke as I've received in a long career of them, Miss Carstairs, and my heart bleeds for you and the twins—but I'm going to wrench them apart just the same. Would it be too much to ask you to put down that unspeakable atrocity and give me your undivided attention for a few minutes?"

Sarah Anne considered him with lifted brows; then with an adorable gesture of surrender she placed her embroidery carefully in a large pink-taffeta bag and folded her velvet hands in her lap.

"You do not care for roses?" she inquired solicitously.

"Unfortunately, I'm extremely fond of them."

"But these—but these, then, you did not find sufficiently realistic?"

"Realistic? God forgive you, Miss Carstairs, they're photographic! That's not the trouble, however; the trouble is that it's very difficult to rivet anyone absorbed as to whether to use rose pale pink or yellow pale pink down to anything so definite as a plain answer to a plain question. Perhaps you are aware of that?"

Something small and fleeting, that had just escaped being a dimple, flitted across Sarah Anne's demure countenance. "Is that the plain question, Mr. Thorn?"

"Lord, no—that was purely rhetorical! However, I'm now about to separate the twin handmaids with a few of the plainest questions a lady ever listened to. Ready? Well, let's start with this: Just what motive had you in saying that you had reluctantly noted that I was always the first to go?"

"Motive?" The gray eyes widened. "Mr. Thorn, you laugh? Or do you, perhaps, call regret a motive? It has been to me a very real regret that Babbie's brother, of whom Babbie has told me so much so constantly, should seem not to care to be my friend, like all the others—Peter and Mr. Thorn and Mendoza and ——"

"You have an elastic conception of friendship," commented Rod dryly. "Would you mind posting me as to just what information my loquacious sister has imparted in these constant recitals that you touch on?"

"But I must choose from so great an embarrassment of riches!" murmured Sarah Anne. "With so little time, where should I start? *Voyons*, the most often it was about your heart." She yielded to a brief catch of laughter, a far-off interlude on a fairy flute, at the sight of his appalled countenance, and then relapsed into enormous gravity. "No, no, I put it quite wrong; it was about how you had no heart—no, none; no heart—no heart—no heart—she told me so one hundred thousand times. No heart at all."

She shook the small brown head in a mixture of awe and pity that caused Rod to set his teeth.

"That's very interesting for me, of course—but I'm so obtuse that I completely fail to see why it should interest you."

"Ah, but, Mr. Thorn, that is because you have not heard Babbie tell it. Truly, with so great a wealth of detail, so picturesque a touch, so great fire and excitement—yes, truly, I think that it would have interested even Sœur Marie Veronique. How far more deeply me, who see you each day! If you could hear how she tells about that very pretty widow from Morristown who telephoned each morning before breakfast and each night after dinner, and how when you went to the telephone you would scowl all over your face like this and bark 'Wrong number!' very loud ——"

"I never heard such rot in my life!" Rod cut in violently, scarlet to the roots of his hair. "Babbie ought to be ——"

"No, but to hear her tell it; Mr. Thorn, it was as though I could hear you with my ears! And about that great tragedy actress, Miss—Miss—no, I forget—who would drive every evening over in her car from Great Neck and sit outside and toot the horn and toot the horn until everybody in the place swore out loud, and you had to go out to make her stop, and you swore loudest. And about the young little débutante heiress who went to be a stenographer so she could be in the office next to you. And about the lady golfer who ——"

"If I had that little demon here," shouted Rod, "I'd break every bone in her body!"

Sarah Anne's lips parted in breathless interest.

"That is how Babbie assured me you felt about them—no heart—no heart—let them die—break all their bones! But, Mr. Thorn, what had she done, that poor lady golfer—any of them—what crime had they done but love you, that you should want to break all their bones in their bodies?"

"I'm not talking about any cursed lady golfer!" replied Rod, restraining himself violently from shouting again. "I'm talking about the imp of Satan that happens to be my sister. If I had her here —— How did we get started on this damnable rot anyway?"

"It was one of the plain questions," replied Sarah Anne helpfully.

Rod poured himself a lemonade, regarding the small cool occupant of the wicker chair with ominous calm.

"I'm as much in the dark as ever as to why Babbie should go to you with this incredible farrago."

"Ah, well," murmured Sarah Anne, "she is kind-hearted, that little Babbie. She wished, perhaps, to spare useless pain."

(Continued on Page 108)

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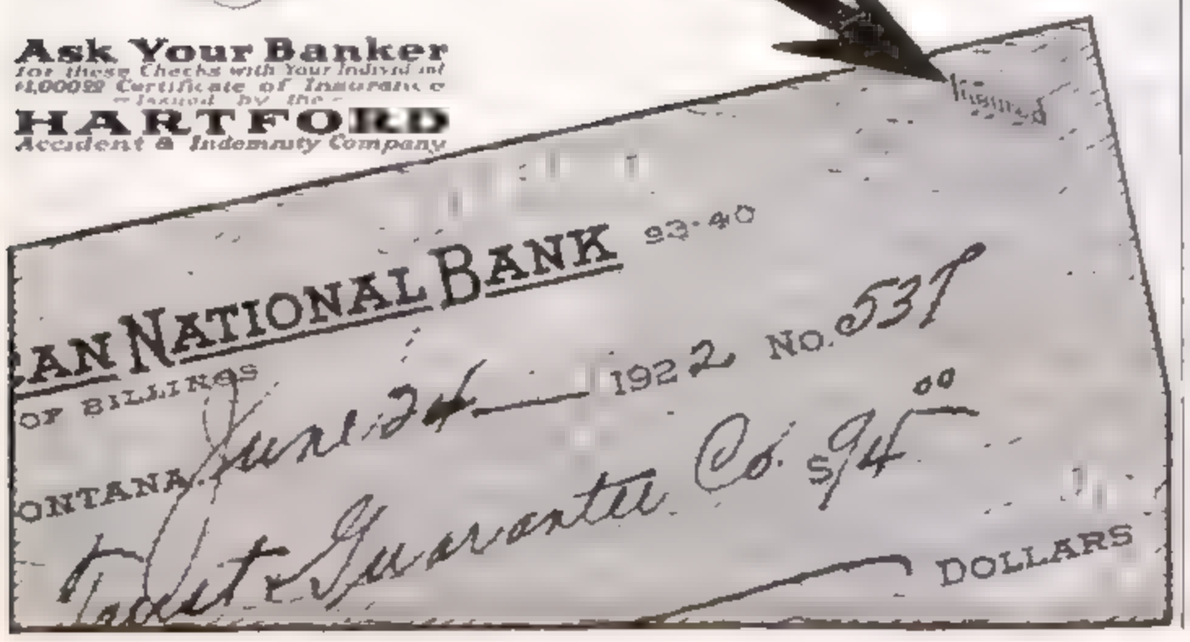

(Continued from Page 106)

The eminent critic swallowed his lemonade the wrong way, choked, strangled, and by a superhuman effort recovered the power of speech just in time to prevent a further analysis of the situation.

"Please let's drop the state of my nonexistent heart, Miss Carstairs, and go back to the plain questions. I wasn't indulging in idle curiosity when I asked what you meant by saying that you had reluctantly noted that I was always the first to go. I wondered whether possibly you'd been looking for an opportunity to clear something up with me?"

"Clear something up?" repeated Sarah Anne blankly. "You call that one of those plain questions, Mr. Thorn? But to me, I assure you, it is black like a cat. What in all the whole world should I have to clear up with you?"

"What, indeed! Did Babbie, by any chance, give you any light, other than amatory, on my past career?"

"No, no, I do not think so; she had so little time, you see, when she had finished telling me how you had no heart—no ——"

"Yes, yes—never mind—for the love of heaven, you've covered that, haven't you? There were some other details that I thought might have conveyed something to you if she'd touched on them. She didn't say anything about the war? No? Honestly, Miss Carstairs, you do overdo it when you look as blank as that. Well, let's try again; here's a very easy question—do try to go to the head of the class. What made you think that Tolly wasn't out driving with Paula?"

"Because his new car is out in the garage of my Aunt Madeline," replied Sarah Anne with commendable docility. "And because at not quite four o'clock he told me that he was going over to the golf club to blow out his brains."

"What?"

"Oh, but I do not think that he will," she assured him soothingly.

"Have you any specific reason for thinking that he won't?"

"Indeed, yes, the best of reasons! You see I told him that if he was still alive he could come to dinner."

She smiled seraphically, and Rod mopped his brow, with no regard for the amenities of civilization.

"He could not take the car with him," continued Sarah Anne serenely. "Because he was in so great a hurry to go that he broke up the self-starter."

"Was that why he was going to blow out his brains?" inquired Rod grimly.

"No. Oh, no, that was not the reason!"

The seraphic smile was suddenly dipped in reminiscence.

"And might I ask just exactly what was the reason?"

"You might ask, Mr. Thorn, and I might tell you that it was because he could not get something that he wanted quite badly—and because he is one of those so very spoiled, so very young, young men who think that if they hold a pistol close to their heads some foolish lady will quickly give them the last pot of jam in the cupboard and the poor heart out of her body. This time he did not get the jam; but I do think that he will come back this evening to see if it is still there."

"Did you know, by any chance, that Tolliver was extremely devoted to my sister before you arrived?" inquired Rod with icy politeness, and an effort.

"No, I did not know it by any chance," replied Sarah Anne, smoothing the snowy folds of her dress a little thoughtfully. "I knew it because I was told so by Joan and Polly and Peter and Mendoza and Mr. Grahame at much length and many, many times.

"They had different reasons, perhaps, for telling it, but they had all the same story. How he met her in Santa Barbara last winter—how he came all the way from San Francisco to see her this summer. That Tolly, he is truly a most romantic young man! They were perhaps secretly engaged?"

"No," replied Rod curtly. "They were not. But I think that for the first time in her life Babbie was actually interested in a man, and he happens to be the kind of a man that I particularly wanted to see her interested in—decent and healthy and good-tempered, with plenty of money and plenty of ambition.

"I want to get Babbie out of this whole crowd anyway; she's too young for it—and too fine, under all that silly cheapness and hardness."

"Babbie I adore—but Babbie did not love this young rescuer, Mr. Thorn. You say yourself they were not engaged."

"Oh, nonsense! Babbie was as keen about him as any girl could be, but she ragged the life out of him because she was afraid of being ragged herself; this crowd is death and damnation on sentiment. They'd rather be caught murdering a baby than exhibiting one atom of human tenderness! Any fellow that comes straying along can have their hands to hold and their lips to kiss -they collect what they charmingly refer to as thrills the way their grandmothers used to collect flowers—but they'd cheerfully die before they'd admit that what they call love goes any deeper than their finger tips. They regard hearts as annoying little articles that beat too fast if you do too many toddles after too many gin fizzes. It's what men seem to want nowadays. Well, God help them, they're certainly getting it!"

"Yes—well, then, if that is all true? It is you who say it, it is not I, remark. Well, then?"

"Well, then, Babbie—Babbie is a little different, you can see that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, I can see that." She leaned forward, cupping her chin in two small smooth hands, her dreaming eyes far away. "I can see that they are all a little different; yes, I can see that, too. You cannot? Well, it is no matter; can you see this? Can you see what poor, poor sports they are, every one of them—every woman, every man—can you see that?"

"I should have thought, on the contrary, that that was their one remaining virtue."

"No, they are poor sports, I tell you, even though 'Oh, well, be a good sport!' is their battle cry. But they are foolish and reckless and naughty children who have chosen to trade their birthright of good plain porridge for a mess of bitter pottage—and now they are making faces at their suppers, which is not pretty manners. Every one of them—every one! Mr. Grahame crying about how he always liked plain porridge best, and Joan screaming and kicking on the nursery floor because she wants back again her old bowl that she threw away, and Polly sulking off in a corner because nobody told her how bitter pottage was going to taste, and Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver trying to smash his bowl because he cannot get the cream and sugar he wants to smother out the taste, and Peter Leeds whimpering around just like that Adam about how he never would have taken it unless the naughty little girl had made him—oh, those men they make me more cross than those girls!"

"You amaze me, though I imagine that you would amaze those men even more. Have you communicated your displeasure to them, Miss Carstairs?"

Sarah Anne dismissed this craving for information with a light flicker of lips and an impatient wave of one expressive hand.

"But what have they all done, I ask you—what have they done? Look; they said, 'We are tired and we are sick of this good old porridge that people have eaten for years and years and years. Take it away quick and give us something new and strange and different—quick, quick!' And when they find that what they have taken is sour and bitter and burning they cry—they cry like little spoiled children that they have been tricked and misunderstood—and they are cross with life and cross with each other, and all the time they fight, fight, fight about whose fault it is."

Rod leaned forward abruptly, catching the far-away gray eyes and holding them relentlessly.

"You seem to have made quite an analysis of the situation, Miss Carstairs. Do you have any solution to offer?"

"No, no—why a solution? I am a most small and insignificant onlooker, as you, above all, realize! But there was once a lady—an old wise lady—who found a most excellent solution of how to treat bad children."

"Please go on; you're interesting me more than you know."

Sarah Anne contemplated him with grave and limpid eyes.

"You are kind. My old lady she lived in a book which should be dear to you, as a dramatic critic. All drama—all comedy, tragedy, farce, satire, romance, you can find in that little book. Mother Goose is dear to you, undoubtedly, also?"

"I confess that I've neglected it somewhat in the past thirty years."

"Oh—yours is the loss, believe me! Well, that old lady, she lived in a shoe.

You remember what she did with those superfluous children that she had? Listen:

"She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipped them all soundly and put them to bed!

"These other naughty children if for a little while you took away their porridge and their pottage, and gave them instead a little hunger, and a little pain, and a little darkness—they would eat quickly what was put before them in the morning, and say grace for it too! You do not think so?"

"Never mind what I think," replied Rod grimly. "I'm trying to find out what you think. It's instructive, to put it mildly. Evidently you're regarding yourself as a miniature deputy of the old lady. Don't you think that you've done about all the punishing that is necessary, or am I going to be forced to convince you of it?"

"What you say is undoubtedly English," remarked Sarah Anne plaintively. "But because of my most lamentable stupidity it conveys nothing to me; but nothing. Forgive me. You say?"

Rod leaned forward, his lips narrowed, his eyes dangerous.

"I'll try to be clearer. Don't you think that the game's about up?"

"Up?" She repeated the word hopefully, like an intelligent child struggling with some incomprehensible lesson. "No; come, you must be patient with me still, and I will try hard to understand. I am not usually so great a dunce. It is perhaps the heat making a little madness in my head. Would it be too much trouble if I asked you to look for my fan? Of green gauze—I think that was in the swing. No? But then where ——"

"It may have slipped behind the cushions. Here's something—no, it's a book. Hello!" Rod's voice was suddenly eloquent of interest. "Something you were reading. Miss Carstairs?"

"Possibly—or possibly something of my aunt's. Have you the fan?"

"I didn't know that Mrs. Carstairs went in for this kind of thing," commented Rod, turning the leaves thoughtfully. "No, it's evidently one of yours. There's an inscription—French; let's see if mine's gone clean to pot!

"'To the most exquisite of small comrades. Easter, 1921.'

"That about right?"

"Entirely right; it must be the one from little dear Amélie. When we were in the convent we were like two sisters; I am still homesick in my heart when I think of her!"

"Little dear Amélie has an interesting handwriting and a curious taste in books for a child of the convent. It's apparently well thumbed; did you care for it?"

"Mr. Thorn, about that book it is most strange. Amélie and I, we adored Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard; we adored it like nothing else. It was a romance, and therefore forbidden, of course—but Amélie she had received it for a Christmas gift and smuggled it back, and she brought it to share with me. You have read it, perhaps?"

"Well, perhaps."

"Then you understand our adoration. It's charm, it's grace and goodness—no, but it smells like flowers, that book! Like very good, very far off tobacco too; but most like flowers.

"When lessons and *déjeuner* were done, Amélie and I we could not wait to get out under the cherry trees, where we could sit still like mice in our shiny black pinafores, holding tight to each other's braids of hair, and read about old Monsieur Bonnard and his crime. Twenty-two times we read it—figure to yourself!"

"I'm figuring to myself," Rod assured her grimly.

"Well, then, remembering how we loved it, Amélie sent me this Easter another book of this Monsieur Anatole France, and I fell upon it like one quite famished. But alas and alas, it is like when you ask me if the game is up, Mr. Thorn; it is written in a language that I do not understand. The words I know, but they make no sense. There are pages and pages in that book where I cannot make any tail or any head out of it."

"That's too bad," condoled Rod. "Perhaps I can help you out; I know it fairly well. Let's try this part on page seventy ——"

Sarah Anne stretched out her hand swiftly, a sudden rose dancing beneath her whiteness.

"No, no! We have no time—not now! Where are those ladies for my dinner, I wonder? You do not think that it is time that they should be here?"

"I think you win the Prix de Rome and the Prix Goncourt and the Prix des Conservatoires and the brown derby," replied Rodman Thorn with bitter conviction. "I don't know whether you ought to make imaginative fiction or high comedy on the stage your life work, but you'd certainly be a riot in either of them.

"To be able to evolve little dear Amélie under the cherry trees out of a compromising masculine inscription on a more than compromising French novel gets out of the candle light of talent into the arc light of genius. Only it just happens that you're wasting your genius on the desert air. Unfortunately for both of us, Miss Carstairs, I'm on."

"On the contrary," replied his hostess softly, her eyes two lakes of gray ice, "I think that you are off—quite entirely off your head. Be so good as to dispense with what you consider wit, and explain what you mean."

"You're making me talk like a boor and a cad," said Rod wearily. "Let's get through with it; I'm not the one to do the explaining, after all, you know! But don't let's bicker about it! I haven't the remotest idea what your game is, and I'd be inclined to let you play it through if it weren't for Babbie. You're obviously not any common type of adventuress. You're ——"

"Yes—what am I?" She leaned farther into the cushions, her hands clasped lightly before her, her frozen eyes fixed unwaveringly on his dark face.

"Heaven knows!" He rose to his feet and came over to where she sat, small and fragile and undaunted beneath the shadow of his height. "But heaven and I both know that you aren't what you are pretending to be. Can't we clear it up now once and for all? We have plenty of time; your guests aren't going to turn up this evening, obviously."

"You are wrong," said Sarah Anne evenly. "It seems to be a habit with you; a bad habit, I think. My guests will be here in eight—no, in nine minutes, for then the half hour will be up. Now what is it that you wish with such frenzy to clear up? Be quick, I have not much time."

"I want to know who you are." Rod Thorn leaned towards her, looking suddenly young and desperate and eager. "I've gone half mad trying to figure it out ever since that first evening—and I don't know one single thing about you except that you're not any convent niece of Mrs. Carstairs, and that I've been looking for you for seven years."

"This time, Mr. Thorn, you are twice wrong. I am Mrs. Carstairs' convent niece, and it is not half mad you have gone—it is all mad—stark and staring and raving mad. Will you be so good as to tell me why you look for me for seven years?"

"Because it's been seven years since I heard you sing in the railroad canteen in Paris," said Rod.

Sarah Anne spread out her hands with a small sigh of pure pleasure.

"Then it was there!" she cried, softly exultant. "It was there, and I could not, I could not remember where it was. But you wore a blue uniform—a most old, a most dirty, a most beautiful blue uniform—why? Why, *mon lieutenant*, was it blue, that uniform?"

Rod stared at her blankly, incredulous. "I was with the Foreign Legion. You don't deny that it was you?"

"Deny? But why should I deny? Always I knew that somewhere —— No. I had seen your eyes smiling at me, but I had forgotten how tall you had been—how brown, how tired, and how you laughed! How you laughed above all those poor, sad, broken little poilus huddled there waiting to go back into nightmare. I had forgotten how you laughed, *mon lieutenant!* Do you remember how, then, I cried?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember. You climbed up on one of those crazy tin tables, and it was cold as hell and some of the glass was smashed out of one of the windows, and the gray veil on your little fur hat kept blowing out behind you—and you sang—you sang—with the tears running down your face, and your voice as gay and reckless as though there were no tears in the world.

"You sang all their dirty marching songs. *P'tite Tonkinoise* and *Auprès de ma Blonde* and *Le P'tit Bleu*."

"They were their songs!" she cried. "Theirs—theirs—what else should I sing them?"

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"But it was seven years ago, I tell you; and you were standing on a table singing rowdy songs to a lot of half-drunken soldiers. You were so changed when you came across the lawn that I wasn't even sure that it was you. I wasn't sure until I heard you singing that last song by yourself. For God's sake, who are you?"

"But, my poor boy," she told him, laughter welling in her throat like a little spring, "I am ——"

"Gosh, I'm out of breath!" Babbie swung over the veranda railing and dropped at Sarah Anne's side, panting slightly. "Whee-ee! I ran all the way from the boathouse—every durn step. Miss Barbara Thorn accepts with great pleasure the kind invitation of Miss Sarah Anne Carstairs for dinner at eight sharp. That all right, Sarah Anne?"

"That is delightful, my Babbie. Mr. Thorn, be so kind as to ring the bell—the one by the door. . . . Let me see—you, Babbie, Mendoza, Peter, Mr. Grahame, myself—that will make six for dinner, Patterson." She turned a speculative eye from the portly butler to a slim figure coming leisurely across the lawn. "No, seven. Ah, and here is little Joan! It will be eight. I forget no one? No one? Oh, but to be sure—Mr. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver. Nine for dinner tonight, Patterson—at eight o'clock sharp."

"We 'ave just finished unpacking the 'arp, miss. Shall we put it in the large drawing-room?"

"Oh, surely, the large drawing-room. Paula, I am delighted that you come to my party."

"Thanks," drawled Paula. "What shall I wear? Are we going to take turns at the harp?"

"No, no," laughed Sarah Anne. "It is my old little harp from Paris, which *petite mère* sends me so that I shall not be too lonely. Wear your most lovely frock, Paula, and the little green wings in your so beautiful hair. You shall see, it will be a real party. You do not sit down, Joan?"

"No," said Joan curtly. "I do not. I just came to say I'd be here at eight. Coming, Bab?"

"Sure thing," replied Bab cheerfully. "On your way, Polly; it always takes you about two and a half hours to doll yourself up right. How 'bout you, Rod?"

"In a minute," said Rod impatiently. "No, don't wait—I'll be over later. Tell Kato to get out my things—there's a good kid."

"Well, but ——" began Babbie, and at the look on her brother's face broke off, staring blankly. "Oh, all right, old dear; see you later."

"Thanks," said Rod briefly, and turned back to where his hostess stood, swinging the pink-taffeta bag and smiling a little gravely. She held out her free hand to him with a pretty gesture of dismissal.

"Till eight, then? You will forgive me—I must hurry."

"I'll never forgive you! You can't go like this without telling me anything more. You can't."

"Oh, but, believe me, I can." She released her hand swiftly and gently, still with that small grave smile. "It is getting late; there is no more time for mysteries. I have many other things to do than talk to tall stern young men who frown and frown in the twilight—tall young men who have no heart! I will see you at eight, Mr. Thorn."

"I believe that you're a witch," accused Rodman Thorn lightly, but he thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and his voice was not quite steady. "A little pale witch, creeping up out of the darkness on velvet feet, with a spell in either hand and half a hundred of them in her heart. What spell did you cast over Joan and Babbie and Paula to bring them back, beaten, to your feet, little witch?"

"It was a quite simple spell," said the witch, and the grave smile danced. "I told them that if they were here within one half an hour to accept my invitation I would make my party tonight a farewell party. They hurried fast, you see; Babbie had lost all her breath."

"A farewell party?" His voice was sharply incredulous. "Where are you going?"

"Where indeed? Where do poor witches go when their spells are discovered, Mr. Thorn? Back into the darkness?"

Rod caught at her filmy sleeve as though he were afraid that she would vanish before his eyes; in the fading light her uptilted face shone luminous as a pearl.

"You can't go like this. Wait, wait! I have a thousand things to tell you!"

"A thousand things? Alas, and I who have not time to hear one!" The sleeve melted through his fingers as she slipped lightly by him into the deeper shadows of the doorway. "Mr. Thorn, if you do not hurry you will be late for my party!"

"No, wait—I tell you I've been waiting seven years to hear you sing again!"

"And have you not heard me sing again?"

"Please listen! Please! I've waited seven years to hear you sing for me."

After a moment's pause a very small voice said, "You are so fond of music?"

"Yes," he told her. "I am so fond of—music."

"Even the strongest, they have their weakness," murmured the voice in the shadows. "Wait then, just one little minute, Babbie's brother without a heart, until I find where they have put my harp, and I will sing for you. I will sing for you if you will stand quite, quite quietly and not move one finger even. The window to the big drawing-room is open so you can hear. You will stand quiet?"

"Yes."

After a minute the voice spoke again, smaller than ever and far away.

"You are still there?"

"Yes."

"Then I sing. What shall it be? Something sad? Something gay? Oh, now I have it; I will sing to you that last verse of the song that I sang the first night that I was here, Less Than the Dust. You remember?"

"Yes."

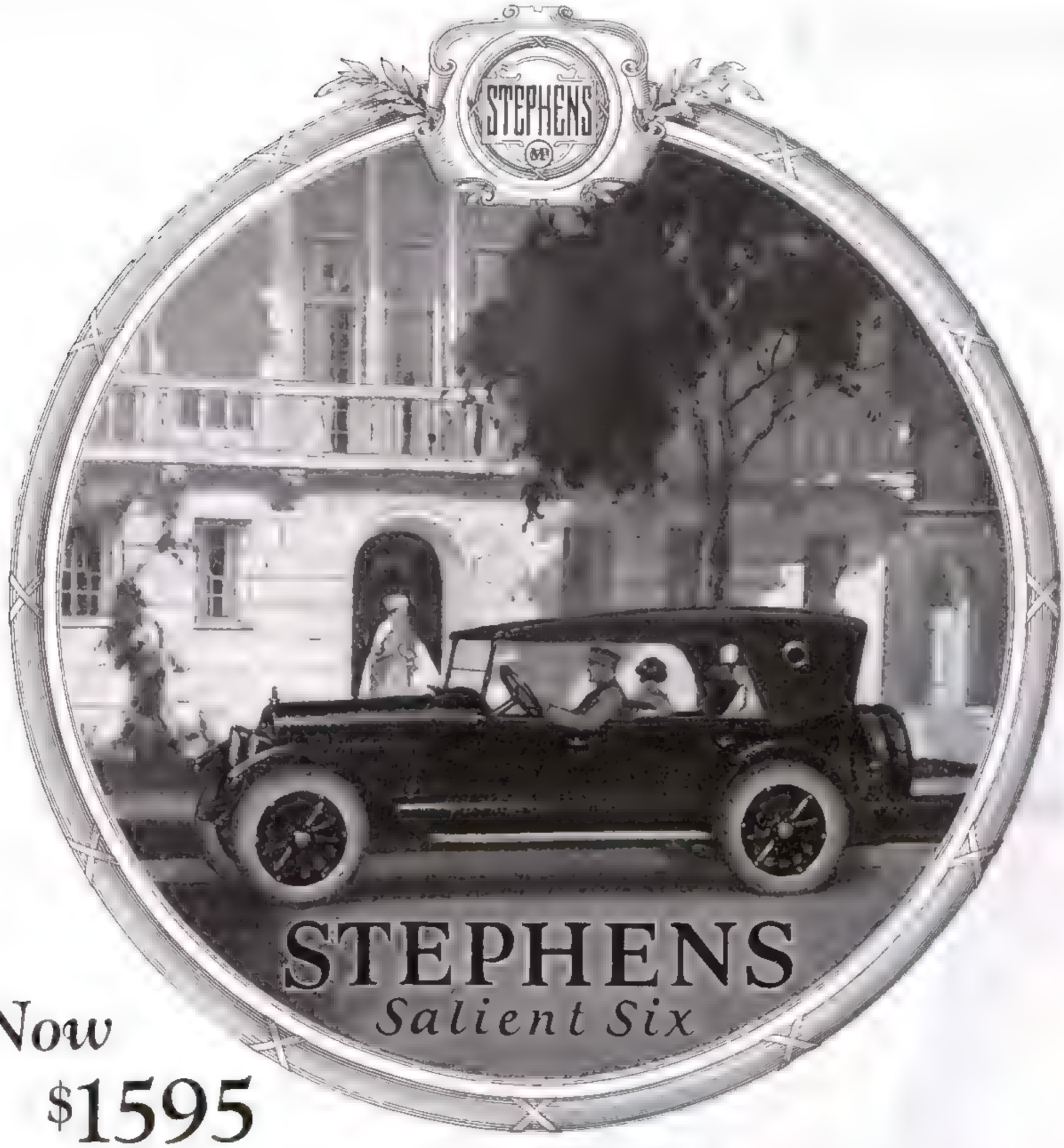
"It is a most sad and beautiful and true song. I am sorry that I have time only for the last verse. I will sing softly, since it is only for you."

There was a tinkling spray of sound from the harp, and then clear above it rose the distant magic of a voice:

"Since I, my lord, am nothing unto thee,
See, here, thy sword—I make it clean and bright!
Love's last reward, death comes to me tonight—
Farewell ——"

Rod took a swift step towards the long French window, and the voice broke sharply on a high ringing note that was at once a valedictory and a challenge. There was a startled ripple from the harp, and then another more musical shower, clearer than the harp, softer than tears, gayer than bells—laughter. He stood quite still, listening to it die away in the distance. Long after it had drifted into silence its echo hung in the air about him, a lovely little ghost of sound.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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A USE FOR CLODS

(Continued from Page 15)

help," Roberts explained. "You stick around here and keep her headed right when we get under way. Chiswick don't understand the temperament of this engine."

The other assented and climbed out on the bow of the boat to let Roberts pass. Roberts went astern. The workmen in the main cabin raised a shouting chorus of song. Van Wert saw a dozen men clustered about the engine cabin, through whom Roberts pushed his way; heard the voice of the man Tom Jack as he climbed out on deck. Tom Jack shouted something in his native tongue, and the other men laughed loudly.

The thing that happened came very quickly. First a man's startled oath: instantly a louder cry. Van Wert thought there was more light aft than there had been. Then a small sound like the ripping of a handkerchief swelled till it might have been the ripping of the very fabric of the heavens, and flames showed. A man tumbled, screaming, into the water overside.

There was the noise of a puff, like the exhalation from a giant's lungs, and the whole after part of the boat was disrupted in a volcano of liquid flame, roaring flame.

Van Wert's senses were perfectly clear, but his muscles would not function. He was not in the least frightened, but he was paralyzed. He could not move, could not speak, could not cry out. Yet he saw with a clarity of vision which was photographic; saw men who cried out, moving frantically and without aim to and fro; saw little Tom Jack beating tentatively at the flames with a blanket from the mass of dunnage amidships. Other men erupted from the cabin and raised their voices in a babel of tongues. Everyone moved with extraordinary and fruitless speed; the voices were unnaturally loud, with an undertone like a shriek.

He saw Tom Jack again, withdrawn from the mass, busy with some peculiar task. The little man had stepped to one side, out of the tumult, and had taken off his cap. From the pocket of his coat he took something which Van Wert could not see, and put it in his cap and jammed the cap tightly on his head. Then he looked off into the darkness toward the shores on either side. Still Van Wert stood paralyzed. He was not yet afraid; but he found himself immensely interested in the movements of Tom Jack.

The flames were moving forward very swiftly, pressing the men back till Van Wert found himself in the center of a thick pack of them. One man was crowded off and fell into the water, and bobbed there, screaming and clutching at the sides of the boat for a while, and then Van Wert did not hear him any more. He perceived that the stern of the boat was lower in the water, and thought with dull interest:

"Hello! We're sinking! How are we going to get ashore?"

Then Tom Jack began to shout; and his voice was not, as the others had been, unnaturally loud. It was merely firm and clear. When no one paid any heed to his shouting he began to sing; and that was so strange that everyone hushed to listen. Then Tom Jack ceased singing and spoke to them quickly, half in English, half in his own tongue; and Van Wert saw that he was pointing toward the right-hand shore. When he was done speaking a clamor of protest and outcry arose. The great light of the flames illumined them all. The men surged and twisted in a mass, and through this mass Tom Jack picked his way to where Van Wert stood. To Van Wert he said cheerfully:

"We better take a swim now. No boat. She's go'n' go away from here." He pointed downward, grinning amiably. "Not far over there," he added, gesturing toward the shore. "You better come along."

Van Wert's lips moved stiffly.

He replied, "All right!"

Tom Jack nodded.

"Tha's good," he assented. "All right! Le's go!"

He turned in a matter-of-fact way and sat down on the edge of the deck at Van Wert's feet, and turned around so that he could lower himself into the water. Van Wert had seen him kick off the rubber overshoes which he wore outside his felt boots, and Van Wert took his knife and slit his own laces and tossed his boots away. Tom Jack was in the water, moving toward shore, and two or three men had followed him. He turned to shout back some laughing remark, and a dozen men laughed with him and jumped into the water. Van Wert discarded his coat; then he slid gingerly over the side. It was as though a sharp knife cut him where the water touched his flesh. He shivered, was instantly too cold to shiver, and began to swim, welcoming the exertion. The water about him was dotted with the heads of men. Other men on the boat behind screamed and ran to and fro in desperate indecision.

The swimming men came presently to ice; thin ice that would not bear their weight. They broke it away in front of them, leaning on it to rest a little when their exertions were more than they could bear. Van Wert heard something roar behind them, and looked back into a great glare of light, which vanished to leave only blackness and the sound of anguished cries, which lessened and ceased. Then Tom Jack's voice from ahead shouted encouragingly, and he forgot the lost boat and pushed forward, thrashing at the thin ice angrily. A man at his shoulder strangled and clutched at him and sank while Van Wert instinctively shuddered away.

He was a strong swimmer, and the men ahead of him were breaking the ice, so that he had little to do. When they were wearied and fell to one side he passed them, and so by and by found himself shoulder to shoulder with Tom Jack himself in the bitter water.

Tom Jack looked at him and grinned as cheerfully as ever, and said in a steady tone, "So you come along! Tha's all right too!"

Van Wert nodded stiffly, his teeth set; numb with cold and with the sense of ruthless, simple tragedy.

"It's cold," he said.

Tom Jack crushed away the ice before him, pressing shoreward.

"Col' enough to put some ice on the devil's whisker," he agreed cheerfully. "Bes' to work ver' hard and keep warm so."

The man seemed tireless. Van Wert watched him for a moment with a weary and indifferent admiration as he methodically broke the ice by bearing his weight upon it or by beating it with his fists, and thrust the floating cakes behind him and pushed on. The competitive instinct awoke in him and he began to keep pace with the other, driving himself by sheer will. His efforts were clumsy; once he splashed water on Tom Jack's head and the little man turned on him fiercely.

"Don' do that! I got matches in my cap!" he cried.

Van Wert remembered his glimpse of Tom Jack on the boat taking something from his pocket, stowing it within his cap. Even in that overwhelming moment, when his own faculties were paralyzed, Tom Jack had been able to plan ahead, to think. Van Wert's opinion of the little man was being greatly modified. He remembered his first impression with something like chagrin, and strove more mightily to keep pace with the other's tireless efforts.

One of the men splashing through the water behind them began to wail, a doleful, crooning, dirgelike sound. Tom Jack paused long enough to fling a word over his shoulder. A harsh, challenging word, if tone meant anything. His voice cracked like a whip; then became melting and humorous, chuckles running through it. And from the floundering, freezing men in the bitter water low and choking laughter answered his. Tom Jack was content, flung himself against the ice again.

The long ordeal of that passage toward the shore seemed to Van Wert an eternity of torture. The cold was pain beyond belief. At first the bitter water had burned his skin, had seemed to cut and scour at him. Then it struck in; his feet and hands began to ache; this blinding ache extended up his legs and his arms. Yet the water was warmer than the air. When he lifted his shoulders to break down obstructing ice the wind cut him to the bone, so that he was almost glad to shelter himself in the freezing water again. His hands no longer seemed to belong to him. His legs had ceased to function. He did not swim; rather pulled himself flounderingly along by pawing at the inert and maddeningly stubborn ice.

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It seemed to him that it became harder and harder to break a shoreward way. He thought his strength was failing, and a vast surrender embraced his spirit and seemed to offer it peace and rest

Then Tom Jack slapped him stingingly upon the cheek and cried, "Come on, bo! She'll hol' us up now pretty soon!"

And he saw that the ice was, indeed, thicker here; they were come into a cove somewhat sheltered from the full sweep of the wind by a point off to the northward. The water, less disturbed, had had more time to freeze. He could hear the men struggling behind them. They had begun to call out to Tom Jack; and Tom Jack answered, heartening and encouraging the weaker ones.

He was able to estimate afterward that they had been a full half hour in that icy water before the end came. It came suddenly. He perceived that Tom Jack, on hands and knees, was out on the ice and that it bore his weight.

Then the little man shouted something over his shoulder, added to Van Wert in English, "I'm go'n' make some fire. You come along quick," and began to crawl swiftly toward the shore, his weight distributed upon the ice.

Van Wert himself was heavier; the crust still broke with him; but presently another man scuttled away toward the shore from a point at one side; and then another; and then he found the ice would no longer break beneath him, and he dragged himself forward across the crumbling edges and lay on his stomach, breathing gaspingly, till the scourge of the wind woke new agonies in his tormented body and flogged him toward where a fire, gloriously beautiful to his ice-rimmed eyes, was already leaping upward among the trees.

Followed an interval when his senses reeled drunkenly; when he was conscious of a great heat and a great cold, like two monsters fighting for this body of his; when his garments steamed and scorched above his aching flesh. Seventeen of them, there were, about that fire. There had been many more aboard the motor boat when she started on that trip up Summacook. Chiswick and Roberts had been in the engine cabin; the others were gone in nameless, solitary ways with none near to see.

By and by came shouts from the lake, and lights, men running in across the ice with warm clothing and whisky and hot things to drink; and Van Wert lost touch with what went on about him; was glad to let his soul slide into a warm oblivion.

It was three weeks before he saw Tom Jack again, for while the little man went on next morning to his appointed place in the woods Van Wert was abed, given a rough tenderness and care, lost in a feverish delirium. But when he was able Van Wert sought out the other, for he had things to say.

Tom Jack saw him coming and grinned and held up his hand and called, "How-do, mister? You feel better now?"

Van Wert gripped that hand, and he said earnestly and huskily, "Tom Jack, I've come up here to apologize to you."

Tom Jack stared at him a little.

"Tha's new one on me," he said. "What is it?"

"I just want to tell you," the boy awkwardly explained, "that I think you're a man, a real man; and I'm proud to know you."

"Sure I'm a man!" Tom Jack confessed, in bewilderment. "Anybody can see that, I guess."

"I couldn't, first time I saw you," Van Wert told him, warm with the pleasure of amends. "I thought you weren't worth much, just because you needed a bath."

Tom Jack stared at him; then he chuckled; then he laughed.

"Ho!" he cried uproariously. "But I was ver' drunk that day." He saw Van Wert was hurt by his laughter, and touched the boy on the arm. "Tha's all right, mister," he said soothingly. "Anybody would think so when I was like that. But I am not real dirty, you see; I wash myself when I need it, every time."

"Sure you do!" Van Wert assented lamely.

Tom Jack opened his hands in an expressive gesture.

"So, you see, tha's not your fault," he explained. "If you had known about my washing it would have been all right, so we are fr'en's."

Van Wert laughed a little, and gripped the other's hand again.

"That's the main thing, anyway, Tom Jack," he agreed. "Just so we are friends."

DIFFERENT SHADES OF ROSE

(Continued from Page 11)

sincere and enlightened reformers and earnest experimenters they might be relied upon, perhaps, to retain their mental honesty for at least a sufficient period. And in the end they would come to realize that they had been helping to twist the rope with which it was designed that they themselves should eventually be hanged.

Whether or not Mr. Lenine was being supported by German money when he and his colleages, in 1917, plunged Russia into the chaos in which Russia is wallowing now is of very little importance. He probably was, but if he was he was accepting this support not in the interest of Germany but in the interest solely of his own project. He would have no more compunction about double-crossing a bourgeois-capitalistic-autocratic state than he would have about killing a counter-revolutionist. He hated the German Government no less than he hated all other governments, and if the German Government chose to help him back into Russia and to finance him in his purpose to stop the capitalistic war on the Russian front he was just that much closer to a realization of his desire to overthrow the German Government. If he accepted German assistance these were his thinking processes; there can be no doubt about it.

Everybody will remember how, when the war began in 1914, the socialist parties in all countries were split up into many factions warring among themselves over the question as to whether the socialist stand against war—approved in solemn resolutions on many occasions—was to be maintained. Everybody will remember that a majority of socialists in all countries redeemed themselves in a large measure in the eyes of their political opponents by rallying to the support of the war with everything they had unitedly or individually to offer. Lenine, alone among the great leaders, standing in the midst of the wreck of all he had helped to create, remained steadfast and true to his principles. He openly condemned the war as being a capitalistic war, undertaken for purposes solely of plunder, and for which the world proletariat would pay, while from it the bourgeoisie would reap a rich reward. It is a curious fact that except where Russia is concerned Mr. Lenine seems to be incapable of thinking in terms of nationalities. He thinks only in terms of class.

He rallied round himself the necessary company of supporters, adherents and lieutenants, and began systematically and indiscriminately to sow the seeds of discord and discontent in all armies. He was living in the utmost obscurity and few people had ever heard the name of Lenine, but from his retreat in Switzerland he poured his subtle or merely inflammatory arguments through various channels into a whispering gallery which penetrated in all directions and which was especially well provided with receivers in the Russian army. His propaganda was revolutionary and his wish was to change the war in every country into civil war; or, more accurately, into a world war of class against class. He sold himself to nobody, and if any people dealt with him to his advantage for the furtherance of their own ends it was they who did the selling. He made his appeal to the "proletarian slaves driven to the shambles by the capitalistic-bourgeois exploiters and oppressors" and advised them to turn upon these fiends incarnate and destroy them—or words to that effect. He saw in the arming of all classes the best chance the great proletarian class had ever had or probably ever would have; which is a pretty thought as it concerns the rest of us.

Just when he began to realize the possibility of putting his theories into actual practice I doubt if anybody knows. But as the strain of the war grew greater and greater, as the casualties and the unendurable sacrifices piled up and up, as the weariness of the world grew heavier and heavier he must have dreamed great dreams of how wonderful it would be if he should be given

(Continued on Page 116)

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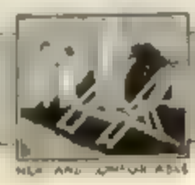

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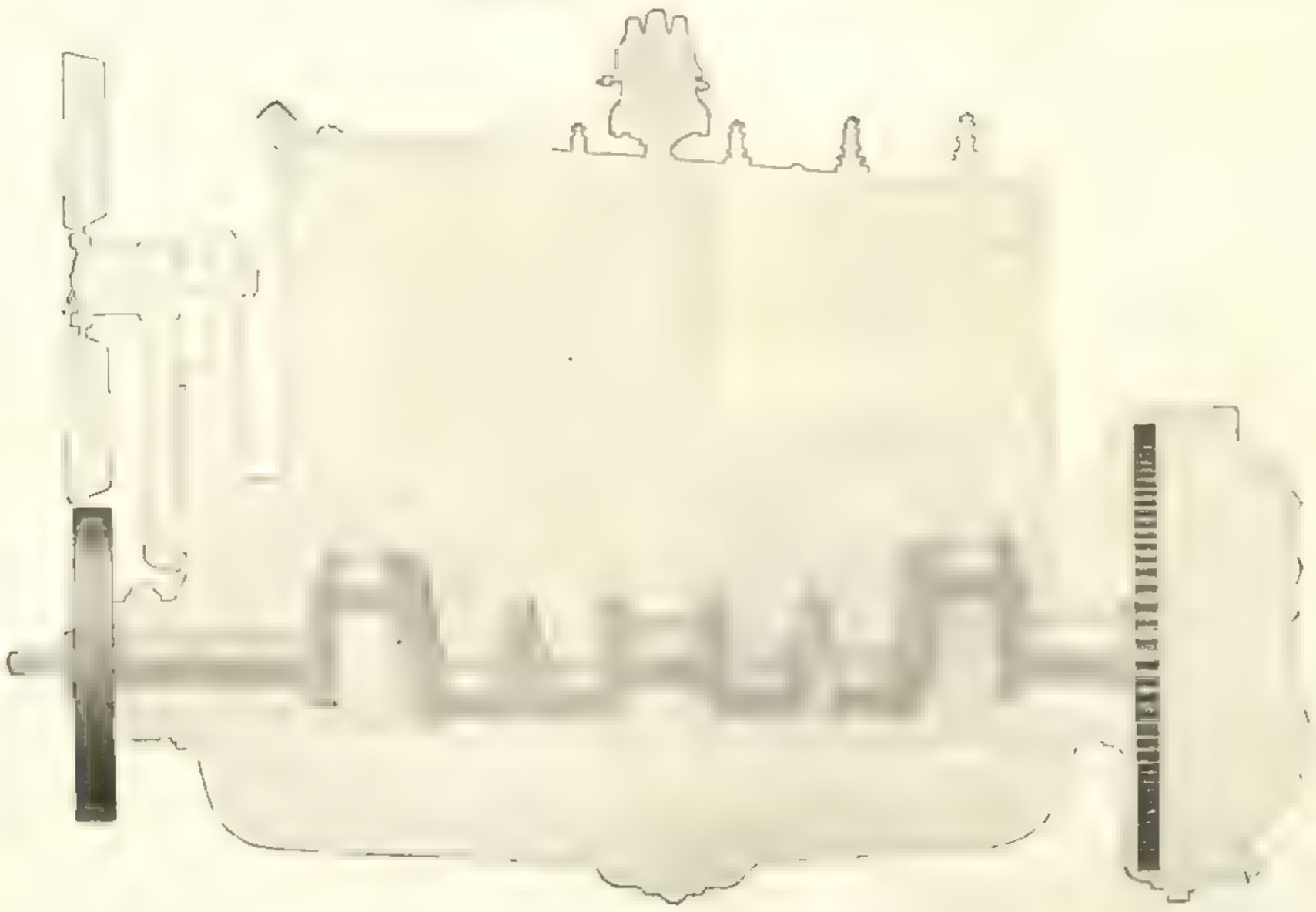

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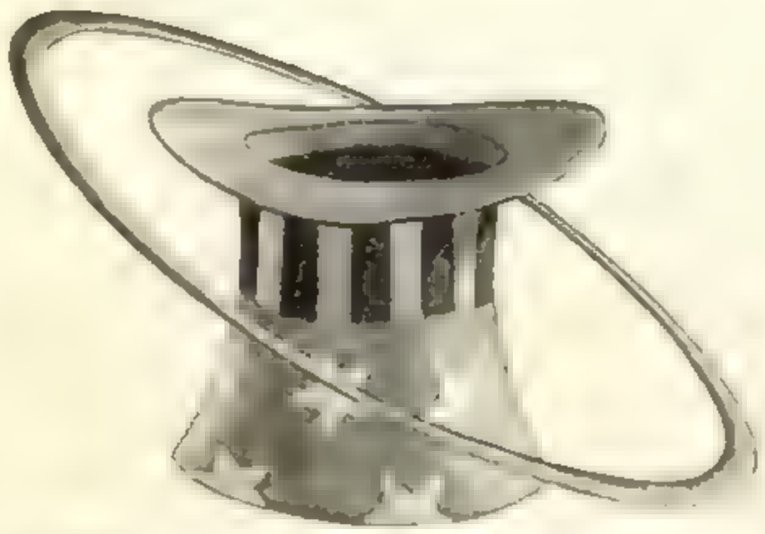

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(Continued from Page 114)

the power suddenly to scramble the whole orderly but terrible business and set Germans to fighting Germans, Frenchmen to fighting Frenchmen, Britons to fighting Britons, Americans to fighting Americans, Italians to fighting Italians, and so on through the whole category of belligerents, to the end that all the pompous officers, all the ministers of state, all the buyers and the bankers, all the sellers and the profiteers, all the silly women and the vain men, all the preachers and the teachers should be done away with, while the Tommies and the poilus, the doughboys and the Germans, the Italians and the Belgians—they must all have had pet names of some kind, but I don't know what they were—should return home, possess themselves of all visible possessions and begin to run things to suit themselves.

He would have failed to consider, I imagine, that a great many of these victims of exploitation of all nationalities had either crawled or fought their way out of the lap of luxury in order that they might get into the trenches, and in his loving attitude toward them as a whole it would not have occurred to him that among themselves they very infrequently referred to one another in terms of affection. As I remember them they were yanks and frogs, beefeaters and boches, wops and willies, and things like that.

And for the most part they were not fighting because they were compelled to; though one admits that eventually they were compelled to fight. They were fighting for a great love of something; for a definite even though indefinable principle; they fought without reckoning their sacrifice and died by the millions without ceasing to smile. And that is why it is so damnable that anyone should ever have profited; that is why the war poor are so much more to be envied today than the war rich. If it were not that there are so tremendously many more honest, right-thinking and right-living people in the world than there are exploiters and oppressors, profiteers and pirates, there would be some excuse for Bolshevism, even though Bolshevism has nothing more to offer than a reversion to chaos.

The Russians had a better excuse for upsetting their own social world and were less prepared to bear the consequences of it than any other people on earth. Their discontents were due, as was their eventual expression of them in extreme measures, to undeniable abuses. But let us be fair as we go along. Many of the abuses in their later developments were due to extreme expressions of discontent—not on the part of the people but on the part of organized agitators—which not only threatened the overthrow of established authority but advocated its abolition and the substitution of anarchy, unbridled and undisguised.

Detained for the Public Good

It was not just by way of being playful that the government kept such men as Lenine and Trotzky out of the country, and as many of their kind in prison as they could lay their hands on. Nor yet was it by way of being cruel and oppressive. It was by way of self-preservation. Far be it from me to make any kind of excuses for autocracy in any form, though it may be that one of the things that is the matter with the world today is that there is not enough of it; but I have an idea that if our own great democratic Government were threatened by any such dangers as threatened the government of the Czars for so many years our Government would resort to repressive measures no less severe than the severest that any Russian ever thought of. We always do things better than anybody else.

We will not tolerate so much open criticism and opposition even now, not by any means so much, as the Russian Government tolerated over a long period, while for rank sedition our punishments are as drastic as we can make them. Czarism was admittedly an inexcusable institution, but its awkward struggle to maintain itself was not among its inexcusable offenses. Yet it was largely upon the sob features of that struggle that Bolshevism based its most effective propaganda.

Which reminds me that I wish I knew what the political leanings are of certain American writers who once upon a time wrote with such excellent effect about the horrors of prison life in Siberia. There is no doubt at all that their pictures were drawn with absolute and unfailing regard for the truth, but I should like to take some of them now into the prisons of Soviet Russia that are maintained for people of their own class; maintained for the most part by ex-political prisoners associated in too many cases with just plain brutal criminals. There were only two offending classes in Russia after the great communistic state was established. One of them is known as the bourgeoisie and the other as the intelligentzia. There were a few aristocrats, to be sure, but not enough of them to make an experiment in communism pay. The bourgeoisie had most of the money, while the intelligentzia put up the strongest argument against confiscating it and turning order into chaos; so the bourgeoisie and the intelligentzia went to jail together. In Bolshevistic, socialistic, communistic, anarchistic—call it what you will—propaganda the "comrades" were always "seized" and "thrown" into prison, where they invariably "languished." The offenders against the communistic state are merely "placed under restraint" and "detained" in the interest of the general welfare. But if anybody should come along and offer one of these a chance of exile to Siberia with an occasional square meal and the privilege of washing his face, if only in the snow, I think maybe the offer would tempt him considerably.

The Bloodless Revolution

No doubt the soviet authorities would like to treat their political prisoners better than they do. They would like to keep them warm and clean perhaps, but fuel is very scarce and so few communists like to chop wood. And probably they would like to feed them, too, but it would be very shortsighted on their part to waste good food on offenders against the general welfare when there are so many "comrades" to be kept in line by preferential treatment.

I thought I was going along with my brief historical sketch until I had touched upon the Czar deposed; the provisional government established; the return to Russia of Lenine and Trotzky with their numerous henchmen and colleagues; the development of the soviets—not under Bolshevism, but under Kerensky socialism; the incompetence and wild disorder of the provisional government; the mistakes of Kerensky; the penetration of the army and the soviets by Bolshevist propaganda; the promise of "peace and the land"; the friction between the provisional government and the Petrograd Soviet of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies; the terrific clash of opinion with regard to Russia's position and duty in the World War; the further penetration of Bolshevist propaganda; the creeping paralysis of the provisional government; the proposition of Kornilov to occupy Petrograd with dependable troops and to establish a military dictatorship; the fatal weakness of Kerensky, who would not surrender his supremacy of authority; the successful appeal of the Bolsheviki to the Petrograd garrison to rally to the support of the soviets; the days of utter suspense when neither side knew what the other side might be prepared to do; the gradual occupation by the Bolsheviki of the government offices one by one; the fading away of the provisional government; Kerensky's flight; the triumph of Lenine!

I thought I should go on with all this in at least very brief detail, but there it is; a sufficient background, perhaps, for the picture of what came after and what is now to be looked upon.

We all remember how pleased we were with the Russian Revolution of March, 1917. It interfered tremendously with our interests; it promised to release German armies in the east and leave them free for immediate concentration against the Allies in the west, but nevertheless we applauded the overthrow of the corrupt and outworn Russian autocracy and spoke of it as being the most important event in modern history, even in those times when history was setting a record that we are all anxious now to place in a class by itself as being unprecedented, unparalleled, unduplicatable and altogether undesirable.

The March Revolution was practically bloodless and was accepted by all Russians with complete acquiescence—all Russians, that is, except an inconsequential handful of irreconcilable monarchists and aristocrats. We commented upon this fact at the time with wonderment and strong approval, congratulating the Russians upon

being able to accomplish such an undertaking with so much regard for the niceties. We were fed up on blood.

And but for two very important reasons this revolution would have succeeded; following which there would have been established a Russian government that, however socialistic in its character it might have been, could have been recognized by other governments to the end that Russia today would present a vastly different picture. One of these reasons was that Kerensky was curiously limited as to vision, was frequently strong when he should have been yielding, and almost invariably weak when he should have been firm. The other was that the Bolsheviki had a fixed purpose and that Lenine as their leader could command the abilities of such men as Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Stalin, Bukharin, Tchitcherin and many others, all men trained through years of active participation in the great Bolshevistic enterprise and any one of whom was better as to sheer ability and preparedness for that which he had to do than the best Kerensky had behind him.

The Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic was established! Tremendous and all-embracing reforms were immediately instituted, and to these the great mass of the population instantly responded. It is to be remembered that the great mass in Russia is densely ignorant and that the industrial proletariat, together with the nonlandowning peasantry, had been incessantly, insidiously and more or less secretly propagandized for years, with the idea in view that they would be ready to accept and to support the principles of Bolshevism if a time ever came when an opportunity would be given them to do so. The immediate "reforms" consisted principally in unlocking all doors and laying the country wide open for plunder and the complete reversal of the social status of the different classes in the body politic.

And it is at this point that one pauses to marvel at the colossal stupidity of the admittedly intelligent men who were directing these stupendous events. According to the communist program the overthrow of a bourgeois-capitalistic government and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat is to be followed in each instance by a gradual withering away of the state. And is that not rather a wonderful idea rather interestingly phrased? What does it mean? It presents a picture to one's mind, but it is a picture that is very difficult to reproduce in words. In any case it presupposes that the sudden collapse of a state is not to be anticipated.

The Leaders' Miscalculations

My contention that the boss Bolsheviki are a company of monomaniacs is founded upon mere wonder that they should have believed some of the things they have acted upon as their beliefs. Being highly intelligent men; being sane—supersane—and having vision, how could they have believed in the possibility of the gradual withering away of a state? And how, incidentally, could they have persuaded themselves to believe that humanity is so constituted that once all the restraints of established order were removed each individual would begin right away to contribute to the general welfare according to his ability, and that nobody would ever be tempted to take except in exact accordance with his need? Oh, Bloomingdale and Bedlam and Bughouse! But do not forget that one of the greatest peoples on earth is withering away today under the imposition of these theories.

I think Mr. Lenine counted with more confidence than was entirely justified on the sheep characteristics of humanity so commonly manifested in mass submission to imposed necessity. Also I think he had a certain degree of faith in the average man's dependence on his job. Nobody appreciates more definitely than he the value of specialists, and I am sure he did not count upon the sudden collapse instead of a gradual withering away of the Russian state. He must certainly have expected great numbers of men in government offices and in governmental employ in innumerable institutions all over the country to stay at their posts and to display a philosophical readiness to adapt themselves to the situation and to obey instructions under any new order of existence which might happen to develop. There were a few who did this, but the governmental organization as a whole went on strike.

All ministers and heads of departments were naturally deposed by the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, but there were harmless, necessary undersecretaries of various kinds; there were clerks and accountants; specialists in finance; specialists in interior affairs; specialists in army and navy administration; specialists in the administration of justice; specialists in railways and other lines of communication; professors in universities; scientists in state laboratories; a whole internal and external revenue outfit; various kinds of officials in provinces and counties, townships and towns—just think what the gradual withering away of a state would involve! Even after the overthrow of the monarchy and through the feeble days of the provisional government the Russian state was a going concern because the men who were responsible for the details of it remained at their posts. But with the triumph of the Bolsheviki they quit—in sufficient numbers, at least, to produce a collapse—saying they would not work under the domination of a band of thieves and traitors.

Under Bolshevik Rule

In writing all this I am more or less quoting numbers of these men with whom I have talked. Most of them have spent months in prison on one charge or another since then; they have lived through amazing times; they have suffered the confiscation or the gradual withering away of all they ever possessed; they are like gentlemen who have become degraded through some vice or terrible misfortune; they are clothed in the remnants of a former respectability; they button their one-time smart coats close up across their chests and wear little odds and ends of mufflers or stocks round their collarless throats; they are dirty; they had come to the stage of hunger when I talked with them—many of them, that is; their families were in distress, and nearly always what they told me about themselves was merely incidental to an almost breathless and an always gentle and apologetic question as to whether or not I might be able to arrange to have a food package sent to them from the United States.

If you should ask me who these people are I should tell you that they are everybody of a certain class in Russia, the class with which any ordinary American of good standing would naturally associate. If among them there are any exceptions, any who have escaped the wrath, I neither met them nor heard of them. But if I should mention any names I would be exposing to further persecution men and women who have suffered enough. The Reign of Terror is supposed to be over in Russia, but it is not, and I think I talked with nobody outside governmental circles who did not ask me to forget his identity and to regard him merely as a type.

The average Russian proletarian and peasant is wholly illiterate, and at the time when the Bolsheviki came into power this kind of man had his mind fastened upon nothing but the golden opportunity presented to him to loot and to seize; to strut and to swagger in his new-found place; to satisfy his lusts of every imaginable variety. Yet it was on just this kind of citizen that the Bolshevik presidium—the little coterie of fanatics at the top—had to depend for administrative service in government and upon whom it bestowed its spoils of victory.

I have no intention of going on with generalities and writing nothing but history, but there is another piece of background to be set in, without which no picture of Communist Russia would be complete and without a definite understanding of which nobody would ever be able to get an adequate conception of what the Russian situation means to the rest of us. I am not pretending to be a discoverer; I am merely assuming that a great many people have ceased to remind themselves in so many words that such and such things are true.

Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Nicolai Lenine set in motion forces that were to destroy the national life of a great empire together with the individual lives of millions of its citizens; and while these forces gathered momentum, while Red Terror raged round him, growing redder and more terrible, while millions of people fled the wrath of him and his kind and other millions sank before his eyes into unfathomable depths of misery and degradation, while his country was being looted and ravaged from one end to the other, while its

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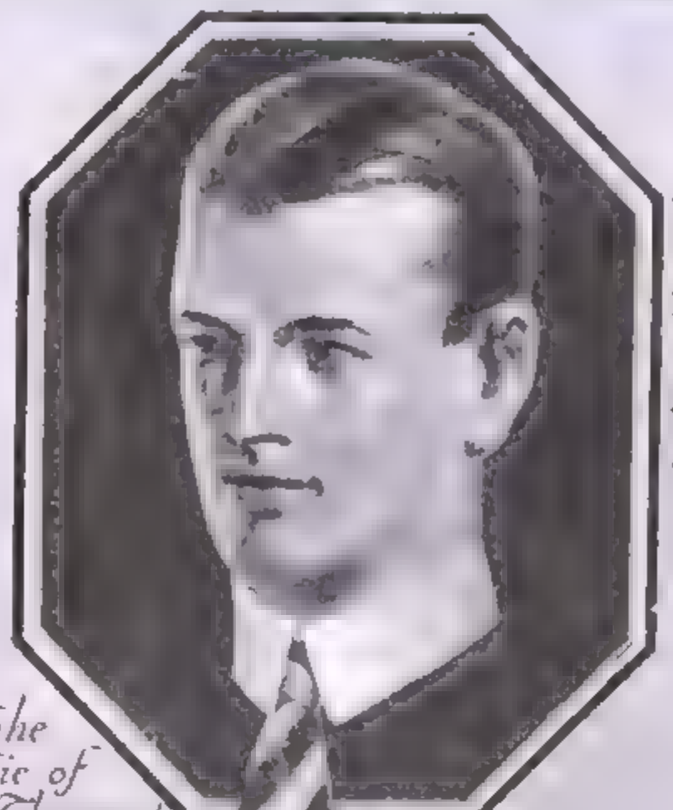

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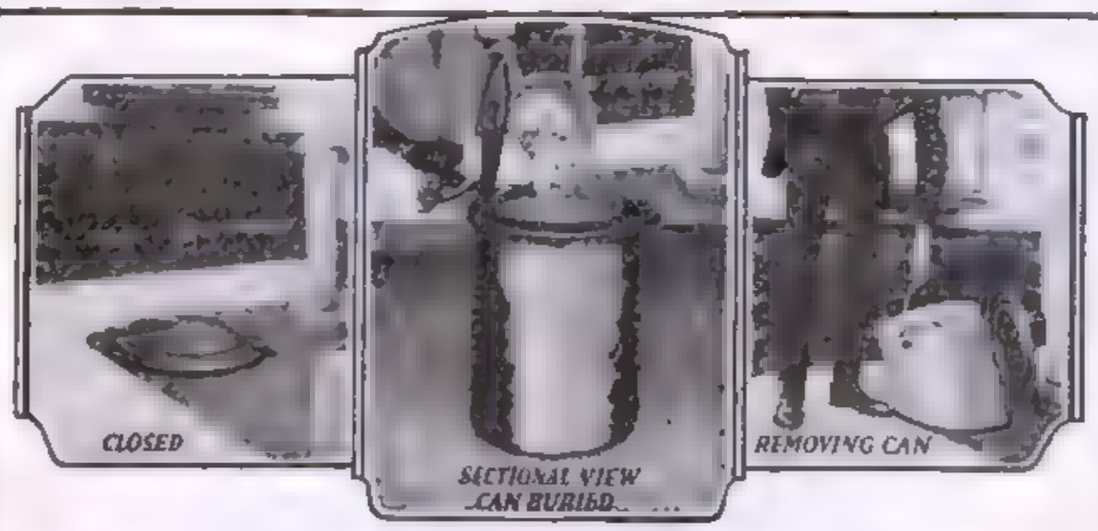

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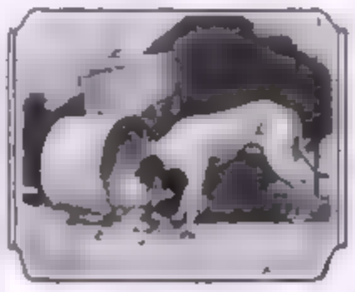

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resources were being dissipated and its properties destroyed, while in the world outside war was being fought and peace was being made—Nicolai Lenine sat in his high place nursing his monstrous obsession. To him the destruction of Russia was a mere incident. His fixed and fanatic desire was to destroy the whole world.

There may be some who will question my judgment in holding Lenine always to the forefront as an isolated figure, but it is thus that he appears to my mind. He seems to me to be as much a figure of command in everything that has occurred in Russia as Napoleon ever was at the head of his armies; and in Russia, in his own capital of Moscow, one gets this impression of him. Nobody else occupies in the common mind a position in any way comparable to his. Trotzky is a big blustering brute in comparison with him. Trotzky is canine; Lenine is feline. Trotzky can be got at; he can be barked at when he barks; he can be loved or hated, approved or disapproved, smiled with or laughed at; he is a keen-eyed, whiskery embodiment of perpetual motion that may fill one with fear but never with nameless dread. He is a much more capable man than Lenine when it comes to organization and specific administration—his Red Army being the only going concern in Russia today—but he is too visible to be awe inspiring, even though it is invariably difficult to determine what he is up to or why. To take advantage, with due acknowledgment, of the motion-picture simile, Lenine does a perpetual fade-out. He is a sick man; his eyes are tired; his face is drawn in lines of weariness; and only his hand, with a firm grasp on the reins of authority, is in perfect focus and always in full view.

It will be remembered how, in 1914, in his diatribes against the imperialistic war, Lenine repudiated the Second International because of its conservative stand on the immediate questions of the day, a stand which he characterized as petty bourgeois opportunism. He would have none of it. He called names and hurled bitter accusations against moderate socialists of every nationality. Then, in 1915, at a meeting in Bern with the stray, exiled, refugee or fugitive members of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party who were knocking about Europe at the time, he announced his intention of organizing a Third International. And think, if you can, what it would have meant to him to be able at that moment to dream of what eventually transpired. Three years later as one of the foremost figures on earth he launched the Third International in Petrograd! And while the whole program of Bolshevism is the overthrow of established forms of government and the substitution of proletarian dictatorships, the program of the Third International was a minutely detailed and thoroughly planned program of world revolution with no remotest corner of the earth left out of consideration.

Lenine's Sweeping Program

A prominent member of the high-up Bolshevist group was making a speech one day in Berlin about Russia's problems and difficulties. The Bolsheviki were at that time engaged in their struggle for the possession of the ports on the Baltic Sea and were getting the worst of it at the hands of the Letts, Esthonians, Lithuanians and others who would have none of them or of their doctrines, and this gentleman, lashing himself into a state of great indignation, exclaimed:

"Imagine the Letts and those tribes demanding the right of self-determination! Next thing we know the Eskimos will be rising up and asking for home rule!"

Which only goes to show how inconsistent a Bolshevik can be. This insult was widely quoted in the Latvian press, with the result that the noble Letts were sorely wounded in their pride and got their backs up just a little bit stiffer than they were before.

The story was told to me in Riga by one of Latvia's political leaders, and at the moment my mind could occupy itself with no picture but a picture of Lenine standing before a meeting of the organization congress of the Third International outlining his plan for the proletarian conquest of the world. He would whip into line as irredeemably Russian every smallest state that had ever been attached to Russia, but at the same time he would grasp the power represented in an international organization of proletarian revolutionists and use it to overthrow established authority in every country large or small, powerful or dependent, rich or poor, regenerate or unregenerate, on the face of the earth. One marvels at his knowledge of geography and his mental hold upon the broad aspects of world political affiliations and economic relationships. His mind sweeps round over the earth as though he were the Wandering Jew himself with the fruits of millenniums of personal experience stored away in his mind. He is arrogant with the arrogance of fanatic and never-analyzed conviction, and it is therefore that much of what he has to say is only remotely related to established fact.

He would aim directly at the overthrow of all the major states, but at the same time he would strike at them indirectly through their colonial possessions and responsibilities if they have any, and the way he talked before the organizing congress of the Third International about the brown comrades in India, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippine Islands, the African dependencies, the South Sea Islands and other remote but important and burdensome localities should have been enough to turn his British, Dutch, American, French, Italian and other colleagues away from him in shuddering disgust. But it was not, and this only goes to prove that Russia and Borneo are not the only countries that specialize in the production of wild men.

I am quite aware that a large part of all this is merely a review of very recent history, but I think I am right, as I have said, in believing it to be a review as well of half-forgotten truths, and it is just as well that everybody should continue to remember very vividly why Russia has been shut off for so long and held away by the rest of the world as something to be feared. It may be that within the past few months Leopard Lenine and all his pack have changed their spots, but it is much safer to be influenced chiefly by a suspicion that they have only put on sheep's clothing.

At the Genoa Conference

It is not at all unlikely that before this can get into print a good many changes will have been made in the situation. And heaven knows I hope so! I hope also they will be such changes as will cause all my present concern to appear groundless, but if they should happen to be changes that would involve my country in a compromise in its attitude toward Bolshevism my concern would be only deepened and made more profound. I do not believe our Government will be in any hurry to revise its policy with regard to Soviet Russia, but I know there are powerful agencies, neither Bolshevistic nor Russian, that are constantly in operation in Washington with the object of bringing about such a revision.

Moreover, at the Genoa conference the Bolsheviki, as usual, played an extraordinarily clever game; Mr. Lloyd George was ready to come to almost any kind of agreement that promised an early settlement of the difficulties by which the world is beset. Various observers influenced the situation who really have more interest in "sordid commercial considerations" than they could possibly have in the soul of a people, even though it might happen to be the soul of their own.

There are correspondents in Genoa who are baiting the Bolsheviki and having a splendid time with them. Some treat them with entertaining levity; others seem to regard them with grave alarm; everybody analyzes them, or attempts to do so, while everybody agrees that without them the conference would be an exceedingly dull affair. Only one writer so far has presented them as they present themselves to my mind. He quotes a European statesman as saying: "The conference has furnished the Bolshevists with a high pulpit, provided with a mighty sounding board, which they have used and propose to use to the utmost."

I was in Moscow when the Russian delegation left, and one of the delegates being asked if he expected the conference to succeed said: "As a conference, no; but as a means for getting a hearing for Communist Russia, very decidedly—yes!"

I thought when the men of this delegation started on their way, what an excellent thing it would have been if the whole world—with a full knowledge of what they were to represent, of course—could have witnessed their departure from the wretched old city of Moscow. They fared forth from

(Continued on Page 120)

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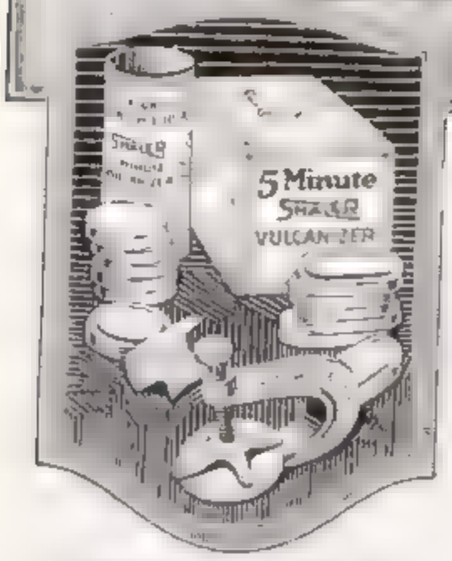

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(Continued from Page 118)

the midst of a fearful ruin which they themselves had wrought in the sacred name of the proletariat, themselves, presumably, being proletarian dictators; but they fared forth in such magnificence as poor old Russia had not beheld in many a day.

Just why they should have dressed up like an Easter parade and assumed the disguise of high government officials representing an ordinary, well-kept and self-respecting government, it is difficult to determine, but Inconsistency, thou art a gem, and there is no getting away from it. Their boast is that they are proletarians; their business and pastime for more than four years have been the discouragement of everybody who ever owned a starched shirt or wore a white collar, this discouragement having taken every form from petty persecution to death at dawn in front of a firing squad; they have reduced everybody in Russia to degradation and dirt, to say nothing of hunger and cold and misery unspeakable. And all this being true, it seemed to me that they should have parked their luxuries in the Kremlin for the time being, and left Russia under a red flag and in the habiliments of what they pretend to be. They should have worn neat but serviceable trousers belted over the always specially noble-looking flannel shirt—open at the throat—which seemed to be affected by our very best proletarians.

On the cover of the official organ of their party, a magazine called The Communist International, there is a representation of such a man. He is outrageously handsome, even though he has a wild look in his glorious eyes. He is swinging a great hammer with which he is about to smash a world all wrapped in chains. One realizes that he sees only the chains, of course, and that it is the chains he is aiming at, but one knows at a glance that if he ever lets go and his blow falls it is going to be poor old world, good night!

Anyhow, his make-up is the proper make-up for a proper proletarian, and the representatives of his kind at the Genoa conference should have adopted it. Also they should have had embroidered or pasted on them somewhere the red emblems of their red state—the crossed hammer and sickle and the big red star—and they should have been a bit gaunt and lean, looking the part of martyrs who had suffered for a noble cause. Instead of all of which they took their departure—a company of very good-looking high-mucky-moguls—got up as though each of them kept a London tailor and a French valet.

Which reminds me that the first time I heard of Trotzky's valet I exclaimed in astonishment: "His what?" "His valet," answered the man with whom I was talking, as though it was a perfectly natural and to-be-expected thing that Trotzky should have a valet. Whereupon we went on talking about whatever it was we were talking about.

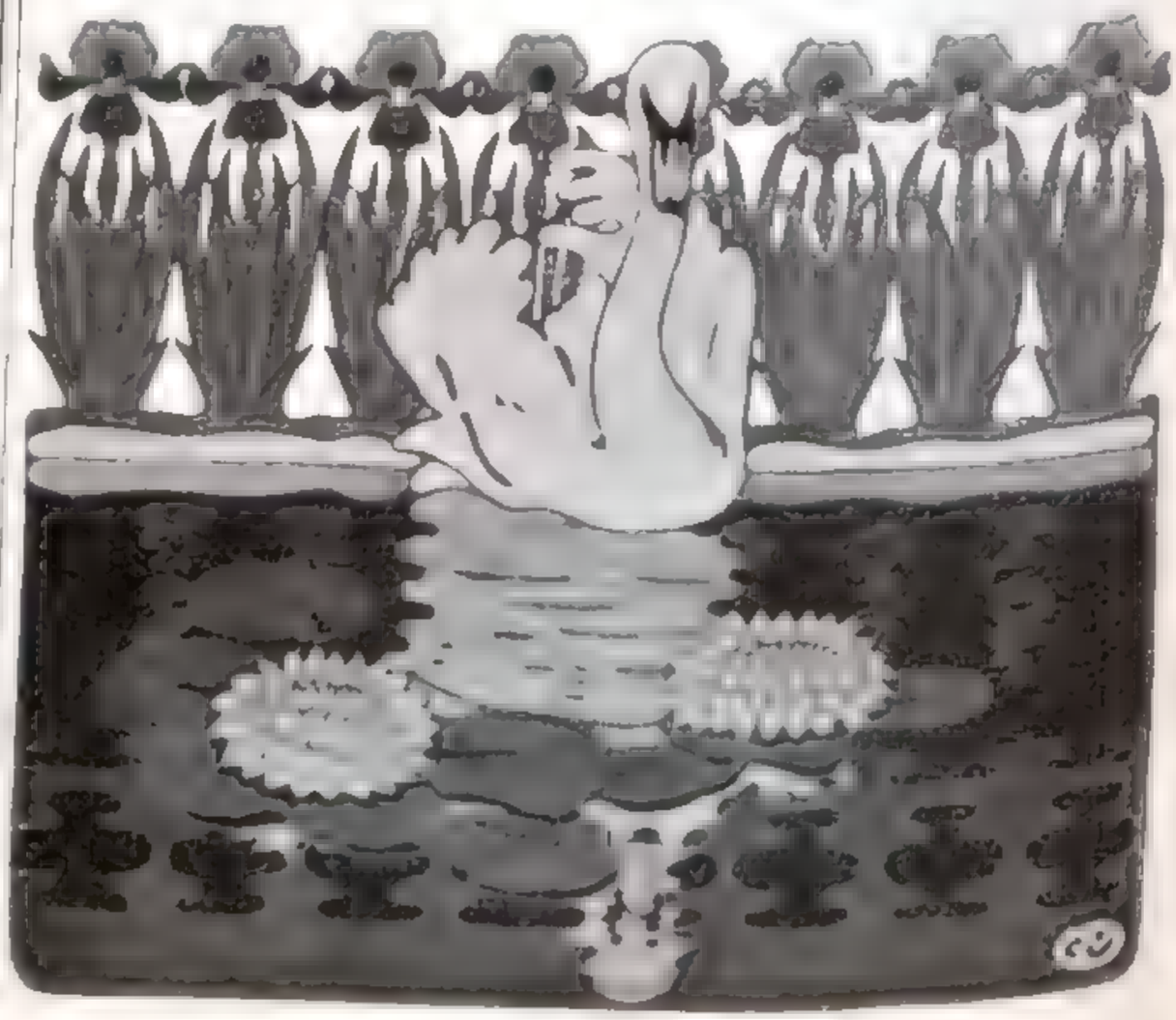
Incidentally and also, the Russian delegation to Genoa left Moscow in probably the most luxurious private train that exists in all Europe. Everybody who saw it was agog with excitement about it And no wonder. Everybody wanted to know where on earth they had been keeping it. We all knew that each of them had a private car of his own, but nobody knew that such a train was in existence. It was decided that it must have been the private train of the Czar himself, and that they had had it wrapped away somewhere in cotton wool. Which is a sign that they know how to take care of things if they wish to.

There is not a piece of rolling stock in all Russia that has had a fresh coat of paint on it in five years. Railway equipment everywhere looks as though it had been standing out in all the weathers of a man's average lifetime Yet here one beheld a string of shining palace cars that could not be surpassed. One observed pretty decorations round crystal-clear windows and got glimpses inside of silken upholstery, tasseled draperies, softly shaded lights, and such elegance generally as one is privileged occasionally to look at but seldom to enjoy.

Though I don't mean that exactly. I enjoy looking at beautiful things and I am always thankful that there are rich people who produce them for my benefit. The rich people have all the responsibility for them, while I have at least a part of the enjoyment. One of my pet loves is a love for florists. I cannot afford bowers of orchids and roses and feathery ferns and a show for myself of all the beauties of the world of flowers as these beauties unfold through the seasons, but the florists, in their sordid pursuit of gain, make me a present of this show in their beautiful windows and, passing by in simple and unhampered happiness, I thank them. This is a theme that I could go on with all the way from florists' windows up to templed mountains, but my thought at the moment is that, dollars to doughnuts, when the Bolsheviki train de luxe pulled out of Moscow on its way to Genoa—or to the end of the broad-gauge track—there was an American relief agent somewhere in Russia engaged in the business of delousing a piece of Russian rolling stock in order that he might make his way in some degree of personal safety from one area of distress to another.

I knew that on the way out of Russia the shining cars of the train de luxe would be hammered upon and smeared, perhaps, by many little cold bare fists, and that the cystal-clear glass of their windows would not be thick enough to shut out the multitudinous and incessant cry: "Give us bread! For God's sake give us bread!" But I really hoped that in Genoa the very aristocratic proletarian dictators would find some way to resolve the affairs of Communistic Russia to the end that the wail of the people would be stilled, while the light of a restoration to well-being and contentment should begin to dawn upon them.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.



FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 17)

Major Loeffler, an appointee of President Grant's, who had guarded the President's door ever since, announced, "Secretary of State Hay, and Mr. Raikes, of the British Embassy." Roosevelt said, "Show them into the library, major, will see them in a few minutes."

Without turning his face he said, "I know what they want. John Hay has brought Raikes to thank me for putting the flag at half mast on the White House when old Pauncefote died. I didn't do it because he was the British Ambassador, but because he was a damn good fellow."

XVIII

IN JUNE, 1899, Paul Morton, at that time vice president of the Santa Fe Railroad, telephoned me he had offered his private car to Governor Roosevelt, of New York, to go to the Rough Riders' Reunion at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Roosevelt accepted Morton's offer, and asked him to invite me to go with them.

Up to this time neither Morton nor I had met Governor Roosevelt. We left Chicago at six o'clock one evening and sat up very late to hear the colonel tell his Cuban War experiences. Next morning at seven o'clock we arrived in Kansas City. A few train hands recognized Roosevelt and shook hands with him. A short time after crossing the river we stopped at a water tank in Kansas. It was a wonderful June morning. Roosevelt was all ounding in good spirits. A wizen-faced old woman in a faded sunbonnet was the only human being in sight. She came out of a tumbledown shack, walked up the track and looked at Roosevelt. He gave her a hearty "Good morning." She made no reply but came to the car and held up a hand like a sparrow's claw and said "Shake, Teddy." Roosevelt took the proffered hand just as the train started. He cocked his head on one side and watched the old sunbonnet until we passed out of sight.

With a queer twist of his mouth he said, "I suppose that is meant as a token of affection, but even my wife calls me Theodore!"

Morton had wired the Santa Fe agents Roosevelt was on the train and at every stop crowds gathered around the car to shake hands and hear him speak. He made the same speech at each town. In several of the larger cities the men had printed cards stuck in their hatbands which read "Roosevelt in 1904."

At Emporia Kansas, the home of William Allen White, a brass band escorted Roosevelt to a speaker's stand a few hundred yards from the train. I am not sure, but I think it was the first meeting of Roosevelt and White.

The night we left Emporia, Roosevelt, Morton and I talked until midnight. Roosevelt was puzzled over the "Roosevelt 1904" cards. I told him the people were going to give McKinley a second term in 1900, and he, Roosevelt, was evidently their choice for 1904.

In speaking of President McKinley he said, "McKinley has a chocolate-éclair backbone." I told him he was mistaken, and then related how he had practically thrown away the chance of the presidential nomination in 1896 when he declined to promise Tom Platt the Secretary of the Treasury post in return for the vote of New York and Pennsylvania. This story I have told in describing Mark Hanna's visit to Platt and Quay in an earlier chapter. Roosevelt said, "By George, is that so? I take back my remark about his backbone!"

I then told him of my years of friendship with McKinley, that he had not made a speech outside of Ohio for seven years without either wiring, telephoning or writing me, and sending me his speeches to read before delivering them.

Next morning at breakfast I apologized for seeming boastfulness and asked him not to lay it up against me.

He said, "Do you know what I thought after I went to bed? I wondered if you would do the same thing for me?"

The telegrams and letters that follow show our subsequent relations.

The next day a delegation of Colorado men joined our party in their own sleepers and went to Las Vegas. When we arrived in the famous New Mexican town a great crowd met us at the station. There were a number of real, live cowboys in the crowd. They yelled and waved their hats when Roosevelt appeared, and shot off their revolvers. The town was alive day and night the three days we spent there. Everything was wide open. No pen can describe Roosevelt's enthusiasm. He bubbled over every minute. Our car was filled with Rough Riders, who told lurid stories of experiences in Cuba. One of the cowboys with a big scar on his face said, "Colonel, do you remember the night it rained hell and wildcats?"

"By George, wasn't that a bully storm!" and the white teeth snapped.

We left Las Vegas amid the same sort of demonstration as on our arrival. Roosevelt stood on the back platform and waved his cowboy sombrero until the foothills shut off the view of the town.

One of the Colorado delegates, a high state official, came into Morton's car and said to me, "I want to apologize to you."

"What for?"

"Well, you put the word 'gold' into the Republican platform in '96. That gave Colorado the worst blow she ever had. We faced ruin. If you had come to Denver or any other Colorado city at that time you would have been mobbed. We have been together for four days and I want to apologize for the hatred I bore you."

The return to Chicago was quieter than the going west. At night we discussed national and industrial affairs. Roosevelt was very much interested in Paul Morton's views of the railroad situation, and the legislation necessary to carry out the reforms he suggested. They were later put into effect when Roosevelt became President. He offered Morton the post of Secretary of the Navy in 1904.

Morton at first declined the position with the remark, "The only ship I know anything about is the prairie schooner."

Roosevelt said, "Don't worry about that. I know all about ships. What I want is your railroad knowledge."

From Chicago, Roosevelt went to Milwaukee to deliver a speech. Next day I joined him and went to New York. We arrived in Laporte, Indiana, as Roosevelt was ready for bed. There were about a thousand people at the station calling for him. He did not hear them until I opened his stateroom door. Hastily pulling on his trousers over his pajamas he rushed to the rear platform as the train started, and yelled, "Good night and good luck!"

Early next morning we arrived in Buffalo. There was no cheering crowd to welcome him; only the train men were about.

I said, "Governor, you are at home."

He answered, "Yes, by George, they know me here."

During the day I suggested he send a telegram to President McKinley telling of the sentiment he found in the West for his renomination in 1900, and the proffer of his personal support. I wired the Associated Press correspondent to please meet the train at Albany. Roosevelt gave him an interview and read him his message to McKinley.

A few days later I received a wire from him saying he had received a telegram from the President to bring Mrs. Roosevelt and spend Sunday at the White House.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

July 1, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Was my McKinley interview all right?

Remember me warmly to Mrs. Kohlsaat.

Incidentally, permit me to remark that you are a trump and no mistake! Didn't we have a good week together? Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

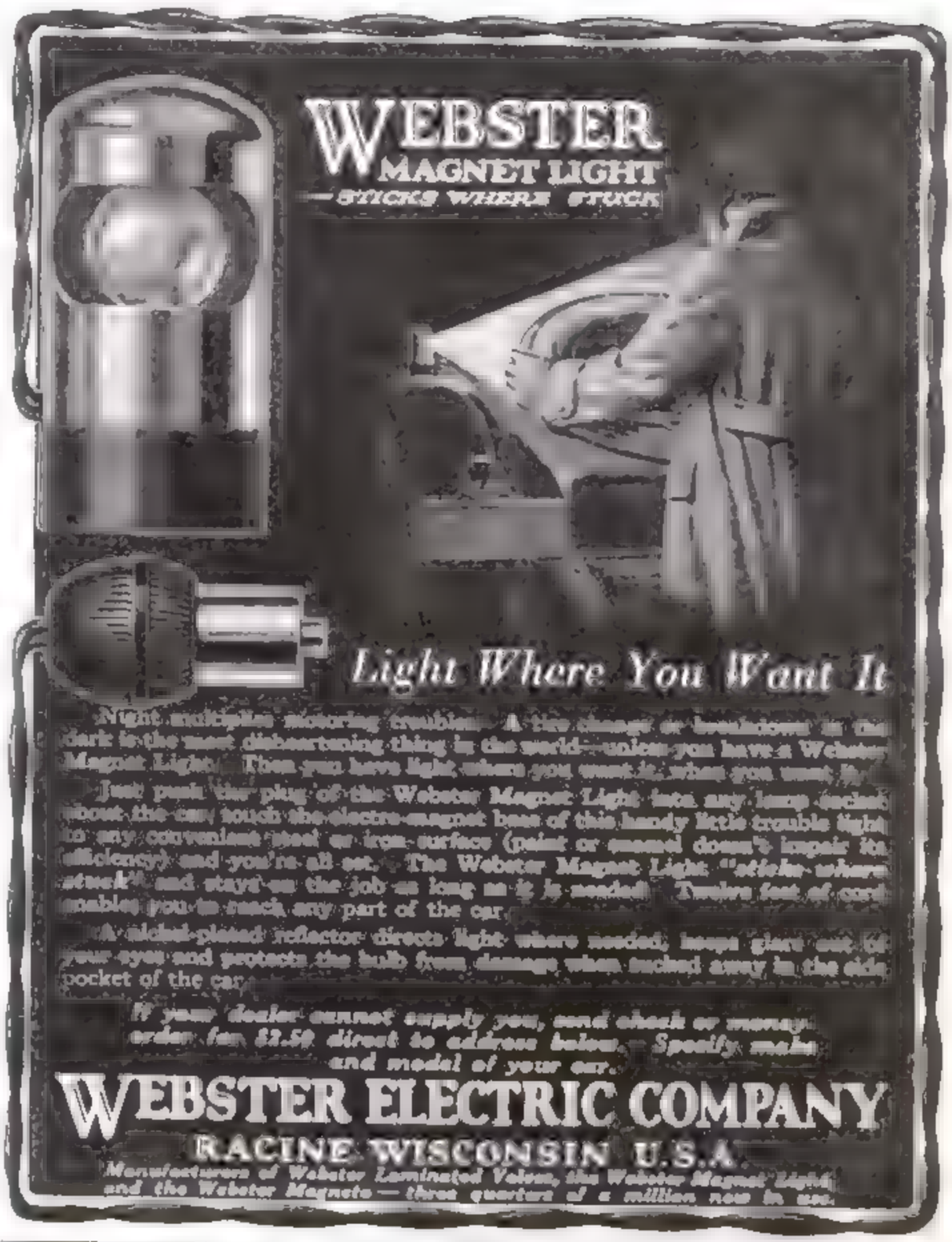
AT OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 5, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you for yours of the 2d inst. and was greatly interested in the clipping you sent me. I am delighted that you like my interview. I cannot say how I enjoyed meeting you, and indeed, our whole trip. I am now receiving numerous invitations to go West at different times. I shall consult you before accepting any. It hardly seems necessary to go out this summer or fall again. Does it to you?

Again heartily thanking you, I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.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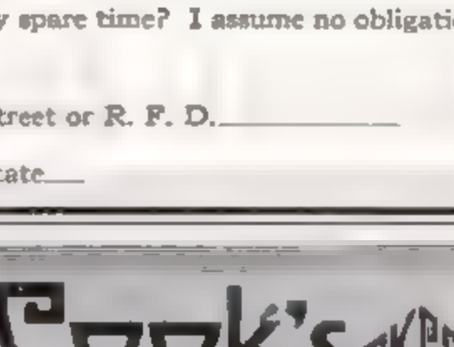

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STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I write you for two bits of advice.

1. The Minnesota League of Republican Clubs wants me to come out there on November 1. I do not feel much like going at this time. I do not see that the good that I could do would counterbalance the strain and effort, and think I had better keep my Western trip for some future time. What do you think?

2. How about trusts? I know this is a very large question, but more and more it seems to me that there will be a good deal of importance to the trust matter in the next campaign and I want to consult with men whom I trust as to what line of policy should be pursued. During the last few months I have been growing exceedingly alarmed at the growth of popular unrest and popular distrust on this question. It is largely aimless and baseless, but there is a very unpleasant side to this overrun trust development and what I fear is if we do not have some consistent policy to advocate, then the multitudes will follow the crank who advocates an absurd policy, but who does advocate something. Have you thought enough about the matter to say whether any legislation, and if so, what, should be undertaken? Or, whether there is any other remedy that can be wisely applied.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

TELEGRAM

OYSTER BAY, Aug. 11, 1899.

H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Times-Herald,
Chicago.

Ohio people want me to open campaign. Seems to me I ought to go so as to make one Western speech, and that in McKinley's own state. What do you think? Please wire reply.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, Aug. 12, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I acted promptly on your telegram about the Ohio campaign.

Now, oh mentor! will you advise me about the enclosed? I hardly think of accepting. I think I had better wait until Galena Day.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

August 20, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: I thank you for yours of the 14th inst. Your advice is as sound as a dollar, a good deal sounder than a forty-eight-cent dollar. When the President requested me to go to Ohio of course I had to go. That is all I shall do. I have, however, consented to give the gold medal to the returning 10th Regiment of Pennsylvania troops, because that was something that seemed appropriate and proper. However, it is not yet definitely determined that I shall go there.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

TELEGRAM

UTICA, N. Y., September 13, '99.

H. H. KOHLSAAT,
Times-Herald,
Chicago.

Henderson and Allison want me to open campaign in Iowa at Waterloo, October 7. Very difficult for me to go. Ought I to accept?
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

STATE OF NEW YORK
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER
ALBANY

At OYSTER BAY, September 19, 1899.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Just a line of thanks for your telegram. I have declined the Iowa invitation. You have been the most successful mentor, though I should think you would be tired of the job by this time. I will keep faith that you are going to be on here to visit me, if possible with Mrs. Kohlsaat. We should so like to have you both, either here or at Albany.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Will he be proud of you when he grows up?

THAT little boy of yours—that little boy who believes in you with all his heart—who sits so still as you read to him at night and who calls you "Daddy" in a way that thrills you to your very soul—will he be proud of you when he grows up?

Why, you'd give your right arm for that boy. As you hold him in your arms—as he snuggles close in that irresistible way that youngsters have—you know that there is nothing you would not do to make him happy.

Today, in his childish eyes, you are the greatest Daddy of them all. Don't let him lose that regard as the years go by and understanding comes.

Five—ten—fifteen years from now, will he be proud to introduce you as "my father" when the fellows come to the house? Will you be able to buy him the things you want him to have—to provide him with the education you missed as a boy?

The answer depends on yourself. If you are not getting ahead in your work, it is because you lack the thing that employers everywhere are searching for—*training!*—the ability to do some one thing well.

Maybe you got a bad start.

Tens of thousands of young men enter business each year without the slightest training for the work they are to do. Most of them take the first position that comes their way, believing that if they just plod along they will, in some mysterious way, become successful.

You can't do that any more than you can hang out your shingle without any previous training and succeed as a doctor. These days you've got to study the different branches of business just as thoroughly as you would study medicine, or law, or engineering.

For the problems of business are just as complex—the rewards as large *(or larger!)* for the men who qualify as specialists in some branch or branches of commercial work.

AFTER all, there are very few geniuses. Remember, the great business men of today were not always great. At 20, 25 and 30 most of them were in the most ordinary occupations.

John N. Willys was a laundryman. Frank A. Vanderlip, "the most aggressive financier in America," was a machinist. Thomas E. Wilson, of Wilson & Co., was a railway clerk. T. Coleman duPont was a coal miner. John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Co., was a toll collector. Charles M. Schwab was a grocery clerk.

All of these men were born poor. Many of them had greater handicaps than you will ever know.

But sooner or later every one of them woke to the fact that in himself—and in himself alone—lay the power to do the thing he wanted to do and to be the man he wanted to be.

And that same realization must come sooner or later to you. You can, if you will, know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life. All you need is the will to do and the decision to start now.

YOU need not worry about the method. For there is a simple, practical plan that more than two million have proved successful in the last 30 years. It is to let the International Correspondence Schools help you. There is no doubt, no question about your ability to prepare yourself for promotion and more money—for the position you want in the work you like best.

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(Signed) "HOWDY" WILCOX

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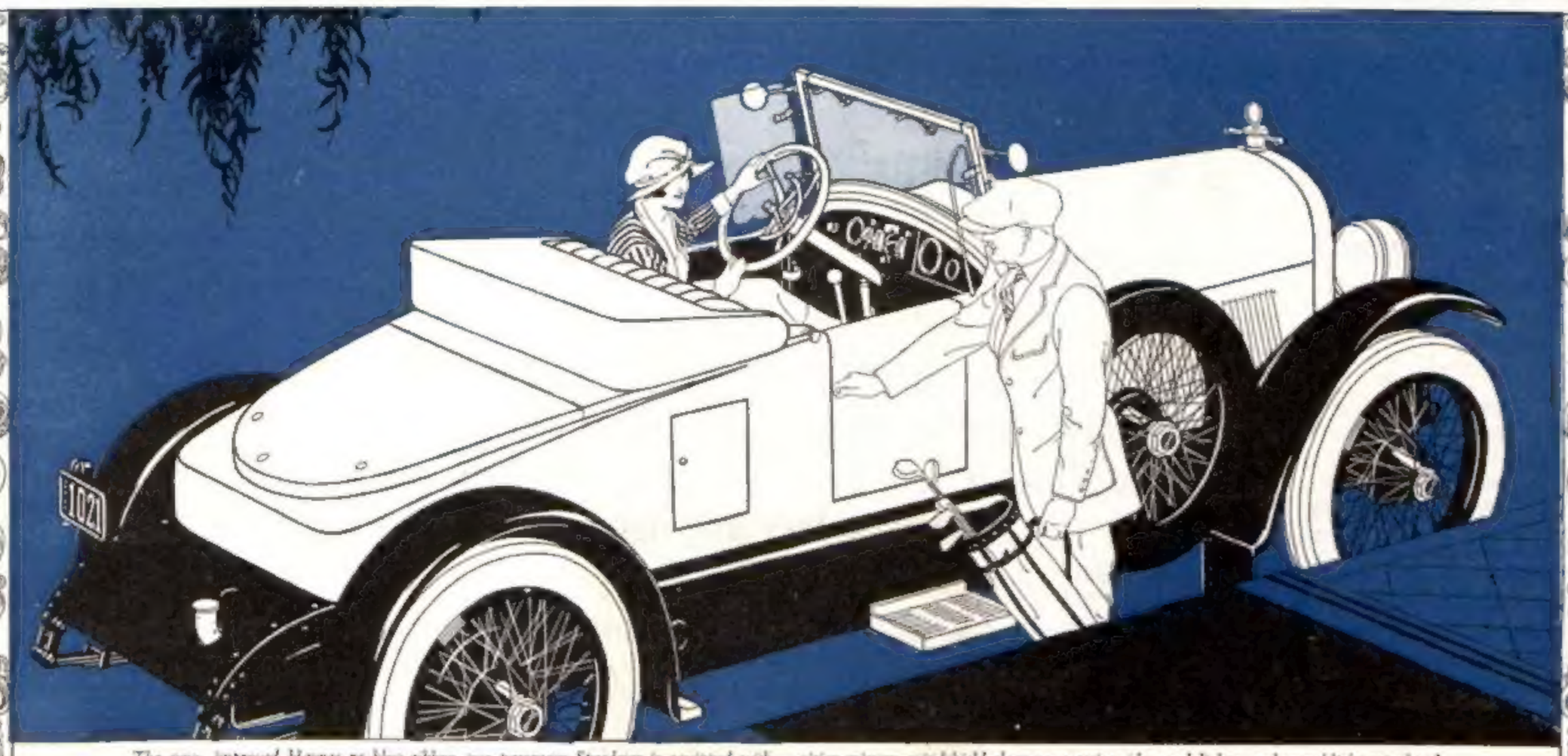

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